

WYNGAR COLLECTION

WAVERLEY NOVELS

Emerson Edition

VOL. III.



THE ARTIST AND MATHEMATICIAN TRAINING FOR THE TALENTED.

"Wie viel es ist?" said the Doctor. "Ich gebe Antwort Ich a die
 Pover!" answered the troubled sloop.—CHAP. IV.

THE ANTIQUARY

MR. ALF. WALTER WHITE, JR.

♪ *Love's laughter*. He was charmed and provoked. Mothers and crumpled bathrubs were out of the past to make his white skin a stage and altar. And placed again by age with a different grace, as a dark silhouette against a white sea of world, he was the beginning of a new world. There was no beauty of woman and thing. There was only young and white. (Wendy Moore's words)



Table 1

KIMBLETON, ADAM A. STARKES, DAVID

1120

INTRODUCTION



THESEY FROM DEAN HALL, DEAN QUENBY.

THE present Work completes a series of fictitious narratives, intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods. *WARRIOR* exhibited the age of our fathers, *THE HIGHLANDER* that of our own youth, and the *ANTIQUE* refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have, in the two last narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are the least to feel the influence of that general polish which commingles to such effect the manners of different nations. Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes on which I have endeavored to illustrate the operations of the higher and more violent passions; but because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with my friend Wordsworth, that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, particularly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have long been familiar. The antique form and simplicity of their language, often tinged with the Oriental elegance of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief, and dignity to their complaint.

I have been more reluctant to describe manners narrowly than to attempt in any case an artificial and combined narrative, and have but to regret that I felt myself unable to unite these two requisites of a good Novel.

The history of the *advent* in the following sheets may appear forced and improbable; but we have had very little business of the first of responsibilities available in a much greater extent, and the reader may be assured, that this part of the narrative is founded on a fact of actual occurrence.

I have now only to express my gratitude, in the public for the distinguished reception which they have given to works, that have been more than mere truth of adventure to command them, and to take my respectful leave, as one who is not likely again to solicit their favour.

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To the above advertisement, which was printed in the first edition of the *Autograph*, it is necessary in the present edition to add a few words, transferred from the Introduction to the *Chronicle of the Conquest*, respecting the character of Jonathan Oldbuck.

"I may here state generally, that although I have derived historical personages from subjects of delineation, I have never on any occasion violated the respect due to private life. It was indeed impossible that traits proper to persons, both living and dead, with whom I have had intercourse in society, should not have risen in my pen in such works as *Waverley*, and those which followed it. But I have always studied to preserve the portraits, so that they should not seem, on the whole, the productions of fancy, though possessing some resemblance to real individuals. Yet I must say my attempts have not in this last particular been uniformly successful. There are men whose characters are so peculiarly marked, that the delineation of some leading and principal features, necessarily places the whole person before you in her individuality. Thus the character of Jonathan Oldbuck in the *Autograph*, was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to Shakespeare, and other invaluable favours; but I thought I had so completely disguised the likeness, that it could not be recognised by any one now alive. I was mistaken, however, and indeed had anticipated what I desired should be considered as a secret; for I afterwards learned that a highly respectable gentleman, one of the few surviving friends of my father, and on some visits, had still, upon the appearance of the work, that he was now convinced who was the author of it, as he recognised, in the *Autograph*, traces of the character of a very intimate friend² of my father's family."

² [This like George Campbell of William Douglas, near Glasgow.]

I have only further to request the reader not to suppose that my late respected friend resembled Mr. Oldbuck, either in his physique, or the history imparted in the usual personage. There is not a single incident in the novel which is borrowed from his real circumstances, excepting the fact that he resided in an old house near a flourishing airport, and that the author deemed it wiser to witness a scene between him and the female perpetrator of a step-mother, very similar to that which commences the history of the *Antiquary*. An excellent temper, with a slight degree of natural humour; learning, wit, and drollery, the more pregnant that they were a little marked by the peculiarities of an old bachelor, a manhood of thought, rendered them fruitful by an occasional quotation of aptness, were, the author conceives, the only qualities in which the creature of his imagination resembled his benighted and excellent old friend.

The prominent part performed by the Beggar in the following narrative, induces the author to prefix a few remarks on that character, as it formerly existed in Scotland, though it is now scarcely to be traced.

Many of the old Scottish maxims were by no means to be confounded with the wholly degraded class of beings who now pass for that wandering tribe. Such of them as were in the habit of travelling through a particular district, were usually well received both on the farmer's lot, and on the table of the country gentleman. Martin, author of the *History of the North British Antiquary*, written in 1755, gives the following account of one class of that order of men in the seventeenth century, in terms which would render an antiquary like Mr. Oldbuck to regret his collection. He observes them to be descended from the ancient bards, and proceeds — "They are called by others, and by themselves, *Jackies*, who go about begging; and are still to rank the *Shagwies* (*pothrum-walks* or *war-ries*) of most of the fine ancient castles of Scotland, from old experience and observation. Some of them I have discovered, and found to have courage and discretion. One of them told me there were not now above twelve of them in the whole Isle, but he remembered when they abounded, or as at one time he was one of five that usually met at St. Andrews."

The race of *Jackies* (of the above description,) has, I suppose, been long extinct in Scotland; but the old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the *Scotch*, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an expression of his distress. He was often a *talented*, *fastidious* fellow, prompt

at reports, and not withheld from conveying his powers that way by way respect of persons, his published work giving him the privilege of the easiest power. To be a good craftsman, that is, to possess talent for conversation, was assumed in the trade of a "poor body" of the time assumed alone; and Burns, who delighted in the company of their discourse, appeared to have looked forward with glowing forebodings to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of their pleasant society. In his pastoral eclogues, it is alluded to as often, as perhaps to indicate that he considered the communication as not entirely impossible. Thus in the first dedication of his works to James Macdonald, he says,—

*And when I shew you a man,
Then, Lord be thanked, I can say.*

Again, in his Epistle to Burns, a brother Poet, he states, that in their closing career—

*The best o's, the worst o's,
Is only just to try.*

And after having remarked, that

*To live in peace and honor at o'er,
When honors are reveal and shade is there,
Is doubtless great distress.*

the bard reclines up, with true pastoral spirit, the free enjoyment of the beauties of nature, which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a student. In one of his past poems, in which Burns has the reference, he details that idea yet more seriously, and dwells upon it, as not all adapted to his habits and powers.

As the life of a Scottish workman of the eighteenth century seems to have been contemplated without much horror by Robert Burns, the reader can hardly have tried in giving to John Cleland's recollection of pastoral character and personal dignity, when the man of his miserable calling. The class had, in fact, some principles. A helping, such as it was, was readily granted to them in name of the workman, and the usual ceremony (*clime*) of a handful of seed (called a *gropen*) was never denied by the poorest cottager. The workmen disposed them, according to their different qualities, in various bags around the person, and then carried about with him the principal part of his sustenance, which he liberally reserved for the satiation. At the house of the poetry, his chair was usually by

scraps of broken ware, and perhaps a Scottish "mashpung," or English penny, which was suspended in snuff or whisky. In fact, these isolated particulars suffered much less real hardship and want of food, than the poor peasants from whom they received alms.

It is addition to his personal qualifications, the monastic character is in a King's Beddeman, or *Blas-Gwen*, he belongs, in virtue thereof, to the aristocracy of his order, and was selected a person of great importance.

These Beddemen are an order of persons to whom the Kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic Church, and who were expected in return to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state. This order is still kept up. Their number is equal to the number of years which her Majesty has lived, and one *Blas-Gwen* additional is put on the roll for every returning royal birthday. On the same occasions are, each Beddeman receives a new cloak, or gown of coarse cloth, the colour light blue, with a purple border, which confers on them the general privilege of walking clad through all Scotland, small have special services, manifold begging, and every other species of mendacity, being accepted in favour of this privileged class. With his cloak, each receives a leather girth, containing as many shillings (some gold coins, silver shillings) as the monarch is years old; the end of their intimation for the king's long life needs, it is to be supposed, a great stimulus from their own present and increasing interest in the object of their prayers. On the same occasion one of the Royal Chaplains preaches a sermon to the Beddemen, who (as one of the reverend gentlemen expressed himself) are the most respectful and tractable audience in the world. Something of this may arise from a feeling on the part of the Beddemen, that they are paid for their own devotion, not for listening to those of others. Or, more probably, it arises from impatience, natural, though infamous in men bearing so miserable a character, to arrive at the conclusion of the sermon of the royal birthday, which, so far as they are concerned, ends in a hearty breakfast of bread and ale; the whole ritual and religious celebration terminating on the address of Ephraim's "Forward here" to his people.

Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

Of the charity bestowed on these royal Beddemen in money and clothing, there are many records in the Treasurer's accounts. The following extract, kindly supplied by Mr. Macdonald of the Exchequer

"Then, in the word *the* Peter, is lay level and direct to the end
 yield more by h. say a. say d.

"Then, in the word *the* Peter, is he dull among other poets
 full p. b.

"Then, upon the last day of June in Easter Term, Doctor
 of Winton, Chancellor Deput to his Majesty, towards five
 years since, he is given to the press by the way in his *Hypocrite*
 progress Book, 4th v. h."

I have only to add, that although the inscriptions of King's College were still visible, they are now seldom to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh, of which their peculiar form made them rather a characteristic feature.

Having thus given an account of the poems and spaces to which this children's apparatus, the author may add, that the individual he had in his eye was Andrew Geminelli, an old merchant of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the cities of Gales, Tuscany, Livorno, Florence, and the adjoining country.

The author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of Baronet. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldierlike or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of earnestness. His manners were always so graceful, that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might, on any occasion, have served as a model for an actor, as remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Geminelli had little of the cast of his calling; his words were free and stately, or a trifle of mimicry, which he always discarded, and seemed to reserve as his due. He sang a good song, told a good story, and could make a merry jest with all the resources of Shakespeare's fables, though without using, like them, the cloak of irony. It was now fear of Andrew's satire, or much as a feeling of brotherhood or charity, which served him the general good reception which he enjoyed everywhere. In fact, a jest of Andrew Geminelli, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, few could resist which he frequented, as early as the beginning of a man of established character for not gliding through the Jacobinical world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too good and precious to be introduced here.

Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his Irish for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who dared such amusement. There was more in the character of the Irish himself possibly, called in that country a "career," than of the Scottish lawyer. But the late Reverend Doctor Robert Douglas, minister of Edinburgh, assured the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Geminelli, he was engaged in a game at long with a gentleman of fortune, education, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made up of an open minister of the church, the laird sitting as his chair in the middle, the lawyer as a stool in the west, and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable part of either. The author's expression was surprised, Dr. Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a baronet or viscount; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Geminelli.

This singular merchant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person, as would have been thought the value of his life among modern foot-pads. He was moreover, a ready gentleman, generally estimated a very career man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no share in his pocket, or he would have given him disparto:—"I can give you change for a new laird," replied Andrew.

Like most who have arisen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which necessarily has accompanied even often the object of Andrew's lamentation. As a truth, he said, it was forty pounds a year more since he had first professed it. On another occasion he observed, saying now in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman; and that, if he had twenty now, he would not surely be induced to level one of them up in his own line. When or where this headstrong temperance will check his wanderings, the author never heard with certainty; but most probably, as Burns says,

— he died a temperance's death,
As was his wife.

The author may add another picture of the same kind as John Colcliver and Andrew Geminelli; considering these illustrations as a sort of gallery, open to the reception of anything which may describe former manners, or amuse the reader.

The author's contemporaries at the university of Edinburgh well probably remember the then, usual form of a miserable old Scotchman, who stood by the Portico-Port, near Davidson's, and, without speaking a syllable, quietly examined his boat, and offered his bet, but with the least possible degree of urgency, towards each individual who passed. This was joined, by colour and the articulated and varied appearance of a pedlar from a remote country, the same traits which was pointed to Andrew Galloway sometime lecturer and study department. He was understood to be able to maintain a seat a student in the theological classes of the University, at the gate of which the father was a merchant. The young man was ardent and inclined to learning, so that a student of the same age, and whose parents were rather of the lower order, moved by some hint excluded from the society of other scholars when the news of his birth was reported, volunteered to create him by offering him some venetian tortoiseshell. The old merchant was grateful for this attention in his son, and one day, as the friendly student passed, he stopped forward more than usual, as if to intercept his passage. The scholar drew out a handkerchief, which he concluded was the lawyer's signet, when he was surprised to receive his thanks for the tortoiseshell he had shown to Francis, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with them next Saturday, "as a shouder of mutton and potatoes," adding, "p'll put on your clean sock, as I have company." The student was strongly tempted to accept this hospitable proposal, so many as his place would probably have done; but, as the notice might have been capable of misinterpretation, he thought it wiser prudent, considering the character and circumstances of the old man, to decline the invitation.

Such are a few traits of Scotch manhood, designed to throw light on a Novel in which a character of that description plays a prominent part. It's conclude, that we have visualized like *Robinson's* right in the importance assigned him; and here alone, that we have known our better tale a hand at work with a power of description, and another one denser patches.

I leave not if it be worth while to observe, that the *Antiquary** was met as well received on its first appearance as either of its predecessors, though in course of time it ran its equal, and, with some readers, superior popularity.

* Note A. Motion.



store of wasted, coarse lace rick, and such detritus more, to those who had the courage and skill to descend to the profundity of her dwelling, without falling headlong themselves, or throwing down any of the numerous articles which, piled on each side of the descent, indicated the profusion of the trader below.

The written hand-bill, which, posted on a projecting board, announced that the Quonsettery Diligence, or Hovers Fly, departed precisely at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, the fifteenth July 17—, in order to secure for travellers the opportunity of passing the Firth with the flood-tide, had on the present morning like a bulletin, for although that hour was posted from Saint Oliver's temple, and repeated by the Town, no coach appeared upon the appointed stand. It is true, only two tickets had been taken out, and possibly the lady of the antiverment museum might have an understanding with her Antwerpian, that, in such cases, a little space was to be allowed for the chance of filling up the vacant places—or the tall Antwerpian might have been attending a funeral, and be delayed by the necessity of stripping his vehicle of his lugubrious trappings—or he might have stood to take a half-martletion extraordinary with his army the hostler—or—in short, he did not make his appearance.

The young gentleman, who began to grow somewhat impatient, was now joined by a companion in this petty wherry of human life—the person who had taken out the other place. He who is bent upon a journey is usually ready to be distinguished from his fellow-travellers. The horse, the great-coat, the cane, the little bundle in his hand, the hat pulled over his shoulder, the determined importance of his pace, his brief converse to the satisfaction of hanging acquaintance, are all marks by which the experienced traveller is well-known or distinguished. At a distance, the companion of his future journey, as he pushes forward to the place of rendezvous. It is then that, with worldly wisdom, the first coachman hastens to secure the best berth in the coach for himself, and to make the most convenient arrangement for his luggage before the arrival of his competitor. Our youth, who was gifted with little prudence of any sort, and who was, moreover, by the absence of the coach, deprived of the power of asserting himself of his priority of choice, secured himself, instead, by spending upon

the complexion and character of the personage who was now come to the clock office.

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older,—but his late complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His countenance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked, and rather harsh in features, with a shaggy and protruding eye, and a countenance in which belated gravity was enlivened by a coat of ironed moustach. His dress was unelaborate, and of a colour becoming his age and gravity; a wig, well dressed and powdered, surmounted by a shagreened hat, had something of a professional air. He might be a physician, yet his appearance was more that of a man of the world than usually belongs to the laird of Scotland, and his last speculation put the matter beyond question.

He arrived with a hurried pace, and, casting an oblique glance towards the dial-plate of the clock, then looking at the place where the coach should have been, exclaimed, "D—! in it—! am too late after all!"

The young man related his society, by telling him the coach had not yet appeared. The old gentleman, apparently careless of his own want of punctuality, did not at first feel concerned enough to ensure that of the coachman. He took a parcel, containing apparently a large fiddle, from a little boy, who followed him, and, putting him on the head, bid him go back and tell Mr. B—, that if he had known he was to have had so much time, he would have put another word or two in their bargain,—then told the boy to mind his business, and he would be as thriving a lad as ever dined a doctor's dinner. The boy laughed, perhaps in hopes of a penny to buy marbles; but none was forthcoming. Our maner turned his little head upon one of the posts at the head of the staircase, and, seeing the traveller who had first arrived, walked in silence for about five minutes the arrival of the expected diligence.

At length, after one or two impatient glances at the progress of the minute-hand of the clock, having compared it with his own watch, a huge and antique gold repeater, and having related about his features to give due emphasis to one or two painful phases, he hailed the old lady of the coach.

"Good woman,—what the d—! is her name?—Mrs. Macdonald?"

Mrs. Madencher, since that she had a definitive part to sustain in the encounter which was to follow, was in no hurry to hasten the discussion by returning a ready answer.

"Mrs. Madencher,—*Good woman!*" (with an elevated voice)—then again, "Ode looked long, she's as deaf as a post—I say, Mrs. Madencher!"

"I am just seeing a customer,—Indeed, likely, it will be a better cheaper than I tell ya."

"Woman," reiterated the traveller, "do you think we can stand here all day till you have checked that poor servant's hands out of her halcyon's fur and bonnet?"

"Cheated!" rejoined Mrs. Madencher, eager to take up the quarrel upon a debatable ground, "I swear your words, sir: you are an unkind person, and I desire you will not stand there to slander me at my old stand!"

"The woman," said the minor, looking with an evil glance at his destined travelling companion, "does not understand the words of action.—*Woman!*" again turning to the rival, "I cannot not try character, but I desire to know what is become of thy coach?"

"What's your will?" answered Mrs. Madencher, relapsing into dulceness.

"We have taken place, we've," said the younger stranger, "in your diligence for Queensberry"—"Which should have been half-way on the road before now," continued the elder and more impatient traveller, doing as words as he spoke: "and now in all likelihood we shall miss the tide, and I have business of importance on the other side—and your coach coach?"

"The coach?—Ode guide us, gentlemen, it is as on the stand yet!" answered the old lady, her shrill tone of exasperation sinking into a kind of apologetic whim. "Is it the coach ye has been waiting for?"

"What she could have kept us waiting in the sun by the side of the gutter here, you—poor foolish woman, ah!"

Mrs. Madencher now ascended her tiny stair (for such it might be called, though constructed of stone), till her nose came upon a level with the pavement; then, after wiping her spectacles to look for that which she well knew was not to be found, she exclaimed, with well-forgotten astonishment, "Ode guide us—now ever anybody the like o' that?"

"Yes, you abominable woman," reiterated the traveller,

"many have seen the like of it, and all will see the like of it, that have anything to do with your travelling son," then, pausing with great indignation before the door of the shop, still as he passed and repeated, like a vessel who gives her ventricle in the vortex closest of a hostile storm, he shut down complaints, threats, and reproaches, on the unfortunate Mrs. Macleod. He would take a post-chaise—he would call a hackney coach—he would take four horses—he would—he would be on the north side to-day—and all the expense of his journey, besides damages, direct and consequential, arising from delay, should be accumulated on the devoted head of Mrs. Macleod.

There was something so comic in his petulant resentment, that the younger travellers, who were in no such pressing hurry to depart, could not help being amused with it, especially as it was obvious, that every now and then the old gentleman, though very angry, could not help laughing at his own schemes. But when Mrs. Macleod began also to join in the laughter, he quickly put a stop to her ill-timed merriment.

"Woman," said he, "is that advertisement there?" showing a bit of crumpled printed paper: "Does it not set forth, that, God willing, an *express* will arrive at the Horse Fly, or Quagmire Diligence, would not forth to-day at twelve o'clock; and is it not, then, almost of course, now a quarter past twelve, and an *express* fly or diligence to be sent?—Does then leave the consequence of sending the *baggage* by this express?—does then leave it might be brought under the statute of *breach-making*? Answer—and for once in thy long career, and evil life, let it bear the words of truth and sincerity,—*hast* thou such a coach?—is it in *even* nature?—or is *thou* hast *imagination*, a more reliable on the intention to legislate *them* of their time, their patience, and their shillings of *sticking* *them* of their time?—*Hast* thou, I say, such a coach? ay or no?"

"O dear, yes, sir; the neighbours like the diligence well, gone plied out of red—three yellow wheels and a black one."

"Woman, thy special description will not serve—it may be only a lie with a circumstance."

"O, now, now!" said the overwhelmed Mrs. Macleod, totally exhausted at having been so long the butt of his rhetoric, "take back your three shillings, and make me quit of ye."

"Not so fast, not so fast, woman.—Will three shillings

transport me to Queensberry, specially to thy translation program!—or will it require the damage I may sustain by losing my business suitcases, or repay the expenses which I must disburse if I am obliged to tarry a day at the South Ferry for lack of tide?—Will it last, I say, a penny, for which alone the regular price is five shillings?"

Here his argument was cut short by a bustling noise, which proved to be the advance of the expected vehicle, pressing forward with all the dispatch to which the broken-wheeled poles that drew it could possibly be urged. With useful placidity, Mrs. Mackintosh saw her tormentor deposited in the landaus conveyance, but still, as it was driving off, her head flung out of the window remained her, in words dressed amid the rumbling of the wheels, that, if the delay had not stolen the Ferry in time to save the flood-tide, she, Mrs. Mackintosh, should be held responsible for all the consequences that might ensue.

The coach had continued in motion for a mile or two before the stranger had completely expunged himself of his equanimity, as was manifested by the doleful ejaculations, which he made from time to time, on the too great probability, or even certainty, of their missing the flood-tide. By degrees, however, his wrath subsided; he wiped his brows, relaxed his frown, and, making the point in his hand, produced his fob, on which he gazed from time to time with the knowing look of an auctioneer, selecting its height and condition, and, conversing, by a minute and individual inspection of each leaf, that the volume was unaltered and entire from title-page to colophon. His fellow-traveller took the liberty of inquiring the subject of his studies. He lifted up his eyes with something of a scornful glance, as if he supposed the young guest would not relish, or perhaps understand, his answer, and pronounced the book to be Sandy Gordon's *Illustrations of Aqueducts*,* a book illustration of the Roman aqueducts in Scotland. The guest, unoffended by this learned title, proceeded to put several questions, which indicated that he had made good use of a good education, and, although not possessed of minute information on the subject of antiquaries, had yet acquaintance enough with the classics to render him an interested and intelligent reader when they were enlarged upon. The older traveller, observing with pleasure the capacity of his

* Note B. Sandy Gordon's *Aqueducts*.

temporary compassion to understand and answer him, pledged, nothing less, than a sea of discussion concerning arms, vessels, native allies, Roman camps, and the rules of construction.

The pleasure of this discourse had such a debilitating tendency, that, although two causes of delay occurred, each of much more serious duration than that which had driven down his wrath upon the unlucky Mrs. Madencher, our ANTIQUARY only bestowed on the delay the honour of a few epigrammatic puns and puns, which rather seemed to regard the interruption of his disquisition than the retardation of his journey.

The first of these stops was occasioned by the breaking of a spring, which half an hour's labour hardly repaired. To the second, the Antiquary was himself accessory, if not the principal cause of it; for, observing that one of the horses had cast a fore-foot shoe, he apprised the coachman of this important deficiency. "It's James Martin's that furnishes the nails on contrails, and tyebacks there," answered John, "and I am not entitled to make any stop, or to suffer prejudice by the like of these accidents."

"And when you go to—I mean to the place you desire to go to, you scoundrel,—who do you think will uphold you on contrail? If you don't stop directly and carry the poor brute to the next smithy, I'll have you punished, if there's a justice of peace in Mid-Lothian;" and, opening the coach-door, out he jumped, while the coachman stayed his colts, muttering, that "if the gentlemen took the toll now, they could not say but it was their ain fault, since he was willing to get on."

I like so little to caricature the complexion of the causes which influence actions, that I will not venture to ascertain whether our Antiquary's humanity to the poor horse was not in some degree aided by his desire of showing his compassion a Fife's way, or Roundabout, a subject which he had been elaborately discussing, and of which a specimen, "very curious and perfect indeed," happened to exist about a hundred yards distant from the spot where this interruption took place. But were I compelled to distinguish the motives of my worthy friend (for such was the gentleman, in the other suit, with powdered wig and elevated hat), I should say, that, although he certainly would not in any one have suffered the coachman to proceed while the horse was unfit for service, and likely to suffer by being urged forward, yet the man of whiplash escaped some severe abuse

and reproach, by the agreeable mode which the traveller found out to pass the interval of delay.

So much time was consumed by these interruptions of their journey, that when they descended the hill above the Harrow (for so the inn on the western side of the Quoadbury is designated), the experienced eye of the Antiquary at once discerned, from the extent of wet mud, and the number of black stones and ruts, covered with seaweed, which were visible along the skirts of the shore, that the hour of tide was past. The young traveller expressed a burst of indignation, but whether, as Cradock says in "The Quoadbursed Man," our hero had exhausted himself in fretting away his misfortune beforehand, so that he did not feel them when they actually arrived, or whether he found the company in which he was placed too congenial to lead him to reflect on anything which delayed his journey, it is certain that he submitted to his lot with much resignation.

"The A—! is in the diligence and the old bag it belongs to! —Diligence, quoth I? Thou shouldst have called it the Blith —Fly, quoth she? why, it moves like a fly through a glass-pot, as the Irishman says. But, however, time and tide wait for no man, and so, my young friend, we'll leave a much better at the Harrow, which is a very decent sort of a place, and I'll be very happy to finish the account I was giving you of the difference between the mode of extruding *corua* *cories* and *corua* *coria*, things confounded by too many of our historians. Look-a-day, if they had let us, the police to satisfy their own eyes, instead of following each other's blind guidance! —Well! we shall be pretty comfortable at the Harrow; and besides, after all, we must have dined somewhere, and it will be pleasant sitting with the tide of tide and the evening breeze."

In this Christian temper of seeking the best of all circumstances, our travellers alighted at the Harrow.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Hey, they do a wad o' us upon the road here!
 A jow' goud' an' rest o' wad'ers a'wa',
 Hey to be goud' I and that drives down
 With beer and butter-cauld, mingled together.
 It is a guid' my freind'it, my freind'ers.
 Wad' is the wad, that glair the heart o' man,
 And wad' is the beam o' wad'. Shoo, wad' my beak,
 An' wad' and drink wad', that's my beak.

See Burns's New Ian.

As the sailor traveller descended the many steps of the difficulty of the inn, he was greeted by the fat, pudgy, purry land-lord, with that mixture of familiarity and respect which the Scotch landowners of the old school used to assume towards their more valued customers.

"Here a care o' us, Macklarnie (distinguishing him by his territorial epithet, always most agreeable to the ear of a Scottish proprietor), is this you? I little thought to have seen your honour here till the summer season was over."

"Ye deuced wad' deuced," answered his guest, his Scottish accent predominating when in anger though otherwise not particularly remarkable,—"ye deuced wad' crippled dize, wad' have I to do with the season, or the guests that flock to it, or the bodies that pick their pickens for them?"

"Truth, and that's wad'," said man host, who, in fact, only spoke upon a very general recollection of the stranger's original situation, yet would have been easy not to have been supposed accurate as to the station and profession of him, or any other essential point—"That's very wad'—hey, I thought ye had some law affair o' your ain to look after—I have one myself—a grangin' plea that my father left me, and his father afore left to him. It's about our backgaird—ye'll maybe has heard o' it in the Parliament-house, Housheum against Macklarnie—It's a wad' law'd plea—the house four times in afore the threes, and did any thing the wisest o' them could make o' it, but just to send it out again to the wad'ers—O it's a beautiful thing to see how lang and how carefully justice is considered in this country."

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said the traveller, but in great

good-humour, "and tell us what you can give this young gentleman and not for dinner?"

"Oh, there's fish, you don't,—that's excellent and well!" babbled, said Blackbriars, twasting her tongue; "and y'e'll be for a mutton-chop, and there's cranberry tarts, very good preserved, and—and there's just my thing else y'e like!"

"Which is to say, there is nothing else whatever! Well, well, the fish and the chop, and the tarts, will do very well. But don't forget the customary delay that you promise in the courts of justice. But there be no courts from the laund to the water house, have ye not?"

"No, no," said Blackbriars, whose long and heedful perusal of volumes of printed account papers had made him acquainted with some few phrases—"the dinner shall be served upon primers and final processors." And with the flattering laugh of a promising host, he left them to his stabled parties, long with grins of the Fort Escuton.

As, notwithstanding his pledge to the contrary, the glorious delays of the law were not without their parallel in the kitchen of the inn, our younger traveller had an opportunity to step out and make some inquiry of the people of the house concerning the rank and station of his companion. The information which he received was of a general and less authentic nature, but quite sufficient to make him acquainted with the name, history, and circumstances of the gentleman, whom we shall endeavour, in a few words, to introduce more accurately to our readers.

Jonathan Oldstock, or Oldstock, by popular contraction Oldink, of Mouthorne, was the second son of a gentleman possessed of a small property in the neighbourhood of a flourishing seaport town on the north-western coast of Scotland, which, for various reasons, we shall designate Fairport. They had been established for several generations, as landowners in the county, and in most shires of England would have been accounted a family of some standing. But the shire of — was filled with gentlemen of more ancient descent and larger fortunes. In the last generation, also, the neighbouring gentry had been almost uniformly Jacobites, while the proprietors of Mouthorne, like the burghers of the town near which they were settled, were closely adherents of the Protestant succession. The latter had, however, a pedigree of their own, on which they prided them-

* [For Scotch expressions, see Glossary at end of volume.]

adverses as much as those who dropped them valued their respective Saxon, Norman, or Celtic genealogies. The first Oldenbuck, who had settled in their family mansion shortly after the Reformation, was, they asserted, descended from one of the original printers of Germany, and had left his country in consequence of the persecutions directed against the professors of the Reformed religion. He had found a refuge in the town near which his posterity dwelt, the more readily that he was a refugee in the Protestant cause, and certainly not far less so, that he brought with him money enough to purchase the small estate of Montbarn, then sold by a dissipated lord, to whose father it had been gifted, with other church lands, on the dissolution of the great and wealthy monastery to which it had belonged. The Oldenbucks were therefore loyal subjects on all occasions of insurrection; and, as they kept up a good intelligence with the borough, it chanced that the Lord of Montbarn, who died in 1748, was present at the town during that ill-fated year, and had earned himself with much spirit in favour of King George, and even been put to expense on that score, which, according to the liberal conduct of the existing government towards their friends, had never been repaid him. By dint of solicitation, however, and borough interest, he contrived to gain a place in the customs, and, being a frugal, careful man, had found himself enabled to add considerably to his paternal fortune. He had only two sons, of whom, as we have hinted, the younger was the younger, and two daughters, one of whom still flourished in single blessedness, and the other, who was greatly more juvenile, made a love-match with a captain in the *Forty-two*, who had no other fortune but his commission and a Highland pedigree. Poverty disturbed a union which love would otherwise have made happy, and Captain McIntyre, in justice to his wife and two children, a boy and girl, had found himself obliged to seek his fortune in the East India. Being ordered upon an expedition against Hydr Ally, the detachment to which he belonged was cut off, and no news ever reached his relatives with whether he fell in battle, or was murdered in prison, or survived in what the habits of the Indian tyrant replaced a hopeless captivity. She wept under the accumulated load of grief and uncertainty, and left a son and daughter to the charge of her brother, the existing Lord of Montbarn.

The history of that proprietor himself is soon told. Being

as we have said, a second son, his father destined him to a share in a substantial mercantile concern, carried on by some of his maternal relations. From this Jonathan's mind revolved in the most inextinguishable manner. He was then just apprehensive to the profession of a writer, or attorney, in which he gratified so far, that he made himself master of the whole forces of French mathematics, and shared such pleasure in reconciling their inconsistencies, and tracing their origin, that his master had great hope he would one day be an able surveyor. But he halted upon the threshold, and, though he acquired some knowledge of the origin and system of the law of his country, he could never be persuaded to apply it to business and practical purposes. It was not from any immediate neglect of the advantages attending the possession of money that he thus deserted the hopes of his master. "Were he thoughtless or light-headed, or of low pedigree," said his instructor, "I would have what to expect of him. But he never pays away a shilling without looking anxiously after the change, makes his servants go further than another lad's half-crown, and will ponder over an old black-letter copy of the acts of parliament for days, rather than go to the gold or the change-house; and yet he will not bestow one of these days on a little business of routine, that would put twenty shillings in his pocket—a strange mixture of fragility and industry, and negligent indolence—I don't know what to make of him."

But in process of time his pupil gained the means of making what he pleased of himself; for his father having died, was not long survived by his eldest son, an earnest father and dealer, who departed this life, in consequence of a cold caught in his vacation, while shooting ducks in the swamp called Kittichewag-mass, notwithstanding his having drunk a bottle of brandy that very night to keep the cold out of his stomach. Jonathan, therefore, succeeded to the estate, and with it to the means of subsisting without the hated despotism of the law. His wishes were very moderate, and as the rest of his small property went with the improvement of the country, it soon greatly exceeded his wants and expenditure; and though too indolent to make money, he was by no means harmful in the pleasure of beholding it accumulate. The burgesses of the town near which he lived regarded him with a sort of envy, as one who affected to divide himself from their rank in society, and whose studies and

pleasures seemed to them, *alike homoplenetalia*. Still, however, a sort of hereditary respect for the Lord of Mankharna, augmented by the knowledge of his being a ready-money man, kept up his consequent with this class of his neighbours. The society gentlemen were generally above him in fortune, and beneath him in intellect, and, excepting one with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, had little intercourse with Mr. Oldbrook of Mankharna. He had, however, the usual resources, the company of the clergyman, and of the doctor, whom he chose to request it, and also his own parents and pleasures, being in correspondence with most of the virtuous of his time, who, like himself, measured decayed entrenchments, made plans of retired castles, read illegible inscriptions, and wrote essays on medals in the proportion of twelve pages to each letter of the legend. Some habits of busy irritation he had contracted, partly, it was said in the language of Falypot, from an early disappointment in love, in virtue of which he had commenced manuscript, as he called it, but yet more by the obsequious attention paid to him by his maiden sister and her nephew since, whom he had trained to consider him as the greatest man upon earth, and whom he used to boast of as the only woman he had ever seen who wore well looks in and belted to obedience; though, it must be owned, Miss Oring Oldbrook was sometimes apt to jolt when he pulled the reins too tight. The rest of his character must be gathered from the story, and we dismiss with pleasure the tiresome task of recapitulation.

During the time of dinner, Mr. Oldbrook, actuated by the same curiosity which his fellow-traveller had entertained on his account, made some advances, which his age and station entitled him to do in a more direct manner, towards ascertaining the name, destination, and quality of his young companion.

His name, the young gentleman said, was Lord.

"What! the cat, the rat, and Lord our dog! Was he descended from King Richard's favourite?"

"He had no pretensions," he said, "to call himself a whelp of that litter; his father was a north-of-England gentleman. He was at present travelling to Falypot (the town near to which Mankharna was situated), and, if he found the place agreeable, might perhaps remain there for some weeks."

"Was Mr. Lord's excursion solely for pleasure?"

"Not entirely."

"Perhaps on business with some of the commercial people of Fairport?"

"It was partly on business, but had no reference to commerce."

Here he paused; and Mr. Oldback, having pushed his request as far as good manners permitted, was obliged to share the conversation. The Antiquary, though by no means an enemy to good cheer, was a determined foe to all unnecessary expense on a journey; and upon his companion giving a hint concerning a bottle of port wine, he drew a dismal picture of the mixture, which, he said, was usually sold under that denomination, and affirming that a little punch was more potent and better suited for the season, he laid his hand upon the bell to order the materials. But Mackintosh had, in his own mind, settled their beverage otherwise, and appeared bearing in his hand an immense double-port bottle, or, as it was called in Scotland, *cranned* with *mac-dust* and *coleridge*, the warrants of its salubrity.

"Punch!" said he, catching that generous word as he entered the parlour; "the deil a drop punch y'e've got here the day, Mackintosh, and that ye may lay your account wi'."

"What do you mean, you impudent rascal!"

"Ay, ay, it's no matter for that—but do you mind the trick ye served me the last time ye were here?"

"I trick you?"

"Ay, just yourself, Mackintosh. The Laird of Tumbowin, and Sir Gilbert Grizzlebeech, and Auld Rumboldie, and the Baidie, were just sitting in to make an afternoon's, and you, w' mair o' your cold-world stories, that the wind o' some coon's racket, whilk'd them to the back o' beyond to look at the wild Roman camp—Ah, sir!" turning to Lord, "he was wile the back off the tree w' the tale he tells about folk lang syne—and did not I lose the drinking o' six plates o' gude cheer, for the deil was wad hae staved till he had seen that out at the heart?"

"E'ye hear the impudent scoundrel!" said Mackintosh, but laughing at the same time; for the worthy landlord, as he used to boast, knew the measure of a glass's foot as well as der a scouter on this side Solway; "well, well, you may send us in a bottle of port."

"Port! na, na! ye mair hae port and punch to the like o'

us, it's about thatt fit for you heads ; and, I dare say, none of the folk ye speak so much o' ever drank either of the two."

"Do you hear how absolute the laurie is? Well, my young friend, we must for once prefer the *Falerian* to the *rub Salernum*."

The ready landlord had the cork instantly extracted, decanted the wine into a vessel of suitable capacity; and, declaring it perfumed the very room, left his guests to make the most of it.

Macditchman's wine was really good, and had its effect upon the spirits of the older guest, who told some good stories, cut some dry jokes, and at length entered into a learned discussion concerning the ancient dramatists ; a ground on which he found his new acquaintance so strong, that at length he began to suspect he had made there his professional study. "A traveller partly for business and partly for pleasure!—Why, the story partakes of both ; it is a labour to the performer, and affords, or is meant to afford, pleasure to the spectators. His science, in manner and merit, shows the class of young men who take short tarts ; but I remember hearing them say, that the little theatre at Fairport was to open with the performance of a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage.—If this should be true, Lord!—Lord! you, Lord or DeWille are just the names which youngsters are apt to assume on such occasions—on my life, I am sorry for the lad."

Mr. Oldbuck was habitually parsimonious, but in no respects mean ; his first thought was to save his fellow-traveller any part of the expense of the entertainment, which he supposed must be in his situation more or less inconvenient. He therefore took an opportunity of sitting privately with Mr. Macditchman. The young traveller remonstrated against his liberality, and only succeeded in deference to his years and respectability.

The mutual satisfaction which they found in each other's society induced Mr. Oldbuck to propose, and Lord willingly to accept, a scheme for travelling together to the end of their journey. Mr. Oldbuck intimated a wish to pay two-thirds of the hire of a post-chaise, saying, that a proportioned quantity of room was necessary to his accommodation, but that Mr. Lord absolutely declined. Their expense there was mutual, unless when Lord considerably dipped a skiffing into the head of a gruffling postilion ; for Oldbuck, true to his ancient customs, never extended his garrison beyond eighteen-pence a stage. In

this manner they travelled, until they arrived at Fairport² about two o'clock on the following day.

Lovel probably expected that his travelling companion would have invited him to dinner on his arrival; but his consciousness of a want of ready preparation for unexpected guests, and perhaps some other causes, prevented offering him that invitation. His only hope to see him as early as he could make it convenient to call in a friend, recommended him to a widow who had apartments to let, and to a person who kept a decent ordinary; cautioning both of them apart, that he only knew Mr. Lovel as a pleasant companion in a post-chaise, and did not mean to guarantee any tale which he might contract while residing at Fairport. The young gentleman's figure and manners, and in addition a well-furled trunk, which were arrived by sea, in his address at Fairport, probably went up for in his favour as the hinted recommendation of his fellow-traveller.

² [The "Fairport" of this novel is supposed to refer to the town of *Afworth*, in *Georgia*, and "*Shawburg*," just, in the neighbouring village of *Andalusia*, in the same county.]

CHAPTER THIRD.

He had a mouth of soft white-mustache,
 Fluffy side-locks, and jingling buckles,
 Which told the London liver in white,
 A borrowed gait,
 And portish gait, and cold well-buckled,
 Along the side.
 BROWN.

As soon as he had settled himself in his new apartments at Fairport, Mr. Lovel had thought him of paying the expected visit to his fellow-traveller. He did not make it earlier, however, with all the old gentleman's good-humour and information, there had sometimes gleamed forth in his language and manner towards him an air of superiority, which his companion considered as being fully beyond what the difference of age warranted. He therefore waited the arrival of his baggage from Edinburgh, that he might arrange his dress according to the fashion of the

day, and make his exterior corresponding to the work he seems to have supposed or felt himself entitled to hold.

It was the fifth day after his arrival, that, having made the necessary inquiries concerning the road, he went forth to pay his respects at Monkhorne. A footpath leading over a heathy hill, and through two or three meadows, conducted him to the mansion, which stood on the opposite side of the hill above-mentioned, and commanded a fine prospect of the bay and shipping. Debarred from the town by the rising ground, which also sheltered it from the north-west wind, the house had a solitary and sheltered appearance. The entrance had little to recommend it. It was an irregular old-fashioned building, some part of which had belonged to a priory, or solitary farm-house, inhabited by the baron, or steward, of the manor, when the place was in possession of the monks. It was here that the community stored up the grain, which they received as gratuities from their vessels, for, with the produce belonging to their order, all their accustomed revenues were made payable in kind, and hence, as the present proprietor loved to tell, came the name of Monkhorne. To the remains of the baron's house, the succeeding lay inhabitants had made various additions in proportion to the accommodations required by their families, and, as this was done with an equal contempt of convenience within and architectural regularity without, the whole bore the appearance of a hamlet which had suddenly stood still when in the act of leading down one of Amphion's, or Orpheus's, country dances. It was surrounded by tall clipped hedges of yew and holly, some of which still exhibited the skill of the Saxon artist,* and presented curious arm-chairs, totens, and the figures of Saint George and the Dragon. The taste of Mr. Offstock did not detract these monuments of an art now unknown, and he was the less tempted so to do, as it most necessarily have broken the heart of the old gardener. One tall embowering holly was, however, saved from the shears, and, as a garden seat beneath its shade, Lord himself his old friend with spectacles on nose, and pouch on side, busily employed in perusing the London Chronicle, seated by the summer breeze through the rustling leaves, and the distant dash of the waves as they rippled upon the sand.

* *See Pyperia*, the art of clipping yew-hedges into fantastic figures. A Letter press, entitled *the Pyperia*, contains a curious account of the process.

Mr. Oldback immediately rose, and advanced to greet his travelling acquaintance with a hearty shake of the hand. "By my faith," said he, "I began to think you had changed your mind, and found the stupid people of Fairport so tiresome, that you judged them unworthy of your talents, and had taken French leave, as my old friend and brother-contemporary Mac-Criddle did, when he went off with one of my Syrian models."

"I hope, my good sir, I should have fallen under no such temptation."

"Quite as bad, let me tell you, if you had stolen yourself away without giving me the pleasure of seeing you again. I had rather you had taken my copper Oblee himself—But come, let me show you the way into my various arsenals—my cell I may call it, for, except two little boxes of *expedients*," (by the contemptuous phrase, borrowed from his brother-contemporary, the cyclic author *à-Word*, Mr. Oldback was used to denote the list set in general, and his sister and niece in particular), "that, on some like pretext of relationship, have established themselves in my premises, I have here as much a *Comptoir* as my predecessor, John *à* the Grass, whose goods I will show you by and by."

Thus speaking, the old gentleman led the way through a low door; but before entrance, suddenly stopped short to point out some vestiges of what he called an inscription, and, shaking his head as he pronounced it totally illegible, "Ah! if you but knew, Mr. Lovel, the time and trouble that these maddening traces of letters have cost me! No mother ever troubled as for a child—and all to no purpose—although I am almost positive that these two last marks imply the figure, or letters, LV, and may give us a good guess at the real date of the building, since we know, ah! ah! that it was founded by Abbot Willshire about the middle of the fourteenth century—and, I profess, I think that some ornament might be made out by better eyes than mine.

"I think," answered Lovel, willing to humour the old man, "it has something the appearance of a *mitre*."

"I protest you are right! you are right! It never struck me before—or what it is to have younger eyes—A *mitre*—a *mitre*—it corresponds in every respect."

The resemblance was not much nearer than that of Polonius's head to a whole, or an oval; it was sufficient, however, to set

the Antiquary's ladder to work. "A miter, my dear sir," continued he, as he led the way through a labyrinth of unvarnished and dark passages, and accompanied his disquisition with certain necessary cautions to his guest—"A miter, my dear sir, will suit our object as well as a bishop—he was a mitred abbot, and at the very top of the edifice—take care of those three steps—I know Mac-Crabb's dance this, but it is as certain as that he took away my Antigone, as I have asked—you'll see the name of the Abbot of Troinsey, *Abbas Troinensis*, at the head of the rolls of parliament in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—there is very little light here, and those cursed wainscoted always leave their tubs in the passage—now take care of the corner—second twelve steps, and you are safe!"

Mr. Oldback had by this time attained the top of the winding stair which led to his own apartment, and opening a door, and pushing aside a piece of tapestry with which it was covered, his first exclamation was, "What are you about here, you sluts?" A dirty harlotted chambermaid threw down her chamber, detected in the business that of arranging the ancient cushions, and fled out of an opposite door from the face of her innocent master. A grained-looking young woman, who was superintending the operation, stood her ground, but with some timidity.

"Indeed, ma'am, your room was not fit to be seen, and I just came to see that Jenny had everything down where she took it up."

"And how dare you, or Jenny either, presume to meddle with my private matters?" (Mr. Oldback looked passing is right as much as Dr. Ordburne, or any other professed student.)

"Go, sew your sampler, you monkey, and do not let me find you here again, as you value your ears.—I assure you, Mr. Lovel, that the last barrel of those pretended friends to domesticity was almost as fatal to my collection as Houdinot's visit to that of Bishopstall; and I have ever since missed

My copy-books, with diacritical
 Reproval upon's and other books;
 My second-hand, with Taylor's house,
 And several constitution stains;
 My tea, my napkins, and glasses,
 I purchased for my proper use.

And so forth, as old Butler has it."

The young lady, after courtesying to Lovel, had taken the

opportunity to make her escape during this distraction of losses. "You'll be poisoned here with the volutes of dust they have raised," continued the Antiquary; "but I assure you the dust was very sweet, peaceful, quiet dust, about an hour ago, and would have remained so for a hundred years, had not those gnomes disturbed it, as they do everything else in the world."

It was not long before Lord could, through the thick atmosphere, perceive in what sort of den his friend had constructed his retreat. It was a lofty room of striking size, obscurely lighted by high narrow latticed windows. One end was entirely occupied by book-shelves, greatly too limited in space for the number of volumes placed upon them, which were, therefore, drawn up in ranks of two or three files deep, while numerous others littered the floor and the tables, and a chaos of maps, engravings, scraps of parchment, bundles of papers, pieces of old armour, medals, coins, helmets, and Highland bagpipes. Behind Mr Oldbuck's seat (which was an ancient leather-covered easy-chair, worn smooth by constant use) was a large open cabinet, decorated at each corner with Dutch clocks, having their little clock-wings displayed, and great gilded-headed vases placed between them. The top of the cabinet was covered with busts, and Roman lamps and patera, interspersed with one or two bronze figures. The walls of the apartment were partly clothed with grim old tapestry, representing the memorable story of Sir Gervase's wedding, in which full justice was done to the affluence of the Lethely Lady; although, to judge from her own looks, the poor knight had less reason to be disgusted with the match on account of disparity of outward show, than the romancer has given us to understand. The rest of the room was panelled, or wainscotted, with black oak, against which hung two or three portraits in armour, being characters in Scottish history, favourites of Mr. Oldbuck, and as many as two-wigs and broad coats, stating representatives of his own ancestors. A large old-fashioned oaken table was covered with a profusion of papers, parchments, books, and manuscript trinkets and gewgaws, which seemed to have little to recommend them, besides rust and the antiquity which it indicates. In the midst of this wreck of ancient books and utensils, with a gravity equal to Marlow among the ruins of Carthage, sat a large black cat, which, to a supercilious eye, might have presented the precise look, the feline grace of the

apartment. The floor, as well as the table and chairs, was covered by the same massy masses of miscellaneous trumpery, where it would have been as impossible to find any individual article wanted, as to put it to any use when discovered.

And this muddle, it was no easy matter to find one's way in a chair, without stumbling over a prostrate fido, or the still more awkward mischiefs of overturning some piece of Roman or ancient British pottery. And, when the chair was attained, it had to be disencumbered, with a careful hand, of engravings which might have received damage, and of medals, spurs and bustles, which would certainly have condemned it to any sudden compact. Of this the Antiquary made Lord particularly aware, adding, that his friend, the Rev. Doctor Henryson from the Low Countries, had sustained much injury by sitting down suddenly and unawares on three ancient caltrops, or *evantons*, which had been lately dug up in the bog near Banockburn, and which, disposed by Robert Bruce to lacerate the feet of the English chivalry, came thus in process of time to enshrine the sitting part of a learned professor of Utrecht.

Having at length fully settled himself, and being nothing loath to make inquiry concerning the strange objects around him, which his host was equally ready, as far as possible, to explain, Lord was introduced to a large club, or *halgoun*, with an iron spike at the end of it, which, it seems, had been lately found in a field on the Monkthorn property, adjacent to an old burying-ground. It had mightily the air of such a stick as the Highland rangers use to walk with on their annual peregrinations from their mountains; but Mr. Oldback was strongly tempted to believe, that, as its shape was singular, it might have been one of the darts with which the monks armed their peasants in lieu of more martial weapons,—whence, he observed, the village was called *Chab-arte*, or *Kel-bek*, that is, *Chapin*, or *club-bearers*. For the truth of this custom, he quoted the chronicle of Antwerp and that of St. Martin; against which authorities Lord had nothing to oppose, having never heard of them till that moment.

Mr. Oldback next exhibited thumb-screws, which had given the Convicts of former days the cramp in their joints, and a collar with the name of a fellow convicted of theft, whose surname, as the inscription bore, had been adjudged to a neighbouring baron, as len of the modern Scottish parliament,

which, as Oldback said, sends such spirits to cherish England by their labour, and themselves by their destitute. Many and various were the other caricatures which he showed;—but it was chiefly upon his looks that he peered himself, repeating, with a complacent air, as he led the way to the crowded and dusty shelves, the verse of old Chaucer—

For he would rather have, at his bed-head,
A rusty looking, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, or his philosophy,
Than robes rich, rich, or silken.

This pithy motto he delivered, shaking his head, and giving each gathered the true Anglo-Saxon explanation, which is now forgotten in the southern parts of this realm.

The reflection was indeed a curious one, and might well be carved by its content. Yet it was not collected at the numerous poems of modern times, which are sufficient to have supplied the most determined as well as earliest bibliomania upon record, whom we take to have been none else than the reserved Don Quixote de la Mancha, as, among other slight indications of an Indian understanding, he is cited, by his venal and historic, Col Hume's Biographies, to have exchanged fields and farms for fables and quarters of civility. In this species of export, the good knight-errant has been imitated by lords, knights, and squires of our own day, though we have not yet heard of any that has mistaken an inn for a castle, or laid his lance in rest against a windmill. Mr. Oldback did not follow these collectors in such excess of expenditure; but, taking a pleasure in the personal labour of forming his library, stored his purse at the expense of his time and toil. He was no messenger of that ingenuous race of peripatetic middle-men, who, trafficking between the obscure keeper of a stall and the eager amateur, make their profit at once of the ignorance of the former, and the dear-bought skill and taste of the latter. When such were mentioned in his hearing, he seldom failed to point out how necessary it was to arrest the object of your curiosity in its first transit, and to tell his favourite story of Shuffy Derry and Cartton's Game at Chess.—“Derry Wilson,” he said, “commonly called Shuffy Derry, does his remarkable addition to black rupper, was the very parent of accents for searching blind alleys, cellars, and stalls for rare valuers. He had the mast of a dove-hound, six, and the map of a bull-dog

He would detect you an old black-letter ballad among the leaves of a law-paper, and find an olive-branch under the mask of a school Gardener. Scudly Davy bought the 'Game of Chess, 1474,' the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland, for about two groats, or twopenny of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds, and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne sold this invaluable warfall to Dr. Ashmole for sixty guineas. As Dr. Ashmole's sale," continued the old gentleman, knitting as he spoke, "this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by His Majesty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds!—Could a copy now score, Lord only knows," he ejaculated, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands—"Lord only knows what would be its ransom; and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the mere equivalent of two-pence sterling!" Happy, thrice happy, Scudly Davie!—and blessed were the times when the industry could be so rewarded!

"Ere I, sir," he went on, "though far inferior in industry and discernment and province of mind, to that great man, can show you a few—a very few things, which I have collected, not by force of money, as my wealthy men might,—although, as my friend Lucius says, he might choose to throw away his coin only to illustrate his ignorance,—but gained in a manner that shows I know something of the matter. See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them as hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of three, who loved them better than her pocket-book. Tobacco, sir, and the Complete Syon, were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the Complaynt of Scotland, I set out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned professor, who, in gratitude, bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little Harvies are the memoranda and trophies of every walk by night and morning through the Clopton, the Canning, the Row, St. Mary's Wynd,—wherever, in fine, there were to be found lockers and teachers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood juggling on a halfpenny, lost by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price, he should be led to suspect the value!

* This information is due to Scudly Davy; and David Wilson, the author need not tell his listeners of the Exchange and Exchange Club, was a real purveyor.

set upon the article!—how have I troubled, but some passing stranger should drop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books on the stall, as a rival student, or passing bookbinder in disguise!—And then, Mr. Lovel, the dissatisfaction with which one pays the consideration, and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference, while the hand is trembling with pleasure!—Thus to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and anxious rivals by showing them such a treasure as this" (displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primer); "to enjoy their own prize and envy, shrouding materials, under a veil of mysterious consciousness, our own superior knowledge and deducity;—these, my young friend, these are the whole moments of life, that repay the toil, and pains, and anxious attention, which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands!"

Lovel was not a little amazed at hearing the old gentleman run on in this manner, and, however incapable of entering into the full merits of what he beheld, he admired, as much as could have been expected, the various treasures which Oldback exhibited. Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best; here was a book valued because it had the author's final improvements, and there another which (strange to tell!) was in request because it had them not. One was precious because it was a folio, another because it was a duodecimo; some because they were tall, some because they were short; the merit of this lay in the title-page—of that in the arrangement of the letters in the word *Pain*. There was, it seemed, no possible distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, providing the indispensable quality of scarcity, or rare occurrence, was attached to it.

Not the least fascinating was the original bundle—the Dying Speech, Bloody Murder, or Wonderful Wonder of Wonders,—in its primary tattered guise, as it was hauled through the streets, and sold for the cheap and easy price of our penny, though now worth the weight of that penny in gold. On these the Antiquary dilated with transport, and read, with a rapturous voice, the elaborate titles, which bore the same proportion to the contents that the painted sign without a shoemaker's booth do to the amiable within. Mr. Oldback, for example, played himself especially in possessing an unique treat-

side, entitled and called "Strange and Wonderful News from Chipping-Norton, in the County of Oxon, of certain dreadful Apparitions which were seen in the Air on the 16th of July 1666, at Half an Hour after Nine o'Clock at Noon, and continued till Eleven, in which Time was seen Appearances of several flaming Swords, strange Motions of the superior Orbs, with the unusual Sparkling of the Stars, with their dreadful Conjunctions, With the Account of the Opening of the Graves, and strange Appearances therein, disclosing themselves, with several other prodigious Circumstances not heard of in any Age, to the great Amusement of the Spectators, as it was communicated in a Letter to our Mr. Colley, living in West Northfield, and attested by Thomas Brown, Elizabeth Greenway, and Anne Chasleridge, who were Spectators of the dreadful Apparitions: And if any one would be further satisfied of the Truth of this Relation, let them repair to Mr. Nightingale at the Bear Inn, in West Northfield, and they may be satisfied."

"You laugh at this," said the proprietor of the collection, "and I forgive you. I do acknowledge that the charms on which we stand are not so obvious to the eyes of youth as those of a few lady, but you will grow wiser, and see more justly, when you come to wear spectacles.—Yet stay, I have one piece of antiquity, which you, perhaps, will prize more highly."

So saying, Mr. Oldback unlocked a drawer, and took out a bundle of keys, then pulled aside a piece of the tapestry which concealed the door of a small closet, into which he descended by four stone steps, and, after some tinkling among bottles and cans, produced two long-stalked wine-glasses with bell mouths, such as are seen in Taverns' poems, and a small bottle of what he called rich racy canary, with a little bit of chocolate, on a small silver server of exquisite old workmanship. "I will say nothing of the server," he remarked, "though it is said to have been wrought by the old mad Florentine, Barroccio Cellini. But, My Lord, our ancestors drank such—yes, who admire the drama, know where that's to be found.—Here's canary to your exertions at Fairport, sir!"

"And to you, sir, and an ample increase to your income, with no more trouble on your part than is just necessary to make the acquisition valuable."

* Of the three and four times new brands, the author presents an example.

After a liaison as suitable to the movement in which they had been engaged, Lovel rose to take his leave, and Mr Oldback prepared to give him his company a part of the way, and show him something worthy of his courtesy on his return to Farport.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

The people will walk over the sea,
 My many grandsons and granddaughters to me,
 Saying, Alas Sir, for your country,
 Will ye help a wily pair men?

THE GUERREMENT MAN.

Our two friends moved through a little orchard, where the aged apple-trees, well loaded with fruit, showed, as it were in the neighbourhood of monastic buildings, that the days of the monks had not always been spent in indolence, but often dedicated to horticulture and gardening. Mr Oldback failed not to make Lovel remark, that the planters of those days were possessed of the modern secret of preventing the roots of the fruit-trees from penetrating the till, and compelling them to spread in a lateral direction, by placing peat-fragments beneath the trees when first planted, so as to interpose between their stems and the soil. "This old fellow," he said, "which was blown down last summer, and still, though half rotted on the ground, is covered with fruit, has been, as you may not, inter-mediated with such a barrier between his roots and the solidly till. That other tree has a story—the fruit is called the Abbess's Apple; the lady of a neighbouring house was so fond of it, that she would often pay a visit to Nuthouse, to have the pleasure of gathering it from the tree. The husband, a jealous man, before, suspected that a taste so nearly resembling that of Mother Eve prefigured a similar fall. As the honour of a noble family is concerned, I will say no more on the subject, only that the heads of Lockard and Criglowall still pay a fine of six balls of butter annually, to atone the guilt of their audacious owner, who intruded himself and his voracious progeny upon the seclusion of the Abbess and his parish—Adieu the balls being hung along the ivy-covered porch—there was born a *hapithum*, *hapitha*, or *hapithomatum*. (Mr

is in written all these various ways in the old willings and evillings), in which the monks received pilgrims. I know our antiquary has said, in the *Historical Account*, that the hospital was situated either in the head of Fallowley or upon those of Half-stony; but he is incorrect, Mr. Lord—that is the gate called still the Palmer's Port, and my gardener found many hawthorn stones, when he was treading the ground for white colley, several of which I have sent as specimens to my learned friends, and to the various antiquarian societies of which I am an unworthy member. But I will say no more at present; I reserve something for another visit, and we have an object of real curiosity before us."

While he was thus speaking, he led the way boldly through out or two rich pasture-meadows, to an open heath or common, and so to the top of a gentle eminence. "Here," he said, "Mr. Lord, is a truly remarkable spot."

"It resembles a deep vale," said his companion, looking around him.

"True; but it is not for the prospect I brought you hither; do you see nothing else remarkable?—nothing on the surface of the ground?"

"Why, yes; I do see something like a ditch, indistinctly marked."

"Indistinctly!—pardon me, sir, but the indistinctness must be in your power of vision. Nothing can be more plainly traced—a proper spur or valley, with its corresponding ditch or fosse. Indistinctly! why, Heaven help you, the least, my stone, or light/coloured a grain or unmanicured shrub, are the traces of the ditch at once. Indistinct!—why, the great stations at Arundel, or that at Basingwerk in Kentishland, may be clearer, doubtless, because they are stative forts, whereas this was only an occasional encampment. Indistinct!—why, you must suppose that floods, haws, and kilots, have plunged up the head, and, like haws and ignorant swarms, have thereby obliterated two sides of the square, and greatly injured the third; but you are, yourself, the fourth side a quite entire!"

Lord unhesitated to apologise, and to explain away his ill-timed phrase, and pleaded his inexperience. But he was not at once quite successful. His first explication had come too frankly and naturally not to shew the Antiquary, and he could not easily get over the shock it had given him.

"My dear sir," continued the reader, "your eyes are not misapprehended: you know a ditch from level ground, I presume, when you see them? Indubitably; why, the very common people, the very lowest boy that can herd a cow, calls it the Kaim of Knapprae; and if that does not imply an ancient camp, I am ignorant what does."

Level having again displeased, and at length failed to sleep the irritated and suspicious vanity of the antiquary, he proceeded in his task of discourse. "You must know," he said, "our Scottish antiquaries have been greatly divided about the local situation of the final conflict between Agricola and the Caledonians; some contend for Ardoch in Strathclyde, some for Inverpolly, some for the Blackbar in the Moray, and some are for carrying the scene of action as far north as Durr in Athole. Now, after all this discussion," continued the old gentleman, with one of his sweet and most complacent looks, "what would you think, Mr. Level,—I say, what would you think,—if the memorable scene of conflict should happen to be on the very spot called the Kaim of Knapprae, the property of the diverse and hostile individuals who now speak to you?" Then, having passed a little, to suffer his guest to digest a communication so important, he resumed his dissertation in a higher tone. "Yes, my good friend, I am indeed greatly desirous if this place does not correspond with all the marks of that celebrated place of action. It was near to the Grampian mountains—in yonder they are, rising and contending with the sky on the skirts of the heathens! It was in complete obscurity—in sight of the Roman fleet; and would any admiral, Roman or British, with a finer bay to ride in than that on your right hand? It is astonishing how blind we professed antiquaries sometimes are! Sir Robert Sibbald, Bannerman Gordon, General Roy, Dr. Stukely,—why, it swept all of them. I was unwilling to say a word about it till I had secured the ground, for it belonged to a noble Johnson Hawke, a house-hold^a lord by, and money's commanding we had before he and I could agree. At length—I am almost ashamed to say so—but I even brought my mind to give acre for acre of my good corn-land for this barren spot. But then it was a national concern; and when the scene of so celebrated an event became my own, I was

^a A household together a petty proprietor, working the dean, along with the tenants of a parson.

overpaid.—Whose patriotism would not grow warmer, as old Johnson says, on the plains of Marathon? I hoped to touch the ground, to see what might be discovered, and the third day, sir, we found a stone, which I have transported to Montebona, in order to have the sculptures taken off with plaster of Paris; it bears a sacrificing vessel, and the letters A.D.L.I., which may stand, without much violence, for *Agricola Dilecti Latini Latroes*."

"Certainly, sir; for the Dutch Antiquaries claim Calpurn as the founder of a Night-house, on the sole authority of the letters C.O.P.P., which they interpret *Calpurni Phorici Poni*."

"True, and it has ever been recorded as a sound exposition. I am we shall make something of you, even before you were spectacles, notwithstanding you thought the traces of this beautiful camp indistinct when you first observed them."

"In time, sir, and by good instruction."—

"—You will become more apt—I doubt it not. You shall press, upon your next visit to Montebona, my trivial Essay upon Cæsaromastice, with some particular Remarks upon the Vestiges of Ancient Fortifications lately discovered by the Author of the *Kalm of Kingstons*. I think I have pointed out the infallible touchstone of supposed antiquity. I present a few general rules on that point, on the nature, namely, of the evidence to be received in such cases. Meanwhile be pleased to observe, for example, that I could press into my service Claudius's famous line,

His Calcedonia pariet qd. castris præstat.

For *parietis*, though interpreted to mean *low walls*, in which I own we are somewhat subject in this north-eastern sea-coast, may also signify a locality, namely, *Præstis*, the *Castris Præstis parietis* would therefore be the *Kalm of Kingstons*. But I waive that, for I am sensible it might be laid hold of by evil-doers as carrying down my *Castris* to the time of Theodosius, and by Valentianus into Britain as late as the year 367, or thereabout. No, my good friend, I appeal to people's eye-sight. Is not here the Decuman gate? and there, but for the ravage of the horrid plough, as a learned friend calls it, would be the Pretorian gate. On the left hand you may see some slight vestiges of the porta clivæ, and on the right, one side of the porta clivæ wallough

order. Here, then, let us take our stand, on this tower, exhibiting the foundation of ruined buildings,—the central point—the position, doubtless, of the camp. From this place, now meant to be distinguished but by its slight elevation and its greater turf from the rest of the fortification, we may suppose Agrius to have looked forth on the immense army of Oldback, occupying the declivities of yon opposite hill,—the infantry rising rank over rank, on the forms of ground displayed their array to its utmost advantage,—the cavalry and artillery, by which I understood the dragooners—another gale of Eddie from your East-street Fair-island men, I meet—scurrying the same level again below—

—See, then, Lovel—see—

Yes that huge battle moving from the mountain !
 Their gilt coats shiver like dragon scales ;—their men in
 Like a rough twinkling storm—see them, and view them,
 And then see flame no more !—

Yes, my dear friend, from this stance it is probable—say, it is nearly certain, that John Agrius beheld what our Beaumont has so admirably described :—From this very *Prætorium*—”

A voice from behind interrupted his oratoric description—
 “ *Prætorium* here, *Prætorium* there, I mind the begging of.”

Both at once turned round, Lovel with surprise, and Oldback with mingled surprise and indignation, at so unmet an interruption. An soldier had stolen upon them, unseen and unheard, and the energy of the Antiquary's enthusiastic declamation, and the attractive civility of Lovel. He had the exterior appearance of a mendicant. A shaggy hat of large dimensions ; a long white beard which mingled with his grizzled hair ; an aged but strongly marked and expressive countenance, hardened, by climate and exposure, to a ruddy leaden complexion ; a long blue gown, with a pocket badge on the right arm ; two or three wallets, or bags, slung across his shoulder, for holding the different kinds of meal, when he received his charity in kind from those who were but a degree richer than himself :—all these marked at once a beggar by profession, and one of that privileged class which are called in Scotland the King's Bedmen, or, vulgarly, Blue-Gowns.

“ What is that you say, Eddie !” said Oldback, hoping, perhaps,

that his own had betrayed their duty—"what were you speaking about?"

"About this bit book, your honour," answered the undaunted like, "I mind the bugging o't."

"The devil you do! Why, you did find it was here before you were born, and will be after you are hanged, man!"

"Hanged or drowned, here or ere, dead or alive, I mind the bugging o't."

"You—you—you—," said the Antiquary, staggering between confusion and anger, "you strutting old rascal, what the devil do you know about it?"

"Oo, I ken this about it, Monkburne—and what profit have I for telling ye a lie!—I just ken this about it, that about twenty years ago, I, and a whole half-dozen like myself, and the petticoats that built the long dice that ran down the loosing, and two or three hardy maybe, just set to work, and built this bit thing here that ye call the—the—Pretorian, and o' just for a bield as eild Aithen Dren's bield, and a bit bittie gas down wi' had it's, some air rainy weather. Now by toben, Monkburne, if ye look up the book, as ye seem to have begun, ye'll find, if ye has not find it already, a stone that one o' the mair-cillants set a bield on to have a beard at the brigadoon, and he put four letters on't, that's A.D. L.L.—Aithen Dren's Lang Laid—for Aithen was one o' the hale-sappers o' Fife."

"This," thought Level to himself, "is a famous counterpart to the story of *Eup* in this age." He then ventured to steal a glance at our Antiquary, but quickly withdrew it to show compassion. For, gentle reader, if thou hast ever beheld the ramp of a descent of sixteen, whose romance of true love has been blown up by an untimely discovery, or of a child of ten years, whose castle of cards has been blown down by a malicious companion, I can safely aver to you, that Jonathan Oldbeck of Monkburne looked neither more wise nor less disconcerted.

"There is some mistake about this," he said, strongly having away from the neighbourhood.

"Deil a bit on my side o' the wa'," answered the sturdy beggar; "I never deal in mistakes, they are being mistaken.—Now, Monkburne, that young gentleman, that's one o' your honours, thinks little of a card like me; and yet, I'll wager I'll tell him what he was yintown at the glenside, only he maybe wudn like to ha'e spoken o' in company."

Lore's soul rushed to his cheeks, with the vivid blush of love and anxiety.

"Never mind the old woman," said Mr. Oldback; "don't suppose I thank the worse of you for your professions; they are only prejudiced fools and conceits that do so. You remember what old Telly says in his sermon, *pre dicitur pectus*, concerning one of your confederates—*quis vestrum non animum apertum ad se facit*—at—at—I forget the Latin—the meaning is, which of us was so rude and business as to remain unmoved at the death of the great Keadin, whose advanced age was so far from preparing us for his death, that we rather hoped one so powerful, so stoutest in his art, might be exempted from the common lot of mortality? So the Prince of Ostia spoke of the stage and its professors."

The words of the old man fell upon Lore's ears, but without conveying any peculiar idea to his mind, which was then occupied in thinking by what means the old beggar, who still continued to regard him with a countenance proceedingly shy and intelligent, had contrived to thrust himself into any knowledge of his affairs. He put his hand in his pocket on the richest mode of announcing his desire of society, and securing the attendance of the person whom he addressed; and while he bestowed on him as *alone*, the amount of which rather bore proportion to his share than to his charity, looked at him with a marked expression, which the mendicant, a physiognomist by profession, seemed perfectly to understand—"Never mind me, sir—I am an idler; but there are men in the world than mine," answered he as he pocketed Lore's bounty, but in a tone to be heard by him alone, and with an expression which amply filled up what was left unspoken. Then turning to Oldback—"I am aw' to the manse, your honour. Has your honour any word there, or to Sir Arthur, for I'll come in by Keadwincock Castle again s'en I?"

Oldback started as from a dream; and, in a hurried tone, where reason strove with a wish to conceal it, paying, at the same time, a tribute to Edin's smooth, gray, unlined face, he said, "Go down, go down to Monkham—let them give you some dinner—Or stay; if you do go to the manse, or to Keadwincock, ye need say nothing about that foolish story of yours."

"Wha, I?" said the mendicant—"Lord bless your honour, nobody will hear a word about it frae me, naik then if the bit

boresack had been there since Noah's flood. That, Lord, they tell me your honour has given Johnnie Brown some for some of the high costs for this boresack known! Now, if he has really imposed the boresack on ye for an ancient work, it's my real opinion the boresack will never bear gale, if you would just bring down your hand to try it at the bar, and say that he beguiled ye."

"Providing amended?" continued the indignant Antiquary between his teeth,—"I'll have the langman's lash and his back acquainted for this." And then, in a louder tone,—"Never mind, Edie—it is all a mistake."

"Truth, I am thinking so," continued his antagonist, who seemed to have pleasure in rubbing the galled wound, "truth, I am thinking so, and it's no use lang since I said to Leslie Gilmour, 'Never think you, ladkin,' said I, 'that his honour Monkhouse would have done sic a daff-like thing as to gie grand wae worth fifty shillings an acre, for a corning that would be dear o' a pound Scots. Ha, na,' quod I, 'depend upon't the laird's land imposed upon wi' that vry daft-like devil, Johnnie Brown.' 'But Lord have a care o' us, now, how can that be,' quod she again, 'when the laird's son look-herred, there's no the like o' him in the country side, and Johnnie Brown has hardly sense enough to ca' the cows out o' his kail-yard!' 'Awed, awed,' quod I, 'but ye'll hear he's deconverted him with some of his odd-world stories,'—do ye hear, laird, ye other time about the holes that ye thought was an odd coin?—"

"Go to the devil!" said Oldback; and then in a more mild tone, as one that was conscious his reputation lay at the mercy of his antagonist, he added,—"Away with you down to Monkhouse, and when I come back, I'll send ye a bottle of ale to the kitchen."

"Heaven reward your honour!" This was uttered with the true mendacious whine, as, setting his phoe-staff before him, he began to move in the direction of Monkhouse.—"But did your honour," turning round, "ever get back the silver ye gave to the travelling packmen for the boots?"

"Come here, go about thy business!"

"Awed, awed, ah, God bless your honour! I hope ye'll ding Johnnie Brown yet, and that I'll live to see it." And so saying, the old beggar moved off, reflecting Mr. Oldback of recollections which were anything rather than agreeable.

"What is this feather old gentleman?" said Lovel, when the mandrake was out of hearing.

"O, one of the plagues of the country—I have been always against poor-vates and a work-house—I think I'll vote in them now, to have that scoundrel shut up. O, your old-remembered guest of a beggar becomes as well acquainted with you as he is with his clay—as intimate as one of the beasts familiar to man, which signify less, and with which his own trade is especially conversant. Who is he?—why, he has gone the rale—has been soldier, ballad-singer, travelling tinker, and is now a beggar. He is spoiled by our Scottish gastronomy, who laugh at his jokes, and rehearse Edie Ochiltree's good things as regularly as Joe Miller's."

"Why, he uses freedom apparently, which is the seed of wit," answered Lovel.

"O ay, freedom enough," said the Antiquary; "he greatly interests some dandies, especially he or another to provoke you, like that nonsense he talked just now—not that I'll publish my treat till I have examined the thing to the bottom."

"In England," said Lovel, "such a mandrake would get a speedy death."

"Yes, your dandyisms and dogmatisms would make slender allowance for his vein of humour! But here, come him! he is a sort of privileged nuisance—one of the last specimens of the old-fashioned Scottish mendicant, who kept his rounds within a particular space, and was the news-carrier, the minstrel, and sometimes the historian of the district. That rascal, now, knows more old ballads and traditions than any other man in this end the five next parishes. And what all," continued he, softening as he went on describing Edie's good gifts, "the dog has some good humour. He has borne his hard fate with unbroken spirit, and his craft to deny him the comfort of a laugh at his bottom. The pleasure of having spoiled me, as you gay folk would call it, will be meat and drink to him for a day or two. But I must go back and look after him, or he will spend his d—d unaccounted story over half the country."

"So saying our horses parted, Mr. Oldback to return to his lodgings at Monkhouse, and Lovel to pursue his way to Fairport, where he arrived without further adventure.

* Note G. *Continued.*

CHAPTER FIFTH.

*Leopold Gold. What are you? Now will I raise the veil.
Manservant of Venice.*

THE theatre at Fairport had opened, but no Mr. Level appeared on the boards, nor was there anything in the habits or deportment of the young gentleman concerned, which authorised Mr. Oldback's conjecture that his fellow-traveller was a candidate for the public brow. Regular were the Antiquary's inquiries at an old-fashioned barber who dressed the only three wigs in the parish which, in defiance of time and times, were still subjected to the operation of powdering and frizzling, and who for that purpose divided his time among the three employers whom fortune had put left him; regular, I say, were Mr. Oldback's inquiries at this paragon concerning the news of the little theatre at Fairport, respecting every day to hear of Mr. Level's appearance; on which occasions the old gentleman had determined to put himself to charge in honour of his young friend, and not only to go to the play himself, but to carry his travelling-bag along with him. But old Jacob Curran conveyed no information which warranted his taking so distant a step as that of securing a box.

He brought information, on the contrary, that there was a young man residing at Fairport, of whom the news (by which he meant all the gossip, who, having no business of their own, fill up their leisure moments by attending to that of other people) could make nothing. He sought no society, but rather avoided that which the apparent gentleness of his manners, and some degree of courtesy, induced many to offer him. Nothing could be more regular, or less resembling an adventure, than his mode of living, which was simple, but so completely well arranged, that all who had any transactions with him were lost in their approbation.

"There are not the virtues of a stage-struck hero," thought Oldback to himself; and, however habitually partial to his opinions, he must have been compelled to abandon that

which he had formed in the present business, but for a part of Cassin's conversation. "The young gentleman," he said, "was sometimes heard speaking to himself, and murmuring about in his room, just as if he was one of the player folk."

Nothing, however, excepting this single circumstance, occurred to confirm Mr. Oldbuck's supposition; and it remained a high and doubtful question, what a well-informed young man, without friends, connections, or employment of any kind, could have to do as a resident at Fairport. Neither poet was nor what had apparently any chance for him. He declined doing with the mass of the volunteers whom which had been lately collected, and declined joining the contributions of either of the two parties which then divided Fairport, as they did more important places. He was too little of an enthusiast to join the club of Royal Free Blues, and too little of a democrat to fraternize with an inflated society of the ardent Friends of the People, which the borough had also the happiness of possessing. A coffee-room was his detestation; and, I give to say it, he had no free sympathy with the tea-table.—In short, since the name was sufficient to reveal nothing, and that as a good while ago, there was never a Master Level of whom so little positive was known, and who was so universally described by negative.

One negative, however, was important—nobody knew any harm of Level. Indeed, had such existed, it would have been speedily made public; for the natural course of speaking out of our neighbour would in his case have been checked by no feelings of sympathy for a being so unusual. On one account alone he felt somewhat under suspicion. As he made free use of his pencil in his solitary walks, and had drawn several views of the harbour, in which the signal tower, and even the four-gun battery, were introduced, some casual friends of the public went abroad a whisper, that this mysterious stranger must certainly be a French spy. The Sheriff paid his respects to Mr. Level accordingly; but in the interview which followed, it would seem that he had entirely removed that magistrate's suspicions, since he not only suffered him to remain undisturbed in his retirement, but it was credibly reported, sent him two invitations to dinner-parties, both which were civilly declined. But what the nature of the explanation was, the magistrate kept a profound secret, not only from the public at large, but from his substitute, his clerk,

his wife and his two daughters, who formed his privy council on all questions of official duty.

All these particulars being faithfully reported by Mr. Caxon to his patron at Monkburne, resulted much to raise Lewis to the opinion of his former fellow-traveller. "A decent sensible lad," said he to himself, "who seems to enter into the business and conscience of those ill-fated people at Fairport—I must do something for him—I must give him a dinner;—and I will write Sir Arthur to come to Monkburne to meet him. I must consult my wonsakel."*

Accordingly, such consultation having been previously held, a special messenger, being no other than Caxon himself, was ordered to prepare for a walk to Knockwinnoch Castle with a letter, "For the honored Sir Arthur Wardour, of Knockwinnoch, Bart." The contents ran thus :

"DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

"On Tuesday the 17th inst. this morn, I held a constitutional symposium at Monkburne, and pray you to assist thereof, at four o'clock precisely. If my fair cousin, Miss Isabel, can and will honour us by accompanying you, my wonsakel will be but too proud to have the aid of such an auxiliary in the cause of resistance to evilful rule and right supremacy. If not, I will send the wonsakel to the manse for the day. I have a young acquaintance to make known to you, who is touched with some strain of a better spirit than belongs to these giddy-paunt times—reverts his elders, and has a pretty notion of the deacons—and, as such a youth must have a natural contempt for the people about Fairport, I wish to show him some rational as well as worshipful society.—I am, Dear Sir Arthur, etc. etc. etc."

"Fly with this letter, Caxon," said the scribe, holding out his inkstand, *spontanea signo stipulatus*, "fly to Knockwinnoch, and bring me back an answer. Go as fast as if the town-council were met and waiting for the prompt, and the prompt was waiting for his now-pondered wig."

"Ah ee," answered the messenger, with a deep sigh, "these days have long gone by. Duff a wig has a proverb of Fairport worn since Provost Jervis's time—and he had a quon of a servant-lad that dressed it himself, wif the keep o' a candle and a dressing-box. But I have seen the day, Monkburne, when

the town-council of Fairport well has as soon wanted their town-shire, as their gift of brains over-head after the fashion, as they well has wanted like one a well-forward, away, about parting on his post. High, sir! now wonder the common will be discontent and the spirit of the law, when they see magistrates and judges, and doctors, and the poorest himself, w' heads as bald and as bare as one o' my blacks!"

"And as well furnished within, Casson. But away with you!—you have an excellent view of public affairs, and, I dare say, have touched the cases of our popular discontent as closely as the poorest could have done himself. But away with you, Casson!"

And off went Casson upon his walk of three miles—

His intellect—his heart was good!
Could he go faster than he could!

While he is engaged in his journey and return, it may not be impertinent to inform the reader to whose mansion he was bearing his embassy.

We have said that Mr. Oldstock kept Sade company with the surrounding gentlemen, excepting with one person only. This was Sir Arthur Warburton, a baronet of ancient descent, and of a large but embarrassed fortune. His father, Sir Anthony, had been a Jacobite, and had displayed all the enthusiasm of that party, while it could be served with words only. No man squandered the cause with more significant gesture; no one could more dexterously intimate a dangerous health without coming under the penal statutes, and, above all, none drank more to the cause more deeply and devoutly. But, on the approach of the Highland army in 1745, it would appear that the worthy baronet's soul became a little more moderate just when its warmth was of most consequence. He talked much, indeed, of taking the field for the rights of Scotland and Charles Stuart, but his demi-pique saddle would suit only one of his horses; and that horse could by no means be brought to stand fire. Perhaps the winchful reverer sympathized in the struggles of this majestic quadruped, and began to think, that what was so much decided by the horse could not be very wholesome for the rider. At any rate, while Sir Anthony Warburton talked, and drank, and hesitated, the sturdy peasant of Fairport (who, as we before noticed, was the father of our Antiquary) talked

from his ancient burgh, leading a body of wing-burghees, and seized at once, in the name of George II., upon the Castle of Knockmuck, and on the five castles-keepers, and persons of the garrison. Sir Anthony was shortly after sent off to the Tower of London by a secretary of state's warrant, and with him went his son, Arthur, then a youth. But no nothing appeared like an overt act of treason, both father and son were soon set at liberty, and returned to their own manors of Knockmuck, to drink healths five fathoms deep, and silk of their sufferings in the royal cause. This became so much a matter of habit with Sir Arthur, that, even after his father's death, the non-juring chaplain used to pray regularly for the restoration of the rightful sovereign, for the downfall of the usurper, and for deliverance from their cruel and bloodthirsty enemies, although all kind of serious opposition to the House of Hanover had long melted away, and this treasonable liturgy was kept up rather as a matter of form than as conveying any distinct meaning. So much was this the case, that, about the year 1770, upon a disputed election occurring in the county, the worthy knight fairly gulped down the catals of obsequious and allegiance, in order to serve a candidate in whom he was interested;—thus recommending the heir for whose restoration he weekly petitioned Heaven, and acknowledging the usurper whose delinquency he had never ceased to pray for. And to add to this melancholy instance of human inconsistency, Sir Arthur continued to pray for the House of Stuart even after the family had been extinct, and when, in truth, though in his theoretical loyalty he was pleased to regard them as alive, yet, in all actual service and practical exertion, he was a most zealous and devoted subject of George III.

In other respects, Sir Arthur Wackar lived like most country gentlemen in Scotland, hunted and fished—gave and received dinner—attended more and county meetings—was a deputy-Deacon and trustee upon temple acts. But, in his more advanced years, as he became too lazy or carefully for dissipation, he supplied them by now and then reading Scottish history; and, having gradually acquired a taste for antiquities, though neither very deep nor very correct, he became a study of his neighbour, Mr. Oliphant of Monkton, and a jail-labourer with him in his antiquarian pursuits.

There were, however, points of difference between these two

manuscript, which sometimes scolded Stuart. The faith of Sir Arthur, as an antiquary, was boundless, and Mr. Oldbuck (misunderstanding the affair of the Protestation at the House of Elgin) was much more scrupulous in receiving legends as current and authentic coin. Sir Arthur would have deemed himself guilty of the crime of lese-majesty had he doubted the existence of any single individual of that formidable bandroll of one hundred and four kings of Scotland, reared by Doctine, and nurtured classical by Buchanan, in virtue of whom James VI. claimed to rule his second kingdom, and whose portraits still tower grimly upon the walls of the gallery of Holyrood. Now Oldbuck, a shrewd and suspicious man, and as respecter of divine hereditary right, was apt to curl at this sacred list, and to affirm, that the procession of the posterity of Fergus through the pages of Scottish history, was as vain and unsubstantial as the glories of the descendants of Douglas through the annals of Scotland.

Another tender topic was the good name of Queen Mary, of which the knight was a most devoted avenger, while the squire impugned it, as spite both of her beauty and misfortune. When, unhappily, their conversation turned on yet bolder topics, notions of discord occurred in almost every page of history. Oldbuck was, upon principle, a staunch Presbyterian, a ruling elder of the kirk, and a friend to revolutionary principles and Protestant succession, while Sir Arthur was the very reverse of all this. They agreed, it is true, in detested love and allegiance to the sovereign who now sits^{*} the throne; but this was their only point of union. It therefore often happened, that bickerings but broke out between them, in which Oldbuck was not always able to suppress his caustic humour, while it would sometimes occur to the Baronet that the descendant of a German prince, whose arms had "sought the loose fellowship of policy burghers," forgot himself, and took an undisciplined freedom of debate, overlooking the rank and ancient descent of his antagonist. Thus, with the old fond of the coach-horse, and the nature of his metamorphose and lover of strength by Sir Oldbuck's father, would at times rush upon his mind, and influence at once his checks and his arguments. And, lastly, as Mr. Oldbuck thought his worthy rival and compeer was in some

* The reader will understand that this refers to the reign of our late gracious Sovereign, George the Third.

respects little better than a fool, he was apt to come more near overestimating to him that unfavourable opinion, than the rules of modern politeness warrant. In such cases they often parted in deep disgust, and with something like a resolution to forbear each other's company in future:

But with the morning calm reflection came :

and as each was sensible that the society of the other had become, through habit, essential to his comfort, the breach was speedily made up between them. On such occasions, Oldbuck, considering that the Baronet's pettishness resembled that of a child, usually showed his superior sense by uncomplacently making the first advances to reconciliation. But it soon or twice happened that the aristocratic pride of the far-descended knight took a slight too offensive to the feelings of the representative of the typographer. In these cases, the breach between these two originals might have been permanent, but for the kind exertion and interposition of the Baronet's daughter, Miss Isabella Warton, who, with a son, now absent upon foreign and military service, formed his whole surviving family. She was well aware how necessary Mr. Oldbuck was to her father's amusement and comfort, and seldom failed to interpose with effect, when the office of a mediator between them was rendered necessary by the natural shrewdness of the one, or the assumed superiority of the other. Under Isabella's mild influence, the wrongs of Queen Mary were forgotten by her father, and Mr. Oldbuck forgave the blasphemy which reviled the memory of King William. However, as she used in general to take her father's part playfully in these disputes, Oldbuck was wont to call Isabella his fair enemy, though in fact he made more account of her than any other of her sex, of whom, as we have seen, he was so adverse.

There existed another connection between these worthies, which had alternately a repelling and attractive influence upon their intimacy. Sir Arthur always wished to know; Mr. Oldbuck was not always willing to lend. Mr. Oldbuck, per contra, always wished to be repaid with regularity; Sir Arthur was not always, nor indeed often, prepared to gratify this reasonable desire; and, in accomplishing an arrangement between taciturnities as opposite, little soft would occasionally take place. Still there was a spirit of mutual accommodation

upon the whole, and they dragged on like dogs in couples, with some difficulty and occasional snoring, but without absolutely coming to a stand-still or throwing each other.

Some little disagreement, such as we have mentioned, arising out of business, or politics, had divided the houses of Knols-wrench and Monkhouse, when the secretary of the latter arrived to discharge his errand. In his modest clothe pedlar, whose windows on one side looked out upon the rustic seats, and, on the other, upon the long straight avenue, was the Throst seated, now turning over the leaves of a file, now casting a wary glance where the sun glimmered on the dark-green foliage and smooth banks of the large and branching lanes with which the avenue was planted. At length, sigh of joy! a moving object is seen, and it gives rise to the usual inquiries, Who is it? and what can he be errand? The old whistling-grey coat, the hobbling gait, the hat half-slouched, half-cocked, announced the before maker of petwigs, and left for investigation only the second query. This was soon solved by a servant entering the parlour,—“A letter from Monkhouse, Sir Arthur.”

Sir Arthur took the epistle with a due assumption of consequential dignity.

“Take the old man into the kitchen, and let him get some refreshment,” said the young lady, whose compassionate eye had remarked his thin grey hair and worried gait.

“Mr Oldback, my love, invites us to dinner on Tuesday the 17th,” said the Baronet, pausing;—“he really seems to forget that he has not of late conducted himself so civilly towards me as might have been expected.”

“Dear sir, you have so many advantages over poor Mr. Oldback, that we wonder it should put him a little out of humour; but I know he has much respect for your person and your conversation;—nothing would give him more pain than to be wanting in any real attention.”

“True, true, Isabella; and one must allow for the original descent;—something of the German boresomeness still flows in the blood, something of the sluggish and perverse opposition to established rule and prejudice. You may observe that he never has any advantage of me in dispute, unless when he evades himself a sort of pettifoggish intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact—a tremulous and frivolous accuracy of memory, which is entirely owing to his mechanical descent.”

"No must find it convenient in historical investigation, I should think, sir?" said the young lady.

"It leads to an unbridled and positive mode of disposing; and nothing seems more unreasonable than to hear him expound upon Hollander's rare translation of Hector Boece, which I have the satisfaction to possess, and which is a black-letter folio of good value, upon the authority of some old scrap of parchment which he has saved from its deserved destiny of being cut up into tailor's measures. And besides, that habit of minute and troublesome scrutiny leads to a nervous manner of doing business, which ought to be beneath a landed proprietor whose family has stood two or three generations. I question if there's a dealer's clerk in Fairport that can run an account of interest better than Knockmuck."

"But you'll accept his invitation, sir?"

"Why, ye-yea, we have no other engagement on hand, I think. Who can the young man be he talks of?—he seldom picks up new acquaintances; and he has no relation that I ever heard of."

"Probably some relation of his brother-in-law Captain McIndree."

"Very possibly—yea, we will accept—the McIndrees are of a very ancient Highland family. You may answer him and in the affirmative, indeed, I believe I have no reason to be *Dear Sir*ing myself."

So this important matter being adjusted, Miss Warden intimated "her own and Sir Arthur's compliments, and that they would have the honour of waiting upon Mr. Oldmuck. Miss Warden takes this opportunity to renew her hostility with Mr. Oldmuck, on account of his late long absence from Knockmuck, where his visits give so much pleasure." With this phrase she concluded her note, with which old Chase, now refreshed in limbs and wind, set out on his return to the Antiquary's mansion.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Mock, My Union, God of Shores,
 From whence comes Wednesday, that is, Wednesday,
 There is a thing that I will ever keep
 That day's day is when I creep into
 My system—

Lawrence's Delivery

Our young friend Lord, who had made of a corresponding invitation, pointed to the hour of appointment, arrived at Woodhouse about five minutes before four o'clock on the 17th of July. The day had been remarkably sultry, and large drops of rain had occasionally fallen, though the threatened shower had as yet passed away.

Mr. Gifford received him at the Palmer's parlour in his complete house suit, grey silk stockings, and wig powdered with all the skill of the veteran Coxe, who having made out the dinner, had taken care not to stand his job till the hour of sitting approached.

"You are welcome to my sympathy, Mr. Lord. And now let me introduce you to my Chaplains, as Tom Clegg calls them—my rectory and good-for-nothing womanised—male ladies, Mr. Lord."

"I shall be disappointed, sir, if I do not find the ladies very unbecoming at your orders."

"Tillay-silly, Mr. Lord,—which, by the way, our countenance derives from intellectuous, and another from sympathy—but silly-silly, I say—a truce with your politeness. You'll find them but samples of womanhood—But here they be, Mr. Lord. I present to you in the order, my most devout sister Geraldine, who disdains the simplicity, as well as politeness ascribed to the poor old maids of Ireland; and my most exquisite niece Maria, whose mother was called Mary, and sometimes Molly."

The elderly lady seated in silk and satin, and bore upon her head a structure resembling the fabric in the ladies' memorandum-book for the year 1770—a superb piece of architecture, not much less than a western Gothic castle, of which the curls might represent the towers, the black pins the domes *à la fin*, and the lappets the banners.

The face, which, like that of the ancient statues of Yvoto, was then crowned with flowers, was large and long, and pecked at nose and chin, and bore, in other respects, such a ludicrous resemblance to the physiognomy of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, that Lovel, had they not appeared at once, like Sebastian and Yvoto in the last scene of the "Twelfth Night," might have supposed that the figure before him was his old friend masquerading in female attire. An antique flowered silk gown graced the extraordinary person to whom belonged this repudiated title, which her brother was wont to say was fitter for a curban for Mahomet or Turgot, than a head-gear for a reasonable creature, or Christian gentlewoman. Two long and lony arms were terminated at the elbows by triple blood ruffles, and long folded sleeves were in front of her person, and decorated with long gloves of a bright vermilion colour, presented no bad resemblance to a pair of gigantic lobster-tails. High-heeled shoes, and a short silk cloak, thrown in easy negligence over her shoulders, completed the exterior of Miss Griselda Oldbuck.

Her name, the name whom Lovel had seen transiently during his first visit, was a pretty young woman, graciously dressed according to the fashion of the day, with an air of respectability which became her very well, and which was perhaps derived from the classic humour peculiar to her male's family, though softened by transmission.

Mr. Lovel paid his respects to both ladies, and was answered by the elder with the prolonged courtesy of 1795, drawn from the righteous period,

When hills received a guest
Of half an hour's space,
And rejected in a Friday's space,

and by the younger with a modern reverence, which, like the frigid benediction of a modern divine, was of much shorter duration.

While this salutation was exchanging, Sir Arthur, with his fair daughter hanging upon his arm, having dismissed his chariot, appeared at the garden door, and in all due form paid his respects to the ladies.

"Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "and you, my fair foe, let me make known to you my young friend Mr. Lovel, a gentleman who, during the acquaintance which is spoken of present in this our school, has the virtue and decency to appear

in a coat of a civil complexion. You see, however, that the fashionable colour has scattered in his cheeks which appears not in his garments. Sir Arthur, let me present to you a young gentleman, whom your further knowledge will find grave, wise, country, and scholar-like, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly grounded in all the hidden mysteries of the green-room and stage, from the days of Davis Lindsay down to those of Dibdin—he blushes again, which is a sign of grace."

"My brother," said Miss Granville, addressing Lovel, "has a humorous way of expressing himself; as; nobody thinks anything of what Montblanc says—so I beg you will not be so confused for the matter of his nonsense, but you must have had a warm walk beneath this freezing sun—would you take anything—a glass of brandy?"

Ere Lovel could answer, the Antiquary interposed. "Ancient times, which I wouldst then praise, my guests with thy internal directions! Dost thou not remember how it died with the clergyman whom you seduced to partake of that dreadful banquet?"

"O by, by, brother!—Sir Arthur, did you ever hear the like!—he must have everything his own way, as he will invent such stories—But there goes Jenny to ring the old bell to tell us that the dinner is ready."

Rapid in his economy, Mr. Oldbuck kept no male servant. This he disguised under the pretext that the masculine sex was too noble to be employed in those acts of personal servitude, which, in all early periods of society, were uniformly imposed on the female. "Why," would he say, "did the boy, Tom Richmond, whom, at my wife sister's instigation, I, with equal wisdom, took upon trial—why did he pilfer apples, take back' cuts, break glasses, and ultimately steal my spectacles, except that he felt that noble sensation which results in the bosom of the masculine sex, which has conducted him to Flancon with a pocket on his shoulder, and doubtless will promote him to a glorious halbert, or even to the pike?" And why does this girl, his full sister, Jenny Flancon, move in the same vocation with such and poisonous step—shed, or unshed—soft as the pore of a cat, and docile as a quail?—Why? but because she is in her vocation. Let them answer to us, Sir Arthur,—let them answer, I say,—if's the only thing they see fit for. All ancient legislations, from Lycurgus to Mahomet, corruptly

called Mahomet, agree in putting them in their proper and subordinate rank, and it is only the crag heads of our old chieftain's ancestors that erected their Delicacies into despotic princelings."

Miss Warburton protested loudly against this arrogant doctrine; but the bell now rang for dinner.

"Let me do all the office of fair courtesy to so fair an antiquary," said the old gentleman, offering his arm. "I remember, Miss Warburton, Mahomet (vulgarily Mahomet) had some hesitation about the mode of summoning his Moslems to prayer. He rejected bells as used by Christians, trumpets as the summons of the Guebres, and finally adopted the human voice. I have had equal doubt concerning my dinner-call. Gongs, now in general use, seemed a servile and heathenish imitation, and the voice of the female waiters which I rejected as equally servile and dishonest; wherefore, contrary to the usual Mahometal, or Mahomet, I have resumed the bell. It has a local property, since it was the conventional signal for spreading the report in their refectory, and it has the advantage over the tongue of my sister's prime minister, Jenny, that, though not quite so loud and shrill, it causes rousing the leastest you drop the bell-rope: whereas we know, by sad experience, that any attempt to silence Jenny, only wakes the sympathetic chords of Miss Offhook and Mary McFadyen to join in chorus."

With this discourse he led the way to his dining-parlour, which Level had not yet seen;—it was unadorned, and contained some curious paintings. The dining-table was attended by Jenny; but an old superintendant, a sort of female butler, stood by the sideboard, and underwent the burden of hearing several reproach from Mr. Offhook, and sometimes, not so much merited, but not less coming, from his sister.

The dinner was such as suited a professed antiquary, comprehending many curious specimens of Scottish venison, now deemed as the tables of those who affect dignity. There was the relishing Solon goose, whose smell is so powerful that he is never cooked within doors. Blood-rare he proved to be on this occasion, so that Offhook half threatened to throw the greedy sea-food at the head of the negligent housekeeper, who acted as priestess in presenting this odoriferous offering. But, by good-luck, she had been most fortunate in the hatch-pot, which was unanimously pronounced to be admirable. "I knew

"we should succeed here," said Oldbuck exultingly, "for David Diddle, the gardener (an old bachelor like myself), takes care the usually women do not discover our vegetable. And here is fish and more, and vegetable-lands—I acknowledge our women-kind excel in that dish—it procures them the pleasure of smoking, for half an hour at least, twice a-week, with cold Hoggie Muddleshead, our fish-wife. The chicken-yet, Mr. Lovell, is made after a recipe bequeathed to me by my departed grandmother of happy memory—And if you will venture on a glass of wine, you will find it worthy of one who professes the maxim of King Alfonso of Castile,—Old wine to love—old looks to read—old wine to drink—and old friends, Sir Arthur—ay, Mr. Lovell, and young friends too, in converse with."

"And what news do you bring us from Edinburgh, Monteburn?" said Sir Arthur, "how wags the world in Auld Reekie?"

"Egad, Sir Arthur, mad—irretrievably frolic—his boyed dipping in the sea, douring the ovens, or drinking haddock. The worst sort of drury, a military drury, both pottered men, women, and child."

"And high time, I think," said Miss Warden, "when we are threatened with invasion from abroad and insurrection at home."

"O, I did not doubt you would join the widest host against me—women, like virgins, are always subdued by a red rag—But what says Sir Arthur, whose dreams are of standing armies and German oppression?"

"Why, I say, Mr. Oldbuck," replied the knight, "that so far as I am capable of judging, we ought to resist now to oblige every man—the plan is, unless I have altogether forgotten my Latin—an enemy who comes to propose to be a Whiggish sort of government, a republican system, and who is aided and abetted by a sort of fanatic of the worst kind in our own house. I have taken some measures, I assure you, such as become my rank in the community: for I have directed the constables to take up that old scoundrelly beggar, Elio Odliffson, for spreading dissention against church and state through the whole parish. He said plainly to old Oxon, that Willie Haver's Edinburgh coat covered more sins than all the three wigs in the parish—I think it is easy to make out that motto—But the vigil shall be kept better than ever."

"O no, my dear sir," exclaimed Miss Warbur, "not old Edie, that we have known so long;—I assure you no constable shall have my good grace that counts such a warrant."

"Ay, there 't goes," said the Antiquary; "yes, to be a stonch Tay, Sir Arthur, have moulded a fine quig of Whiggery in your house—Wily, Miss Warbur is alone sufficient to control a whole quarter-session—a quarter-session! ay, a general assembly or convention to boot—a Bonaparte she—an Armand, a Louisa."

"And yet, with all my courage, Mr. Offrock, I am glad to hear our people are getting under arms."

"Under arms, Lord love thee! didst thou ever read the history of *Stuart Biscuits*, which served from a head, that, though now old and somewhat grey, has more sense and political intelligence than you find now-a-days in the whole species! Don't thou remember the *Woman's dream* is that explosive work, which she remarks to each spy to *Bubble Bubble!*—When she would have taken up a piece of broad-cloth in her value, lo! it exploded like a great iron cannon; when she put out her head to see a pie, it jerked up in her face in the form of a pistol. My own vision on Edinburgh has been something similar. I called to consult my lawyer; he was clothed in a dragoon's dress, belted and peaked, and about to mount a charger, which his writing-clerk (habited as a sharpshooter) walked to and fro before him. I went to consult my agent for having sent me to advise with a madman, he had stuck into his head the plume, which on more sober days he wielded between his fingers, and figured as an adjutory officer. My surgeon had his epaulettes in his head, as if he measured his cloth by that implement, instead of a layman's yard. The baker's clerk, who was directed to wait my cash-account, blundered it three times, being disordered by the modulation of his adjutory *collaps-off* at the morning-drill. I was ill, and sent for a surgeon—

His name—but never so had lost his eye,
And such a fiction glided to his thigh,
That, by the pole, with us it's a head of steel,
I thought he came to murther,—and he had!

I had recourse to a physician, but he also was practising a more wholesale mode of slaughter than that which his profession had been supposed at all times to open to him. And now,

since I have returned here, even our wise neighbours of Polypart have caught the same violent humour. I hate a gun like a hurt wild duck—I detest a drum like a quail;—and they thunder and rattle out yonder upon the town's women, so that every valley and roll goes to my very heart."

"Dear brother, please speak that gate of the gentlemen volunteers—I am sure they have a most becoming uniform.—Woe! I wish they have been wet in the very skin twice last week—I met them marching in terribly drenched, as many a wife heart was among them.—And the trouble they take, I am sure it claims our gratitude."

"And I am sure," said Miss McTeara, "that my rack soon tenderly grants to help out their equipments."

"It was to buy liquorice and sugar-candy," said the cycle, "to encourage the trade of the place, and to refresh the throats of the officers who had bowled themselves hoarse in the service of their country."

"Take care, Monkhouse! We shall set you down among the blackheads by and by."

"No, Sir Arthur—a tame grackler I. I only claim the privilege of croaking in my own corner here, without making my throat to the good chance of the match.—No gate Sir, of course Sir—I neither make king nor mar king, as Buncho says, but pray heartily for our own sovereign, pay root and let, and grumble at the execution.—But have order the ven-citric cheese in good time; it is a better digestive than peaches."

When dinner was over, and the decanters placed on the table, Mr. Oldback proposed the King's health in a bumper, which was readily acceded to both by Lord and the Baronet, the Jacobitism of the latter being now a sort of speculative opinion merely,—the shadow of a shade.

After the ladies had left the apartment, the landlord and Sir Arthur entered into several expatiating discussions, in which the younger guest, either on account of the excessive gratification which they involved, or for some other reason, took but a slender share, till at length he was suddenly started out of a profound reverie by an unexpected appeal to his judgment.

"I will stand by what Mr. Lord says; he was born in the north of England, and may know the way spot."

So Arthur thought it unlikely that so young a gentleman should have paid much attention to matters of that sort.

"I am afraid of the contrary," said Oldbuck.

"How say you, Mr. Lovel?—speak up for your own credit, man."

Lovel was obliged to confess himself in the ridiculous situation of one whose opinion of the subject of conversation and controversy which had engaged the company for an hour.

"Lord help the lad, his head has been wool-gathering!—I thought how it would be when the woman-kind were admitted—no getting a word of sense out of a young fellow for six hours after.—Why, man, there was once a people called the Fins!"

"More properly *Fins*," interrupted the Baronet.

"I say the *Fins*, *Fhar*, *Fackler*, *Fuplin*, or *Fupplin*," vociferated Oldbuck; "they spoke a Gothic dialect!"

"Genuine Gothic," again asserted the knight.

"Gothic! Gothic! I'll go to death upon it!" counter-asserted the squire.

"Why, gentlemen," said Lovel, "I conceive that is a dispute which may be easily settled by philologists, if there are any remains of the language."

"There is but one word," said the Baronet, "but, in spite of Mr. Oldbuck's pertinacity, it is decisive of the question."

"Yes, in my dream," said Oldbuck: "Mr. Lovel, you shall be judge—I have the learned Picherton on my side."

"I, on mine, the indefatigable and erudite Chalmers."

"Gooden comes into my opinion."

"Sir Robert Sibbald holds mine."

"James is with me!" vociferated Oldbuck.

"Bacon has no doubt!" shouted the Baronet.

"Truly, gentlemen," said Lovel, "before you master your forces and overwhelm me with authorities, I should like to know the word in dispute."

"*Fins*," said both the disputants at once.

"Which signifies *apert* wall," said Sir Arthur.

"The head of the wall," retorted Oldbuck.

There was a deep pause—"It is rather a narrow foundation to build a hypothesis upon," observed the arbiter.

"Not a whit, not a whit," said Oldbuck, "now fight hot in a narrow ring—no inch is so good as a mile for a home-thrust."

"It is decidedly Gothic," said the Baronet; "every hall in the Highlands begins with *Don*."

"But what say you to *Fal*, Sir Arthur; is it not decidedly the Saxon word?"

"It is the Roman rather," said Sir Arthur;—"the *Falts* borrowed that part of the word."

"No such thing, if they borrowed anything, it must have been your *Don*, which they might have from the neighbouring *Beltane* of Strath Gwyd."

"The *Fits*, or *Firts*," said Lovell, "must have been singularly poor in dialect, since, in the only remaining word of their vocabulary, and that consisting only of two syllables, they have been ridiculously obliged to borrow one of them from another language; and, methinks, gentlemen, with submission, the controversy is not unlike that which the two knights fought, concerning the shield that had one side white and the other black. Each of you claims one-half of the word, and seems to assign the other. But what strikes me most, is the poverty of the language which has left such slight vestiges behind it."

"You are in an error," said Sir Arthur; "it was a copious language, and they were a great and powerful people; built two castles—one at Brechin, one at Abernethy. The Pictish nobles of the blood-royal were kept in Edinburgh Castle, thence called *Castro Pictorum*."

"A childish legend," said Oldbuck, "invented to give consequence to trumpet announcements. It was called the *Mallem* Castle, years hence a new name, because it resisted every attack, and women never do."

"There is a list of the Pictish Kings," pointed Sir Arthur, "well authenticated, from *Crathachmarcherus* (the date of whose reign is somewhat uncertain) down to *Drustastius*, whose death concluded their dynasty. Half of them have the Celtic patronymic *Mac* prefixed—*Mac*, *Mac*, *Mac*—what do you say to that, Mr. Oldbuck? There is *Drust Macmarchachin*, *Tryad Maclochich* (first of that ancient clan, as it may be judged), and *Gornach Macdonald*, *Alpin Macmestegus*, *Drust Macdalarpan*;" (here he was interrupted by a fit of coughing)—"ugh, ugh, ugh—*Gahaga Macdun*—ugh, ugh—*Macdun*—ugh—*Macdonnell*, *Kenneth*—ugh—ugh—*Macdonell*, *Enchan Macdun*—and twenty more, decidedly Celtic names, which I could repeat, if this damned cough would let me."

"Take a glass of wine, Sir Arthur, and drink down that head-ach of unimpaired jargon, that would choke the devil—

why, that last fellow has the only intelligible name you have repeated—they are all of the tribe of Hæthgus—madhouse monomachs every one of them; sprung up from the fumes of conceit, folly, and falsehood, fermenting in the brains of some mad Highland monomachs."

"I am surprised to hear you, Mr. Oldbuck; you know, or ought to know, that the list of these potentates was copied by Henry Maule of Holmport, from the Chronicle of Loch Lomond and St. Andrews, and put forth by him in his short but satisfactory history of the Scots, printed by Robert Foulis of Edinburgh, and sold by him at his shop in the Parliament Close, in the year of God seventeen hundred and five, or six, I am not precisely certain which—but I have a copy at home that stands next to my treasured copy of the Scots Acts, and ranges on the shelf with them very well. What say you to that, Mr. Oldbuck?"

"Say?—why, I laugh at Henry Maule and his history," answered Oldbuck, "and thereby comply with his request, of giving it entertainment according to its merits."

"Do not laugh at a better man than yourself," said Sir Arthur, somewhat scornfully.

"I do not conceive I do, Sir Arthur, in laughing either at him or his history."

"Henry Maule of Holmport was a gentleman, Mr. Oldbuck."

"I presume he had no advantage of me in that particular," replied the Antiquary, somewhat tardily.

"Permit me, Mr. Oldbuck—he was a gentleman of high family, and ancient descent, and therefore"—

"The descendant of a Westphalian printer should speak of him with deference? Such may be your opinion, Sir Arthur—it is not mine. I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer, Wolfgang Oldbuck, who, in the month of December 1493, under the patronage, as the inscription tells us, of Sebastian Scheyter and Sebastian Kussnermeister, accomplished the printing of the great Chronicle of Nuremberg—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great reformer of learning is more creditable to me as a man of letters, than if I had traced in my genealogy all the breeding, bull-headed, iron-fisted, old Gothic houses since the days of Christenthalschryner—not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name."

"If you mean the observation as a matter of my dignity," said the knight, with an assumption of dignified severity and composure, "I have the pleasure to inform you, that the name of my ancestor, Gwendolyn de Gwendolyn, Miles, is written fairly with his own hand in the earliest copy of the Baginno-roll."

"Which only serves to show that he was one of the earliest who set the mean example of subsisting to Edward I. What have you to say for the childless loyalty of your family, Sir Arthur, after such a humiliating as that?"

"It's enough, sir," said Sir Arthur, starting up fiercely, and pushing back his chair; "I shall hereafter take care how I honour with my company one who shows himself so ungrateful for my consideration."

"In that you will do as you find most agreeable, Sir Arthur;—I hope, that as I was not aware of the extent of the obligation which you have done me by visiting my poor house, I may be excused for not having varied my gratitude to the extent of servility."

"Mighty well—mighty well, Mr. Oldbuck—I wish you a good evening—Mr. a—a—a—Shovel—I wish you a very good evening."

Out of the parlour door descended the lord and Sir Arthur, as if the spirit of the whole Round Table influenced his single house, and descended with long strides the labyrinth of passages which conducted to the drawing-room.

"Did you ever hear such an old top-headed ass?" said Oldbuck, briefly appropriating Lord. "But I must not let him go in this mad-like way neither."

So saying, he pushed off after the retreating Ducrow, whom he traced by the clang of several doors which he opened to search of the apartment for tea, and shouted with fierce belated him at every disappointment. "You'll do yourself a mischief," roared the antiquary; "you exhibit in Andria, most you will—You'll tumble down the back-stair."

Sir Arthur had now got involved in darkness, of which the relative effect is well known to nurses and governesses who have to deal with pettish children. It retarded the pace of the irritated Ducrow, if it did not stop his movement, and Mr. Oldbuck, better acquainted with the house, got up with him as he had got his grasp upon the handle of the drawing-room door.

"Stay a minute, Sir Arthur," said Oldbuck, opening his

sleep entrance; "don't be quite so hasty, my good old friend. I was a little too rude with you about Sir Gamalye—why, he is an old acquaintance of mine, mine, and a favourite; he kept company with Bruce and Wallace—and, I'll be sworn on a black-letter Bible, only subscribed the Haysman-roll with the legitimate and justifiable intention of disavowering the false Southern—Vere right Scottish craft, my good knight—hundreds did it. Come, come, forget and forgive—certain we have given the young fellow here a right to think us two forty old fools."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur with much sagacity.

"A-weil, a-weil—a wild man must have his way."

With that the door opened, and into the drawing-room marched the tall giant form of Sir Arthur, followed by Lovel and Mr. Oldbuck, the continuance of all the three a little discomposed.

"I have been waiting for you, sir," said Miss Warden, "so propose we should walk forward to meet the carriage, as the evening is so fine."

Sir Arthur readily assented to this proposal, which suited the angry mood in which he found himself, and having, agreeably to the established custom in cases of pet, refused the profferment of tea and coffee, he tucked his daughter under his arm; and after taking a ceremonious leave of the ladies, and a very dry one of Oldbuck—off he marched.

"I think Sir Arthur has got the black dog on his back again," said Miss Oldbuck.

"Black dog!—black devil!—he's more shrewd than woman-kind—What say you, Lovel?—Why, the lady's gone too."

"He took his leave, uncle, while Miss Warden was putting on her things; but I don't think you observed him."

"The devil is in the people! There is all one gets by flaring and braying, and putting one's tail out of one's way in order to give distress, besides all the changes they are put to!—O Segud, Emperor of Ethiopia!" said he, taking up a cup of tea in the one hand, and a volume of the *Kamilar* in the other,—for it was his regular custom to read while he was sitting or drinking in presence of his sister, being a practice which served at once to express his contempt for the vanity of women-kind, and his resolution to lose no moment of instruction,—"*O Segud,*

Emperor of Ethiopia; well hast thou spoken.—No man should presume to say, This shall be a day of happiness."

Oldback proceeded in his studies for the best part of an hour, interrupted by the ladies, who sat, in profound silence, pursued some female employment. At length, a light and modest tap was heard at the parlour door, "Is that you, Grace?—come in, come in, man."

The old man opened the door, and thrusting in his magisterial, stretched with thin grey locks, and one sleeve of his white coat, said in a subdued and mysterious tone of voice, "I've something to speak to you, sir."

"Come in then, you old fool, and say what you have got to say."

"I'll maybe frighten the ladies," said the confidant.

"Frighten?" answered the lady-in-waiting,—"what do you mean?—never mind the ladies. Have you seen another ghost at the Blacklock-moor?"

"No, sir—It's no a ghost this time," replied Grace,—"but I'm to say in my mind."

"Did you ever hear of any body that was?" answered Oldback,—"what reason has an old battered powder-puff like you to be wiser in your mind, more than all the rest of the world besides?"

"It's no for myself, sir; but it threatens an awful sight; and for Arthur, and Miss Warbler, poor thing."

"Why, man, they must have met the carriage at the head of the bonnie, or thoroughfare; they must be home long ago."

"No, sir; they didna gang the road by the turnpike to meet the carriage, they gang by the sands."

The word operated like electricity on Oldback. "The sands?" he exclaimed,—"impossible!"

"Oo, sir, that's what I said to the gardener; but he says he saw them turn down by the Mainsborough. Is truth, says I to him, at this be the case, Davie, I am misludging!"

"An almanac! an almanac!" said Oldback, starting up in great alarm—"not that bookie!" flinging away a little pocket almanac which he since offered him—"Great God! my poor dear Miss Isabella!—Fetch me instantly the Parapet Almanac!"—It was brought, consulted, and added greatly to his agitation. "I'll go myself—call the gardener and ploughman—bid them bring ropes and ladders—bid them raise more help as they come."

along—keep the top of the cliffs, and halloo down to them—I'll go myself."

"What is the matter?" inquired Miss Oldback and Miss M'Intyre.

"The tale!—the tale!" answered the alarmed antiquary.

"Had not Jerry better—oh no, I'll run myself," said the younger lady, partaking in all her uncle's terror—"I'll run myself to, Saunders Macdhuhanis, and make him get out his boat."

"Thank you, my dear, that's the wisest word that has been spoken yet—Shut I run I—To go by the sands!" seizing his hat and cane, "was there ever such madness heard of?"

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

—————
*Placed while to view
 The rocky waste, the prospect wild and new;
 The ever-rushing waters pour their foam,
 On either side, the parting shores to leave;
 And then retreating, they conduct the view
 Till each and another gives the walk between.*
 CHAUCER.

THE information of David Dibble, which had spread such general alarm at Blackhorne, proved to be strictly correct. Sir Arthur and his daughter had set out, according to their first proposal, to return to Knockwinnock by the tumpike road; but when they reached the head of the loathing, as it was called, or great loch, which on one side made a sort of avenue to the house of Blackhorne, they discerned, a little way before them, Lord Lovel, who seemed to linger on the way as if to give him an opportunity to join them. Miss Warden immediately proposed to her father that they should take another direction, and, as the weather was fine, walk home by the sands, which, stretching below a picturesque ridge of rocks, afforded at almost all times a pleasant passage between Knockwinnock and Blackhorne than the highway.

Sir Arthur acquiesced willingly. "It would be unpleasant," he said, "to be joined by that young fellow, whom Mr. Oldback had taken the freedom to introduce them to." And he al-

fictional politeness had none of the ease of the present day, which permits you, if you have a mind, to cut the person you have associated with for a week, the instant you feel to suppose yourself in a situation which makes it disagreeable to ever find Sir Arthur only stipulated, that a little ragged boy, for the garden of one penny-staving, should run to meet his coachman, and turn his equipage back to Knodwinstock.

When this was arranged, and the steamer despatched, the knight and his daughter left the high road, and following a wandering path among sandy hillsides, partly grown over with ferns and the long grass called bent, soon attained the side of the ocean. The tide was by no means so far out as they had computed; but this gave them no alarm:—there were seldom ten days in the year when it approached so near the cliffs as not to leave a dry passage. But, nevertheless, at periods of spring-tide, or even when the ordinary flood was accelerated by high winds, this road was altogether covered by the sea, and tradition had recorded several fatal accidents which had happened on such occasions. Still, such dangers were considered as remote and impracticable, and rather served, with other legends, to attract the bolder travellers, than to prevent any one from going between Knodwinstock and Monkburn by the sands.

As Sir Arthur and Miss Worsley passed along, enjoying the pleasant feeling afforded by the cool moist land wind, Miss Worsley could not help observing that the last tide had risen considerably above the usual water-mark. Sir Arthur made the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance. The sea was now resting his huge back upon the edge of the level ocean, and glided the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the preceding day, and which now assembled on all sides, like mountains and disasters around a sinking vessel and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendor gave a soulful magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, flinging out of their unobscured gloom the shrou of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds under which he was setting. Nearer to the beach the tide rippled curved in curves

of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, passed upon the sand.

With a mind employed in anticipation of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Warden advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently attended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point of headland or rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipice by which that sea-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting rocks of rock, extending under water and only eroding their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which flamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knokstevanack bay dreary by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for numerous sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which leads them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and desecrated cheer which sometimes dispirited and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured as he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an awful and lurid shade of darkness blotted the orange twilight of a summer evening. The wind began now to arise; but its wild and roaring sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that ran high as fairs upon the breakers, or bore upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Appalled by this sudden change of weather, Miss Warden drew close to her father, and held his arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehensions, "I wish we had kept the road we intended, or visited Monkberry for the evening."

Her father looked round, but did not see, or would not acknowledge, any signs of an immediate storm. They would reach Knokstevanack, he said, long before the tempest began. But the speed with which he walked, and with which Isabella could hardly keep pace, indicated a feeling that some exertion was necessary to accomplish his oscillatory profusion.

They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay or cove, formed by two projecting capes of high and unscalable rock, which shut out into the sea like the horns of a crescent, —and neither dorsal commensurate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither.

As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy curving line, which the situation of the bay compelled them to adopt, for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conformable to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "we shall get round Halfst-head!" —that person must have passed it," then giving vent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension.

"Thank God, indeed!" echoed his daughter, half anxiously, half internally, in expressing the gratitude which she strongly felt.

The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drifting rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly.—Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognise the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ockleton. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their antipathies and anticipations when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halfst-head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide and a north-west wind, was in like manner a neutral field, where even a justice of peace and a strolling mendicant might meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant; "why did ye not turn when I waved to you?"

"We thought," replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation, "we thought we could get round Halfst-head."

"Halfst-head!—the tide will be running on Halfst-head by this time like the Fall of Fyfe!—it was if I could do to get round it twenty minutes since—ay, we coming on three feet stream. We will maybe get back by Dolly-borough New Point yet. The Lord help us!—it's our only chance. We can but try."

"My God, my child!"—"My father! my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, first losing their strength and speed, they turned to reverse their steps, and endeavored to double the point, the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

"I heard ye were here first the last saltst ye sent to meet your carriage," said the beggar, as he tramped steadily on a step or two behind Miss Warkour, "and I couldn't bide to think o' the delecty young lady's part, that has aye been kind to the father's heart that can't bear her. See I lookit at the lift and the rim o' the tide, till I waded it that if I could get down there enough to gie you warning, we wad be wad yet. But I doubt, I doubt, I have been beguiled! For what mortal so ever saw sic a man as the tide is rising o' an' now! See, yonder's the Stationer's Barge—he aye held his oar close the water as my dog—but his' speech is now."

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which as general, even in spring-tides, displayed a bulk like the hull of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the heaving and breaking of the eddying waves which encountered its enormous resistance.

"Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny lady," continued the old man—mak haste, and we may do yet! Take heed o' my arm—as wad and fast arm it's now, but it's been in an oar stress as this is yet. Take heed o' my arm, my wondrous lady! Dye see yon wee black speck among the walking waves yonder? This mornin' it was as high as the mast o' a brig—it's sma' enough now—but, while I see an' make black about it as the covers o' my hat, I wane believe but we'll get round the Ballyburgh Head, for o' that's come and gone yet."

Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was too able to afford her. The waves had now approached so much upon the beach, that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had on the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. It would have been nearly impossible for Sir Arthur Warkour, or his daughter, to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar, who had been there before in high tides, though now, he acknowledged, "it's nae wanner a right as this."

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an immeasurable precipice—walked along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each minute felt their enemy grow more perceptibly upon them! Still, however, loath to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Gethsemane. It was yet distinctly visible among the headlands, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path, where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however; but, when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible: the signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam, as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and, "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piously echoed by Sir Arthur—"My child! my child!—to die such a death!"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him—"and you too, who have lost your own life in endeavouring to save ours!"

"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I have lived to be weary of life; and here or yonder—at the back of a dyke, in a wood of snow, or in the veins of a wave, what signifies how the cold gubbernments dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing!—of us help!—I'll make you rich—I'll give you a farm—I'll—"

"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters—"they are are already; for I have two land, and you would give your five pounds and borrow for a square yard of rock that would be dry for two hours."

While they exchanged these words, they passed upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain ; for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here, then, they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element, something in the situation of the martyrs of the early church, who, exposed by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impotence and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for undoing their grains, and letting them loose upon the victims.

Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

She Arctur, who heard, but scarcely comprehended, his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift. Caliban passed—"I was a bold cragman," he said, "once in my life, and now a kittiwake's and herring's nest has I harned up among these very black rocks ; but it's long, long ago, and the mortal could speed them without a rope—and if I had one, my right, and my foretop, and my hand-grip, has e' failed every a day since—And then, how could I save ye? But there was a path here once, though maybe, if we could use it, ye would rather hide where we are—His name be praised!" he ejaculated suddenly, "there's one coming down the crag s'en now!"—Then, exclaiming he rises, he killed'd out to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local circumstances, suddenly forced upon his mind—"Ye're right!—ye're right!—that gate—that gate!—dashes the rope wad round Crumlin's horn, that's the sunlike black stone—cast two ples round it—that's it!—now, wave yourself a wee waul-ward—a wee waul yet to that flake stone—we ca'd it the Cuth-hag—there used to be the root o' an aik tree there—that will do!—many aye, ho!—many aye—tak tent and tak time—Lord bless ye, tak time—Yam weel!—Now ye must get to Benny's apron, that's the marble braid

bet blue stone—and then, I think, wth your help and the tree together, I'll win at ya, and then we'll be able to get up the young lady and Sir Arthur."

The adventurers, following the direction of old Eke, threw him down the end of the rope, which he secured around Miss Warden, wrapping her passively in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then, swelling himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag—a most precarious and dangerous undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend Lord. Their joint strength was able to raise himself to the place of safety which they had attained. Lord then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope; and again ascending to their place of refuge, with the assistance of old Oakstone, and such aid as Sir Arthur himself could afford, he raised himself beyond the reach of the fallows.

The noise of rapids from approaching and apparently inevitable death, had its usual effect. The father and daughter threw themselves into each other's arms, blessed and wept for joy, although their escape was counteracted by the prospect of passing a tempestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock, which seemed affixed floating for the first skimming breeze, who now, like the sea-fowl around them, along those as hopes of some shelter from the devouring element which reigned beneath. The spray of the billows, which attained in fearful succession the foot of the precipice, overflowing the bench on which they so lately stood, flew as high as their place of temporary refuge; and the screaming wind, with which they dashed against the rocks beneath, seemed as if they still descended the fugitives in accents of thunder as their destined prey. It was a summer night, doubtless; yet the probability was greater, that a storm as delicate as that of Miss Warden should survive till morning the breathing of the spray; and the dashing of the rids, which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

"The lady!—the lady sweet home!" said the old man: "every such a night here I weathered at home and stayed, but, God grace us, how can she ever win through it?"

His apprehension was manifested in manifold ways to Lored, for with the sort of immaturity by which bold and ready spirits consequent on moments of danger, and hence almost universally known to each other, they had established a mutual confidence.—"I'll climb up the old apple," said Lored—there's daylight enough left to see my doing, I'll climb up, and call for more assistance."

"Do so, do so, for Heaven's sake!" said Sir Arthur eagerly.

"Are ye mad?" said the merchant: "*Francis o' Fairs-bough*, and he was the best seaman that ever speer'd lough (near by tober, he broke his neck upon the Drabry of Elmore), wadna he ventured upon the Hallowe'en navigation mair-dare—It's God's grace, and a great wonder besides, that ye are not in the middle o' that roaring sea w' what ye has done already—I daren think there was the man, left alive wadna he come down the craigs as ye did. I question as I could ha done it myself, at this hour and in this weather, in the youngest and palest of my strength—But to venture up again—It's a more and a more tempting o' Providence."

"I have no fear," answered Lored, "I marked all the steins perfectly as I came down, and there is still light enough left to see them quite well—I am sure I can do it with perfect safety. Stay here, my good friend, by Sir Arthur and the young lady."

"Dad be in my feet that," answered the merchant steadily;—"if ye gang, I'll gang too, for between the two o' us, we'll ha more than work enough to get to the top o' the lough."

"No, no—stay you have and attend to Miss Windsor—you see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted."

"Stay yourself then, and I'll go," said the old man;—"let dad's speck the green ere and take the rope."

"Stay both of you, I charge you," said Isabella, faintly; "I am well, and can spend the night very well here—I feel quite refreshed." So saying, her voice failed her—she sank down, and would have fallen from the crag, had she not been supported by Lored and Ochiltree, who placed her in a posture half sitting, half reclining, beside her father, who, exhausted by fatigue of body and mind so extreme and unusual, had already sat down on a stone in a sort of stupor.

"It is impossible to leave them," said Lored—"What is to be done?—Hark! hark!—did I not hear a bell?"

"The strength of a Titanian Hand," answered Gulliver—"I know the shriek was."

"No, by Heaven!" replied Level, "it was a human voice."

A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly distinguishable among the various elemental noises, and the clang of the armours by which they were surrounded. The commandant and Level started their voices in a loud halloo, the former waving Miss Warden's handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before they were in answer response to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight and increasing storm, they had made the persons who apparently were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance, sensible of the place in which they had found refuge. At length their halloo was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed, by the assurance that they were within hearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

There is a cliff, whose high and leading head
Looks forth on the unfathomed deep;
Bring me but to the very foot of it,
And I'll repay the misery thou dost bear.

Edna Lane.

THE shout of human voices from above was soon augmented, and the gleam of torches mingled with those lights of evening which still remained amidst the darkness of the storm. Some attempt was made to hold communication between the assistants above and the sufferers beneath, who were still clinging to their precarious place of safety; but the howling of the tempest limited their intercourse to one as inarticulate as those of the winged creatures of the air, which shrieked in distress, alarmed by the reiterated sound of human voices, where they had seldom been heard.

On the verge of the precipice an anxious group had now assembled. Gulliver was the foremost and most earnest, pressing forward with unswerving desperation to the very brink

of the crew, and extending his head (his hat and wig secured by a handkerchief under his chin) over the dizzy height, with an air of determination which made his more timorous assistants tremble.

"Heed a care, heed a care, Monkdoms!" cried Coker, clinging to the skirts of his partner, and watching him from danger as far as his strength permitted—"God's sake, heed a care!—for Arthur's drowned already, and as ye be over the clough too, there will be but as wig left in the parish, and that's the minister's."

"Mind the peak there," cried Monkdoms, an old fisherman and stranger—"and the peak—Stickle, Stearn White, bring up the tackle—The warrant we'll soon leave them on board, Monkdoms, and ye but stand out of the gate."

"I see them," said (Silfurd—"I see them low down on that fat stone—Hill-billies, hill-billies!"

"I see them myself well enough," said Monkdoms; "they are sitting down yonder like brook-crows on a nest, but d'ye think ye'll help them w' shoving that gate like an old shark before a fire o' weather?—Stickle, lad, bring up the mast—Oh, I've had them up as we used to hoist up the legs o' gin and brandy long since—Get up the pike-stem, make a stop for the mast—make the chair fast with the cables—head taught and bely!"

The fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half of the country below about had now appeared, either out of real or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground, and sufficiently secured. A yard across the upright mast, and a rope stretched along it, and passed through a block at each end, formed an extensive crane, which effected the means of lowering an iron-chair, well secured and fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers had stood. Their joy at leaving the preparations going on for their deliverance was considerably qualified when they beheld the precarious vehicle by means of which they were to be conveyed to upper air. It swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope, which, in the increasing darkness, had dweltled to an almost imperceptible thread. Besides the hazard of committing a human being to the slender atmosphere in such a slight means of conveyance,

there was the fearful danger of the chair and its occupant being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. But to diminish the risk as much as possible, the experienced seaman had his drive with the chair another line, which, being attached to it, and held by the person beneath, might serve by way of stay, as Blackbeard expressed it, to render its descent in some measure steady and regular. Still, to commit one's self in such a vehicle, through a howling tempest of wind and rain, with a hanging precipice above and a raging abyss below, required that courage which despair alone can inspire. Yet, wild as the scene and sights of danger were, both above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dangerous as the mode of escaping appeared to be, Lovel and the old seafarer agreed, after a moment's consultation, and after the former, by a sudden strong pull, had, at his own instant risk, established the security of the rope, that it would be best to secure Miss Worsley in the chair, and trust to the tenderness and care of those above for her being safely craned up to the top of the crag.

"Let my father go first," exclaimed Isabella; "for God's sake, my friends, place him first in safety!"

"It ought to be, Miss Worsley," said Lovel;—"your life must be first secured—the rope which bears your weight may"—

"I will not listen to a reason so selfish!"

"But ye must listen to it, my bonnie lassie," said Oskilney, "for if our lives depend on it—besides, when ye get to the top o' the lough yonder, ye can gie them a round guess o' what's going on in the Prison o' war—and the Arthur's fir by that, as I'm thinking."

Heard with the truth of this reasoning, she exclaimed, "True, most true; I am ready and willing to undertake the first risk—What shall I say to our friends above?"

"Just to look that their tackle does not graze on the face o' the crag, and to let the chair down and draw it up hoody and hoody;—we will bide when we are ready."

With the anxious attention of a parent to a child, Lovel heard Miss Worsley with his hands clasped, solicited, and the seafarer's lookers bent, to the back and apex of the chair, ascertaining accurately the security of each knot, while Oskilney kept the Arthur quiet. "What are ye doing wif my

learn!—what are ye doing?—She shall not be separated from me—blessed, stay with me, I command you!”

“Look here, Sir Arthur, hand your tongue, and be thankful to God that there’s wiser folk than you to manage this job,” cried the bigger, worn out by the unreasonable exclamations of the poor peasant.

“Farewell, my father!” murmured Isabella.—“Farewell, my—my friends!” and shutting her eyes, as John’s exhortations recommenced, she gave the signal to Lovel, and he in those nine vast shrouds. She rose, while the chair in which she sat was kept steady by the line which Lovel managed beneath. With a beating heart he watched the flutter of her white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice.

“Canny now, lads, canny now!” exclaimed old Monkbrooke, who acted as commodore, “averse the yard a bit—Now—there! there she sits safe on dry land.”

A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sailors beneath, who smiled with a ready and cheerful helian. Monkbrooke, in his ecstasy of joy, stripped his gaiters to wrap up the young lady, and would have pulled off his coat and waistcoat for the same purpose, had he not been withheld by the cautious Canon. “Hand a row o’ us! your honour will be killed w’ the boat—ye’ll no get out o’ your nightgown! this fortnight—and that will suit us wondrous.—No, no—draw the chariot down by, let two o’ the folk carry the young lady there.”

“You’re right,” said the Antiquary, readjusting the shrouds and collar of his coat, “you’re right, Canon; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Miss Warkton, let me convey you to the chariot.”

“Not for worlds till I see my father safe.”

In a few distinct words, evincing how much her resolution had strengthened even the mortal fear of so afflicting a hazard, she explained the nature of the situation beneath, and the wishes of Lovel and Isabella.

“Right, right, that’s right too—I should like to see the son of Sir Gaudy de Gaudenover on dry land myself—I have a notion, he would sign the abdication writ, and the Regency-coll to boot, and acknowledge Queen Mary to be nothing better than she should be, to get alongside my bottle of old port that he ran away from, and left some beggars. But he’s safe now,

and here a' comes!"—(for the chair was again lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without much consciousness on his own part)—"here a' comes—Beware away, my legs! away w' him—a pelgrave of a hundred haire is hanging on a temporary tow—the whole barony of Keadewinack depends on three plices of hemp—*rapier floss, rapier floss*—look to your end—look to a rope's end.—Welcome, welcome, my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot say to warm land or to dry land. A cord for ever against fifty fathoms of water, though not in the sense of the base proverb—a line for the pirate—better one per fathom, than one per mile."

While Oldback was on in this way, Sir Arthur was softly wrapped in the close embrace of his daughter, who, assuming that authority which the circumstances demanded, ordered some of the waiters to convey him to the church, promising to follow in a few minutes. She lingered on the cliff, looking at old countryman's son, to witness probably the safety of those whose dangers she had shared.

"What have we here?" said Oldback, as the vehicle once more started—"what patched and weather-beaten matter is this?" Then as the tortoise showed the rough brown and grey hairs of old Ockiltree—"What is it thou?—Come, old Master, I must needs be friends with thee—but who the devil makes up your party besides?"

"And that's real work, my true o' me, Mucklucas;—it's the young stranger led they at Lared—and he's labored this blessed night as if he had three lives to rily on, and was willing to waste them o' rather than endanger other folk's. Oo' body, ere, as ye read wia an odd man's blessing I—asked there's nobody below now to lead the gy—Ere a care o' the Chetling corner—hale well off Ockiltree's-son!"

"Ere a care indeed," echoed Oldback. "What is it my true ere—my black ere—my phreom of compassion is a part-cherish—like care of him, Mucklucas!"

"As much care as if he were a graybeard o' heavily; and I mean take care if his hair were like John Bunker's.—Ye ha, my heart! beware away with him!"

Lord tell, in fact, run a much greater risk than any of his passengers. His weight was not sufficient to render his ascent steady amid such a storm of wind, and he swung like an ignited pendulum at the mortal risk of being dashed against the rocks.

But he was young, bold, and active, and, with the assistance of the haggard's stout piked staff, which he had retained by advice of the proprietor, contrived to tear himself from the fast of the precipice, and the yet more hazardous projecting cliffs which faced his ascent. Tossed in empty space, like an idle and unheeded feather, with a motion that agitated the brain at once with fear and with defiance, he retained his aliveness of action and presence of mind; and it was not until he was safely grounded upon the summit of the cliff, that he felt temporary and ghastly sickness. As he recovered from a sort of half swoon, he cast his eyes eagerly around. The object which they would most willingly have sought, was already in the act of vanishing. Her white garment was just disappearing as she followed on the path which her father had taken. She had lingered till she saw the last of their company descend from danger, and until she had been assured by the hoarse voice of Knockbuckler, that "the colliert had come off wif substaerd bones, and that he was bet in a kind of drow." But Lord was not aware that she had expressed in his face even this degree of interest,—which, though nothing more than was due to a stranger who had assisted her in such an hour of peril, he would have gladly purchased by leaving even more imminent danger than he had that evening been exposed to. The haggard she had steadily commanded to come to Knockbuckler that night. He made no answer.—"Then tomorrow let me see you."

The old man promised to obey. Gildwick thrust something into his hand—Dabbins looked at it by the torchlight, and returned it.—"Na, na, I never tak goud—bawles, Knockbuckler, ye wad maybe be robbing it the morn." Then turning to the group of fishermen and peasants.—"Now, ails, who will gie me a supper and some clean gowd-street?"

"I," "and I," "and I," answered many a ready voice.

"Aweel, since we'll it us, and I can only sleep in an hour at once, I'll gae down with Bonadine Knockbuckler—he has aye a soup o' something comfortable about his haggard—and, bawles, I'll maybe like to put ails one o' ye in mind some ither night that ye has pecked an quarten and my artness;" and away he went with the fishermen.

Gildwick had the head of strong possession on Lord.—"Dad a stirk ye'll gae to Fairport this night, young man—yeo must go

home with me to Northham. Why, now, you have been a hero—a perfect Sir William Wallace, by all accounts. Come, my good lad, take hold of my arm;—I am not a priest's support in such a wind—but Heaven shall help us out—Here, you old devil, come on the other side of me.—And how the devil got you down to that infernal Bowy's-apron, as they call it? Now, said they? Why, now, her, she has spread out that vile person or banner of womanhood, like all the rest of her sex, to attract her victims to death and lifelong ruin."

"I have been pretty well accustomed to drinking, and I have long observed howlers praising that poor down the drift."

"But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, come you to discover the danger of the pettish Baronet and his far more deserving daughter?"

"I saw them from the verge of the precipice."

"From the verge!—neph—And what possessed you *demon* yonder *poor* *de* *verge*?—though *demon* is not the appropriate epithet—what the devil, now, tempted you to the verge of the edge?"

"Why—I like to see the gathering and growing of a coming storm—or, in your own classical language, Sir Oldback, more of more vapors—and so forth—but here we reach the turn to Fairport. I must wish you good-night."

"Not a step, not a pace, not an inch, not a statement, as I may say,—the meaning of which word has puzzled many that think themselves antiquaries. I am clear we should read *schism-length* for *statement's-length*. You are aware that the space allotted for the passage of a schism through a dam, dike, or weir, by statute, is the length within which a full-grown pig can turn himself round. Now I have a scheme to prove, that, as terrestrial objects were first applied to for ascertaining schismatic measurement, so it must be supposed that the productions of the water were established cognates of the extent of land.—*Statement*—schism—*you* see the close alliance of the sounds; dropping out two *h's*, and a *t*, and assuming an *i*, makes the whole difference.—I wish to heaven no antiquarian derivation had demanded heavier consideration."

"But, my dear sir, I really must go home—I am wet to the skin."

"Shall have my night-gown, now, and slippers, and catch the antiquarian fever as men do the plague, by wearing infected

garments. "Nay, I know what you would be at—you are afraid to put the old bachelor to danger. But is there not the possibility of that glorious chicken-pie—which, now winter is better sold than hot—and that bottle of my oldest port, out of which the silly brain-weak Baronet (whom I cannot pardon, since he has escaped breaking his neck) had just taken one glass, when his infernal necktie went a wool-gathering after Gamely de Gauricourt?"

So saying he dragged Lovel forward, till the Palmer's part of Monkhouse realised them. Never, perhaps, had it admitted two pedestrians more needing rest; for Monkhouse's fatigue had been to a degree very contrary to his usual habits, and his more young and robust companion had that evening undergone agitation of mind which had harassed and wearied him even more than his extraordinary exertions of body.

CHAPTER NINTH.

"Be brave," she cried, "you yet may be our guest,
 Our household room has ever held the best.
 Is, then, your valour now the right minute,
 Of meeting darkness and the clinking chain;
 If your courageous tongue have power to tell,
 When round your bed the fiendish ghost shall walk;
 If you dare tell it why it haunts the tomb,
 I'll see your chains well stir'd, and show the men."

THOU BROW.

They reached the room in which they had dined, and were cheerfully welcomed by Miss Orlbeck.

"What's the younger woman-kind?" said the Antiquary.

"Indeed, brother, among of the story, Maria would be guided by me—she set way to the Halloweag-head—I wonder ye didn't see her."

"Ah!—what—what's that you say, sister?—did the girl go out in a night like this to the Halloweag-head?—Good God! the misery of the night is not ended yet?"

"But ye wince wari, Monkhouse—ye are so impetuous and impatient!"

"Tittle-tattle, woman," said the impatient and agitated Antiquary, "where is my dear Mary?"

"Just where ye said he yourself, Monkhouse—apart, and in her warm bed."

"I could have sworn it," said Oldback, laughing, but seriously much satisfied—"I could have sworn it;—the lay monkey did not care if we were all drowned together. Why did you say she went out?"

"But ye wadna wait to hear out my tale, Monkhouse—she goed out, and she came in again with the gardener an' aye, as she saw that none o' ye were dooked over the crag, and that Miss Wardour was safe in the closet, she was hame a quarter o' an hour ago, for it's now ginging ten—she dookit was she, poor thing, an' I s'da put a glass o' sherry in her water-glass."

"Right, Grist, right—let wasserkind alone for codding each other. But hear me, my venerable sister—start not at the word venerable; it implies many pennyworth qualities besides age; though that too is honorable, albeit it is the last quality for which wasserkind would wish to be honoured—But proceed my words: let Larel and me have forthwith the refuse of the chinkerglas, and the remains of the port."

"The chinkerglas! the port!—no, dear! neither—there was but a wheen hauns, and scarce a drop o' the wine."

The Antiquary's countenance became clouded, though he was too well bred to give way, in the presence of a stranger, to his disguised surprise at the disappearance of the funds on which he had reckoned with absolute certainty. But his sister understood these looks of his. "Oo dear! Monkhouse, what's the use o' making a wark?"

"I make no wark, as ye call it, woman."

"But what's the use o' looking ane glim and glim about a pible haunt—as ye will ha' the wark, ye mair know the master came in, worthy man—oh! dookit he was, me doubt, about your precarious situation, as he said it (for ye ha' here wad ha' guded wi' words), and here he wad bide till he could hear w' certainty how the matter was likely to gang wi' ye o'—He said fine things on the duty o' resignation to Providence's will, worthy man; that did he."

Oldback replied, catching the same tone, "Worthy man!—he cared not how soon Monkhouse had dookit on an' ha' dookit, I've a notion;—and while he was occupied in this Christian office of consolation against impending evil, I reckon that the chinkerglas and my good port disappeared!"

"Dear brother, how can you speak of the freedom, when you have had six an escape from the cage?"

"Better than my supper has had from the minister's cage, Grisel—it's all damned, I suppose?"

"Hoot, Macbarns, ye speak as if there was an ither meat in the house—and ye not have had na ither the honest man some slight refreshment after his walk from the manse?"

"Oldrank half-baked, half-burned, the end of the old Scottish ditty,

O, that they wad the white puddings,
And then they wad the black, O,
And through the pudding was braid,
The dill-stick come off that, O!

The sister hastened to silence his murmurs, by proposing some of the relics of the dinner. He spoke of another bottle of wine, but recommended in preference a glass of brandy which was really excellent. As no attraction could prevail on Lord to leave the velvet night-cap and branched morning-gown of his host, Oldrank, who pretended to a little knowledge of the medical art, insisted on his going to bed as soon as possible, and proposed to dispatch a messenger (the indefatigable Uccan) to Glasgow early in the morning, to procure him a change of clothes.

This was the first intimation Miss Oldrank had received, that the young stranger was to be their guest for the night; and such was the surprise with which she was struck by a proposal so uncommon, that, had the superabundant weight of her head-dress, such as we before described, been less prejudicial, her gray locks must have started up in curl, and lifted it from its position.

"Lord, hard a care o' us!" exclaimed the astounded maiden.

"What's the matter now, Grisel?"

"What ye bot just speak a moment, Macbarns!"

"Speak!—what should I speak about? I want to get to my bed—and that your young fellow—let a bed be made ready for him instantly."

"A bed!—The Lord preserve us!" again ejaculated Grisel.

"Why, what's the matter now?—are there not beds and rooms enough in the house?—was it not an ancient bedroom, in which, I am warranted to say, beds were nightly made down for a score of pilgrims?"

"O dear, Monkhouse! who knew what they might do long ago!—but as for time—beds—ay, beds, there's beds now in as they are—and rooms near too—but ye has yourself the beds—have been slept in, Lord knows the time, nor the rooms aired.—If I had been'd, Mary and me might has gone down to the manse—Miss Beulah is apt fond to see us—(and me is the minister, brother)—But now, gude even us!"

"Is there not the Green Room, Girdel?"

"Truth is there, and it is in decent order too, though nobody has slept there since Dr. Hicrysterna, and"—

"And what?"

"And what! I am sure ye has yourself what a night he had—ye wadna expose the young gentlemen to the like o' that, wad ye?"

Lord interfered upon hearing this allusion, and protested he would far rather walk home than put them to the least inconvenience—that the evening would be of service to him—that he knew the road perfectly, by night or day, to Fairport—that the storm was closing, and so forth;—adding all that civility could suggest as an excuse for escaping from a hospitality which seemed more inconvenient to his host than he could possibly have anticipated. But the howling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain against the windows, with his knowledge of the preceding fatigues of the evening, must have prohibited Oldback, even had he entertained less regard for his young friend than he really felt, from permitting him to depart. Besides, he was piqued in honour to show that he himself was not governed by womanishness—"Sit ye down, sit ye down, sit ye down, man," he reiterated;—"as ye put us, I would I might never draw a cork again, and have come out out from a prime bottle of—strong ale—right newish—none of your Wanda Quanda deceptions, but brewed of Monkhouse barley—John of the Green never drew a better flagon to entertain a wandering minstrel, or pilgrim, with the freshest news from Pabstree.—And to remove from your mind the slightest wish to depart, know, that if you do so, your character as a gallant knight is gone for ever. Why, 'tis an adventure, man, to sleep in the Green Room at Monkhouse.—Hither, get ye as yet ready.—And, although the bold adventure, Hicrysterna, drud' pain and labour in that charmed apartment, it is no wonder why a gallant knight like you, nearly twice as tall, and not half so heavy, should not encounter and brack the spell."

"What! a haunted apartment, I suppose!"

"To be sure, to be sure—every mansion in the country of the slightest antiquity has its ghosts and its haunted chamber, and you must not suppose us worse off than our neighbours. They are going, indeed, somewhat out of fashion. I have seen the day, when if you had doubted the reality of a ghost in an old manor-house, you ran the risk of being made a ghost yourself, as Hamlet says.—Yes, if you had challenged the existence of Redoubt in the Castle of Glenestryn, old Sir Peter Pepper-brass would have had ye out to his court-yard, made you bridle yourself to your weapon, and if your trick of fence were not the better, would have stuck you like a gadfly, on his own barbed middle-stand. I once narrowly escaped such an ending—but I bristled myself, and sprang to Redoubt; for, even in my younger days, I was no friend to the sword, or staff, and would rather walk with Sir Frank than with Sir Knight—I care not who knows so much of my valour. Thank God, I am old now, and can indulge my irritability without the necessity of supporting them by cold steel."

Ross Miss Olden's re-entred, with a simplicity and expression of countenance.—"Mr. Lovell's left's ready, brother—clean shaven—well shod—a spark of fire in the chimney—I am sure, Mr. Lovell," (addressing him), "it's no for the trouble—and I hope you will have a good night's rest.—But"—

"You are resolved," said the Antiquary, "to do what you can to prevent it."

"No!—I am sure I have said nothing, Monkburne."

"My dear madam," said Lovell, "allow me to ask you the meaning of your obliging anxiety on my account."

"Oh, Monkburne does not like to hear of it—but he has himself that the room has an ill name. It's well minded that it was there said Rob Tull the town-clock was sleeping when he had that incredible communication about the grand low-plot between us and the house at the Mause-crag.—It had cost a hundred shillings, Mr. Lovell; for his place was so marked on without either long eyes made then, they are now—and the Monkburns of that day—our guests, Mr. Lovell, as I said before—was like to be waked when the hammer for want of a paper—Monkburne there has read what paper it was, but I've warrant he'll no help me out w' my tale—but it was a paper of great significance to the plot, and we were to be waked for want o't."

Awed, the cause was to come on before the films—in process, as they call it—and said Bob Tall, the town-clerk, he ran over to make a last search for the paper that was wanting, before our gudeless good man Edinburgh to look after his plea—as there was little time to come and gang on. He was but a dilled stuffy body, Bob, as I've heard—but then he was the town-clerk of Falkport, and the Monckhams lawyers eye employed him on account of their connection wif the laigh, ye ken.

"Enter Grisel, this is abominable," interrupted Oldbuck; "I was to Heaven ye might have rained the ghosts of every abbey of Tristram, since the days of Walsingham, in the time you have been delaying the introduction to this rough specter—Learn to be exact in your narrative.—Examine the curious style of old Aulrey, an experienced ghost-seer, who entered his commands on these subjects in a true business-like manner, crisp gratis—" At Garmouth, 14th March, 1675, was an apparition.—Being demanded whether good spirit or bad, made no answer, but instantly disappeared with a curious perfume, and a melancholic trawl.—Fish his Miscellaneous, p. eighteen, as well as I can remember, and near the middle of the page."

"O, Monckhams, may I do ye think everybody is as book-burned as yourself?—But ye like to get folk look like fools—ye can do that to Sir Arthur, and the minister has very well."

"Heaven has been befriended with me, Grisel, in both these instances, and in another which shall be random;—but take a glass of ale, Grisel, and proceed with your story, for it wears late."

"Jenny's just warning your bed, Monckhams, and ye mean din wait till she's done.—Well, I was at the church that our gudeless, Monckhams that there was, made wif said Bob Tall's substance;—but no't-to-be-hated could they find that was to their purpose. And see, after they had loaded out meeny a leather poke-full o' papers, the town-clerk had his drop pouch at him to wash the dust out of his throat—we never were glass-brothers in this house, Mr. Lord, but the body had got a trick of sipping and trying wif the bottle and decanter when they met (which was sinner like right) concerning the common gude o' the laigh, that he couldn't well sleep without it.—But his pouch he got, and to bed he gang; and in the middle of the night he got a death's walking!—he was never got himself after it, and he was stricken wif the dead palsy that very day four years. He thought, Mr. Lord, that he heard the curtains

o' his bed dead, and out he look'd, fancying, perhaps, it might have been the cat—But he saw—Ood, how a case o' us! It gars my flesh aye creep, though I have tald the story twenty times—he was a well-fav'd auld gentleman standing by his bed-side, in the moonlight, in a queer-dishon'd dress, w' many a button and band-strung about it, and that part o' his garments which it does not become a body to particularise, was lath side and wale, and as many places a't as o' my Edinburgh slipper's—He had a beard too, and whiskers turned upwards on his upper-lip, as long as hand-ropes!—and many mair particulars there were that Rob Tull tald o', but they are forgotten now—afs an auld story. Aweel, Rob was a just-living man for a country writer—and he was less feared than maybe might just have been expected; and he asked in the name o' goodness what the apparition wanted—and the spirit answered in an unknown tongue. Then Rob said he tried him w' Bree, for he came in his youth frae the house o' Oldbuck—but it wadna do. Aweel, in this stuck, he bethought him o' the two or three words o' Latin that he said in making out the town's docht, and he had nae sooner tald the spirit w' that, than out came an a blatter o' Latin about his legs, that poor Rob Tull, who was nae great scholar, was down overwhelmed. Oo, but he was a bawdy body, and he mended the Latin name for the deed that he was writing. It was something about a cart, I think, for the ghost cried aye, *Carter, carter*—

"Owre, you transformer o' languages!" cried Oldbuck;—"If my ancestor had learned no other language in the other world, at least he would not forget the Latinity for which he was so famous while in this."

"Weel, weel, says he it then, but they said it wair that tell'd me the story. It cried aye *carra*, if ane be that it was *carra*, and made a sign to Rob to follow it. Rob Tull heugh a Highland heart, and heughed out o' bed, and till some o' his realdest claes—and he did follow the thing up stairs and down stairs to the place we an' the high down-na—(a sort o' a little tower in the corner o' the auld house, where there was a rickie o' wadon boxes and trunks)—and there the ghost ga'e Rob a kick w' the toe first, and a kick w' the tother, to that very auld out-country tobacco-pipe o' a cabinet that my brother has standing beside his library table, and then disappeared like a puff o' tobacco, leaving Rob in a very pitiful condition."

"*Tunc morat in aera*," quoth Oldbuck. "Herry, etc, morat etc.—that, sure enough, the deed was there found in a drawer of this forgotten repository, which contained many other curious old papers, now properly labelled and vented, and which seemed to have belonged to my ancestor, the first possessor of Monkburn. The deed, thus strangely recovered, was the original Charter of Erection of the Abbey, Abbey Lands, and so forth, of Trocteny, comprehending Monkburn and others, into a Lordship of Regality in favour of the first Earl of Goughthorpe, a favourite of James the Sixth. It is subscribed by the King at Westminster, the seventeenth day of January, A.D. one thousand six hundred and twelve—thirteen. It's not worth while to repeat the witnesses' names."

"I would rather," said Lord, with awakened curiosity, "I would rather hear your opinion of the way in which the deed was discovered."

"Why, if I wanted a patron for my legend, I could find no less a one than Saint Augustine, who tells the story of a deceased person appearing to his son, when sued for a debt which had been paid, and directing him where to find the discharge." But I rather optise with Lord Bacon, who says that imagination is much akin to miracle-working faith. There was always some old story of the room being haunted by the spirit of Aldobrand Oldbuck, my great-great-great-grandfather—it's a shame to the English language that we have not a less clumsy way of expressing a relationship of which we have occasion to think and speak so frequently. He was a foreigner, and wore his national dress, of which tradition had preserved an accurate description, and indeed there is a portrait of him, supposed to be by Reginald Elstruck, pulling the pen with his own hand, as it were off the sheets of his scarce edition of the *Anglo-Saxon Confession*. He was a chemist as well as a good mechanic, and either of these qualities in this country was at that time sufficient to constitute a white witch at least. These expectations old writer had heard all this, and probably believed it, and in his sleep the image and idea of my ancestor revolved that of his subject, which, with the grateful attention to antiquities and the memory of our ancestors not unusually met with, had been pushed into the pigeon-hole to be out of the way—Add a quantum reflex of exaggeration, and you have a key to the whole mystery."

* Note D. Mr. Rochester's dream.

"O brother ! brother ! but Dr. Hecystone, brother—whose sleep was so sore broken, that he declared he would pass another night in the Green Room to get all Monkhouse, so that Mary and I were forced to yield up!"—

"Why, Grand, the doctor is a good, honest, pudding-headed German, of much merit in his own way, but fond of his syphilis, like many of his countrymen. You and he had a trifle the whole evening, in which you received tales of Hamlet, Shroffia, Cagliostro, and other modern pretenders to the mastery of raising spirits, discovering hidden treasures, and so forth, in exchange for your legends of the green bedchamber ;—and considering that the *Illustrations* are a pound and a half of Scotch whisky to supper, smoked six pipes, and drank six and broadly in proportion, I am not surprised at his having a fit of the nightmare. But everything is now ready. Permit me to light you to your apartment, Mr. Lord—I am sure you have need of rest—and I trust my ancestor is too sensible of the duties of hospitality to interfere with the repose which you have so well merited by your steady and gallant behaviour."

So saying, the Antiquary took up a bed-room candlestick of massive silver and antique form, which, he observed, was wrought out of the silver found in the mines of the Ross mountains, and had been the property of the very personage who had supplied them with a subject for conversation. And having so said, he led the way through many a dark and winding passage, now ascending and now descending again, until he came to the apartment destined for his young guest.

CHAPTER TENTH.

When midnight's in the mansion dies
 Her pall of transient darkness spread,
 When mortals sleep, when spirits rise,
 And none are visible but the dead,
 No shadow shows my way paston,
 No shadow glows my track away,
 Vision none and my busy train,—
 Vision of long-departed jays.

W. B. SWANN.

When they reached the Green Room, as it was called, Old-buck placed the candle on the toilet table, before a large mirror with a black japanned frame, surrounded by dressing-

horns of the same, and looked around him with something of a disturbed expression of countenance. "I am widower in this apartment," he said, "and never without yielding to a melancholy feeling—not, of course, on account of the childish nonsense that Gertrude was telling you, but owing to circumstances of an early and unhappy attachment. It is at such moments as these, Mr. Lavel, that we feel the changes of time. The same objects are before us—those inanimate things which we have passed on in wayward infancy and impetuous youth, in wisdom and advancing manhood—they are permanent and the same; but when we look upon them in cold, unfeeling old age, we are changed in our temper, our passions, our feelings—changed in our form, our looks, and our strength,—can we be ourselves called the same? or do we not rather look back with a sort of wonder upon our former selves, as being separate and detached from what we now are? The philosopher who speculated from Philip believed with woe to Philip in his hours of sickness, did not choose a judge so different, as if he had speculated from Philip in his youth to Philip in his old age. I cannot but be touched with the feeling so beautifully expressed in a poem which I have heard repeated:—"

My eyes are dim with childish tears,

My heart is fully stored,

For the time when it is my own

Which in those days I loved.

Time from it still is ever flying ;

And yet the woe is real.

Heave him for what time takes away,

Then what he leaves behind.

"Well, time comes every wound, and though the scar may remain and occasionally ache, yet the earliest signs of its worst infection is felt no more."—So saying, he shook Lavel cordially by the hand, wished him good-night, and took his leave.

Step after step Lavel could trace his heart's interest along the various passages, and each door which he closed behind him fell with a sound more distant and dead. The guest, thus separated from the living world, took up the candle and surveyed the apartment.

The fire blazed cheerfully. Mrs. Gertrude's attention had left some fresh wood, should he choose to continue it, and the apartment had a comfortable, though not a lively appearance. It was

* Probably Wordsworth's *Epitaph* had not as yet been published.

being with tapestry, which the house of Arnes had procured in the sixteenth century, and which the learned typographer, or often mentioned, had brought with him as a sample of the arts of the Continent. The subject was a hunting-piece; and as the busy boughs of the forest-trees, branching over the tapestry, formed the predominant colour, the apartment had thence suggested its name of the Green Chamber. Green figures in the old Flemish dress, with slashed doublets covered with ribbands, short cloaks, and trunk-hose, were engaged in holding grey-hounds, or stay-hounds, in the leash, or chasing them upon the objects of their gaze. Others, with bear-spears, swords, and old-fashioned guns, were attacking stags or boars whom they had brought to bay. The branches of the woods forest were crowded with birds of various kinds, each depicted with its proper plumage. It seemed as if the profile and rich invention of old Chaucer had animated the Flemish artist with its profusion, and Oldhook had accordingly caused the following verses, from that poetical and excellent poet, to be embroidered in Gothic letters, on a sort of border which he had added to the tapestry:—

Let I have be with grete, straight as a line,
Under the which the gunn, in track of line,
Be'th ready spring—as right foot or stein
Breaketh free well from the fellew grete,
With hounden bound, holes with hounden new,
That springen out against the same stein,
From golden red and some a glad bright grete.

And in another section was the following similar legend:—

And many an hart and many an hind,
Was both before us and behind,
Of fenne, meadows, harts and deer,
Was full the wood and many more,
And many apertoles that yate
High on the trees and were ate.

The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry, but by a more modern and less skillful hand. The large and heavy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black stony backs, were upholstered after the same pattern, and a lilly mirror, over the antique chimney-piece, corresponded in its mounting with that on the old-fashioned table.

"I have heard," muttered Lovel, as he took a cursory view of the room and its furniture, "that ghosts often show the best

room in the mansion to which they attached themselves; and I cannot disavow of the taste of the disembodied master of the Aspidochelone Confusion." But he found it so difficult to fix his mind upon the stories which had been told him of an apartment with which they seemed so singularly to correspond, that he almost regretted the absence of those agitated feelings, half fear half curiosity, which sympathize with the old legends of awe and wonder, from which the serious reality of his own hopeless passion at present detached him. For he now only felt emotions like those expressed in the lines,—

Alas! what mood, how lost thou changest
The temper of my mind!
My heart, by thee from all estranged,
Becomes like thee withdrawn.

He endeavored to conjure up something like the feelings which would, at another time, have been congenial to his situation, but his heart had no room for those vagaries of imagination. The recollection of Miss Worslow, determined not to acknowledge him when compelled to endure his society, and avowing her purpose to escape from it, would have alone occupied his imagination exclusively. But with this were mixed recollections more agitating if less painful,—her last-breadth escape—the fortunate assistance which he had been able to render her.—Yet what was his reward? She left the cliff while his face was yet doubtful—while it was uncertain whether her presence had not lost the life which he had exposed for her so freely. Surely gratitude, at least, called for some little interest in his fate—But no—she could not be selfish or unjust—it was no part of her nature. She only desired to shut the door against hope, and, even in compassion to him, to extinguish a passion which she could never return.

But this lover-like mode of reasoning was not likely to be successful in his case, since the more visible his imagination protested Miss Worslow, the more inaccessible he felt he should be rendered by the extinction of his hopes. He was, indeed, conscious of possessing the power of preserving her prejudices on some points; but, even in uncertainty, he determined to keep the original determination which he had formed, of ascertaining that she desired an explanation, ere he intruded one upon her. And, torn the matter as he would, he could not regard his suit as desperate. There was something of embarrassment as well as of grave

surprise in her look when Oldbuck presented her—and, perhaps, upon second thoughts, the one was answered to cover the other. He would not relinquish a pursuit which had already cost him such pains. Flies, visiting the romantic temper of the brain that entertained them, chased each other through his head, thick and irregular as the notes of the sun-beams, and, long after he had laid himself to rest, continued to prevent the repose which he greatly needed. Then, wearied by the uncertainty and difficulties with which each scheme appeared to be attended, he bent up his mind to the strong effort of shaking off his love, "like dew-drops from the lion's mane," and resuming those studies and that career of life which his unrequited affection had so long and so fruitlessly interrupted. In this last resolution he endeavoured to fortify himself by every argument which genius, as well as reason, could suggest. "She shall not suppose," he said, "that, pretending to an accidental service to her or to her father, I am desirous to intrude myself upon that notice, to which, personally, she considered me as having no title. I will see her no more. I will return to the land which, if it affords some fibres, has at least many as this, and less brightly than Miss Wardeur. To-morrow I will bid adieu to these northern shores, and to her who is as cold and repulsive as her climate." When he had for some time brooded over this sturdy resolution, exhausted nature at length gave way, and, despite of watch, doze, and anxiety, he sank into slumber.

It is seldom that sleep, after such violent agitation, is either sound or refreshing. Lovell's was disturbed by a thousand hauntings and confused visions. He was a bird—he was a fish—or he flew like the one, and swam like the other,—qualities which would have been very essential to his safety a few hours before. Thus Miss Wardeur was a queen, or a bird of Paradise; her father a tyrant, or a sea-gull; and Oldbuck alternately a porpoise and a connoisseur. These agreeable imaginations were varied by all the usual vagaries of a feverish dream,—the air refused to bear the chimney, the water seemed to burn him—the rocks felt like down pillows as he was dashed against them—whatever he undertook, failed in some strange and unexpected manner—and whatever attracted his attention, underwent, as he attempted to investigate it, some wild and wonderful metamorphosis, while his mind continued all the while in some degree conscious of the delusion, from which it in vain struggled to free itself by waking.

ing,—dreadful symptoms all, with which those who are haunted by the night-mag, whom the learned call *Ephialtes*, are but too well acquainted. At length these awful phantasms arranged themselves into something more regular, if indeed the imagination of Lord, after he awoke (for it was by no means the faculty in which his mind was least rich), did not gradually, incessantly, and unintentionally, arrange in better order the scenes of which his sleep presented, it may be, a less distinct outline. Or it is possible that his feverish agitation may have assisted him in forming the vision.

Leaving this discussion to the learned, we will say, that after a succession of wild images, such as we have above described, our hero, he said we must acknowledge him, so far required a consciousness of locality as to remember where he was, and the whole furniture of the Green Chamber was depicted to his staggering eye. And here, once more, let us protest, that if there should be so much old-fashioned stuff left among this shrewd and sceptical generation, as to suppose that what follows was an impression conveyed rather by the eye than by the imagination, I do not impugn their doctrine. He was, then, or imagined himself, broad awake in the Green Chamber, gazing upon the flickering and occasional flames which the unconcerned remnants of the faggots and torch, as, one by one, they fell down upon the red embers, into which the principal part of the bonfires to which they belonged had crumbled away. Instantly the legend of Alchibriand Oldenstock, and his mysterious visits to the inmates of the chamber, awoke in his mind, and with it, as we often feel in dreams, an anxious and fearful expectation, which added this instantly to summon up before our mind's eye the object of our fear. Brighter sparkles of light dashed from the chimney, with such intense brilliancy as to enlighten all the room. The tapestry waved wildly on the wall, till its dusky forms seemed to become animated. The hunters blew their horns—the stag seemed to fly, the lion to resist, and the hounds to assail the one and pursue the other, the cry of *don*, answered by thrashing dogs—the shouts of men, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, seemed at once to surround him—while every group passed, with all the fury of the chase, the employment in which the artist had represented them as engaged. Lord looked on this strange scene dazed of wonder (which seldom intrudes itself upon the sleeping

lency), but with an anxious sensation of awfulness. As length an individual figure among the dressed business, as he passed upon them more slowly, seemed to leave the arms and to approach the bed of the chamberer. As he drew near, his figure appeared to alter. His high-born became a lower shaped volume; his hunting-cap changed to such a fitted head-piece as graced the bosomasters of Barchinotti, his Flemish garb remained but his features, no longer agitated with the fury of the chase, were changed to such a state of awful and stern composure, as might best portray the first proprietor of Blackheath, such as he had been described to Lord by his descendants in the course of the preceding evening. As this metamorphosis took place, the habit's among the other passengers in the arms disappeared from the imagination of the dreamer, which was now exclusively lost on the single figure before him. Lord strove to interrupt this awful process in the form of earnest prayer for the occasion; but his tongue, as it were in frightful dream, refused its office, and clung, palsied, to the roof of his mouth. Althorpe held up his finger, as if to impose silence upon the guest who had intruded on his apartment, and began deliberately to unroll the voluminous volume which occupied his left hand. When it was unfolded, he turned over the leaves hastily for a short space, and then raising his figure to its full dimensions, and holding the book aloft in his left hand, pointed to a passage in the page which he thus displayed. Although the language was unknown to our dreamer, his eye and attention were both strongly caught by the line which the figure seemed then to press upon his notice, the words of which appeared to blaze with a supernatural light, and remained riveted upon his memory. As the vision shut his volume, a stream of delightful music seemed to fill the apartment—Lord started, and became completely awake. The music, however, was still in his ears, but ceased till he could distinctly follow the measure of an old Scottish tune.

He sat up in bed, and endeavored to clear his brain of the phantoms which had disturbed it during this wazy night. The beams of the morning sun streamed through the half-closed shutters, and admitted a distinct light into the apartment. He looked round upon the hangings,—but the mixed groups of silken and worsted business were as stationary as water-brooks

could make them, and only troubled slightly as the early hours, which found its way through an open crevice of the latticed window, glided along their surface. Lord thrust out of bed, and, wrapping himself in a morning-gown, that had been negligently laid by his bedside, stepped towards the window, which commanded a view of the sea, the roar of whose billows announced it still disquieted by the storm of the preceding evening, although the morning weather had cleared. The shadow of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lord's apartment, was halcyon, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken down his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charm—it was now nothing more than an air on the larynx, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice of imagination in affecting the fine arts. A female voice sang, with pure tone and great simplicity, something between a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect:—

"Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged ruder as stone and grey?
Dost thou its former pride mourn,
Or ponder how it passed away?"

"Ere'er it came out into the Day Time's tale,
"So long enjoyed, so oft renewed—
Alternate, in thy future pride,
Desired, neglected, and forgot!"

"Before my breath, like living fire,
Now and its narrow path away—
And changing regions there and then,
Are founded, flourish and decay."

"Behold, what comes—the spirit is here!—
While in my glass the midnight shiver,
And midnight lay joy or grief,
When Time and thou shall part for ever!"

While the verses were yet singing, Lord had returned to his bed; the train of ideas which they awakened was romantic and phantastic, such as his soul delighted in, and, willingly postponing all more broad day the doubtful task of determining on his future line of conduct, he abandoned himself to the pleasing language inspired by the music, and fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which he was only awakened at a late hour by old Gagne,

who came creeping into the room to render the office of a *val-de-chambre*.

"I have brushed your coat, sir," said the old man, when he perceived Lovel was awake; "the coldest brought it from Fairport this morning, for that ye had on yesterday is surely steadily dry, though it's late o' night at the kitchen fire; and I has changed your shoes. I doubt ye'll no be wanting me to do your hair, sir" (with a gentle sigh) "o' the young gentlemen wear crops now; but I has the curling tongs here to go in o' his tress over the brow, if ye like, before ye go down to the lecture."

Lovel, who was by this time once more on his legs, declined the old man's professional office, but accompanied the retreating with such a denance as completely sweetened Ouzell's mortification.

"It's a pity he does get his hair thin and postured," said the ancient frater, when he had got down into the kitchen, in which, on one pretence or other, he spent three parts of his life time—that is to say, of his whole time—"it's a great pity, for he's a comely young gentleman."

"Hist ere, ye wad garb," said Jenny Featherstun, "would ye comb his heavy brown hair w' your rusty slyre, and then comb it like the wild skinkie's wig? Ye'll be for your hards. But, I'm warran't—hae, there's a sang guidick for ye—it will set ye better than be chattering at them, and the lapperin'th than meddling w' Mr. Lovel's head—ye wad spoil the mass natural and beautiful head o' hair in o' Fairport, heath bairn and a'."

The poor hie/hie sighed over the disrupted hair which he at had so universally failed, but Jenny was a person too important to offend by contradiction, so, sitting quietly down in the kitchen, he disposed at once his headpiece, and the contents of a locker which held a Scotch pint of substantial animal potage.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

*Sometimes to think that Nature has payment paid,
And content all the payments as they were,
Remember that only Time will Fairy's play,—
The hour and seasonal robes of the day.*

We must now request our reader to adjourn to the breakfast parlour of Mr. Oldbuck, who, despite the modern slops of tea and coffee, was substantially regaling himself, more vigorously, with cold roast-beef, and a glass of a sort of beverage called *mare*—a species of hot ale, brewed from wheat and bitter herbs, of which the present generation only know the name by its occurrence in various acts of parliament, coupled with *clay*, *perjury*, and other venerable commodities. Lord, who was advised to taste it, with difficulty refrained from pronouncing it detestable, but did refrain, as he saw he should otherwise give great offence to his host, who had the liquor annually proposed with peculiar care, according to the approved recipe bequeathed to him by the so often mentioned Abbot and Oldbuck. The hospitality of the ladies offered Lord a breakfast more suited to modern taste, and while he was engaged in partaking of it, he was assailed by indirect inquiries concerning the manner in which he had passed the night.

"We cannot compliment Mr. Lord on his looks this morning, brother—but he seems unaltered on any ground of disturbance he has had in the night time. I am certain he looks very pale, and when he next here he was as fresh as a rose."

"Why, sister, consider this rose of yours has been knocked about by me and wind all yesterday evening, as if he had been a bunch of hay or tangle, and how the devil would you have him retain his colour?"

"I certainly do still feel somewhat fatigued," said Lord, "notwithstanding the excellent accommodations with which your hospitality so amply supplied me."

"Ah, sir!" said Miss Oldbuck, looking at him with a knowing smile, as what was next to be said, "ye'll not allow of any inconveniences, out of civility to us."

"Really, madam," replied Lord, "I had no disturbance;

for I cannot turn such the music with which some kind fairy dreamed me."

"I doubted Mary wad waken you wi' her drizzling; she dinna ken I had left open a chink o' your window, for, perhaps the ghost, the Green Room (dinna vent wad in a high wind—) But I am judging ye baird mair than Mary's kin postress. What, man, are hoary creatures—they can get through wi' a' dings. I am sure, had I been to undergo any thing o' that nature,—that's to say that's beyond nature—I woud hae straight'ed out at once, and relief the house, be the consequence what likst—and, I dare say, the minister wad hae done as much, and so I hae told him,—I hae nobody but my brother, Macchianna himself, wad get through the like o' it, if, indeed, it kins you, M^r. Lovel."

"A man o' Mr. Oldback's learning, nauch," answered the questioned party, "woud not be exposed to the inconveniences sustained by the Highland gentlemen you mentioned last night."

"Ay, ay—ye understand now where the difficulty lies. Language! he has wags o' his ain wad baird o' some sort o' work, even as far as the hindmost parts o' Gaelic" (meaning possibly *Milian*), as M^r. Bhattingow! says—only ain wad be mair fit to write Scotch, though he be a ghost. I am sure I wud try that except o' yours, brother, that ye showed me in a book. If anybody is to sleep in that room again, though I think, in Christian charity, ye should rather fit up the mattress—It's a wee damp and dark, to be sure, but then we hae an seldom occasion for a spare bed."

"No, no, sister;—darkness and darkness are worse than spiders—there are spirits o' light, and I woud rather have you try the spell."

"I wud do that blythely, Macchianna, as I had the ingredients, in my cooking book, or's them—There was sorrows and salt—I mind that—Dark Diddle will hae about them, though, maybe, he'll gie them Latin names—and Peppercorns, we hae with o' them, ha'—"

"Hypericon, then, foolish woman!" thundered Oldback; "d'ye suppose you're making a bagge—or do you think that a spirit, though he be turned o' air, can be expelled by a receipt against wad?—This was Grand o' name, M^r. Lovel, nochtin (with what accuracy you may judge) a charm which I once mentioned to her, and which, happening to hit her superstitious

nodde, she remembers better than anything tending to a useful purpose, I may choose to have said for this ten years. But many an old woman has done herself!"——

"Ald woman, Moolkama!" said Miss Gildwick, raised something above her usual subservient tone; "ye really are less than still to me."

"Not less than just, Grisel! however, I include in the same class many a swarming worm, from Jamblefish down to Anthony, who have wasted their time in deriving imaginary consolation for non-existing diseases.—But I hope, my young friend, that, charmed or uncharmed—secured by the potency of Hypericon,

With venole and with ill,
That kinder watcher of their will,

or left discarded and defenceless to the incursions of the terrible world, you will give another night to the bosom of the heated apartment, and another day to your faithful and true friends."

"I heartily wish I could, but"——

"Nay, but can no tale—I have set my heart upon it."

"I am greatly obliged, my dear sir, but"——

"Look ye there, now—but again I—I hate but, I know no form of depression in which he can appear, that is suitable, excepting as a butt of mock. But it is to me a more detestable combination of letters than *so itself*. *It* is a sorry, honest fellow—speaks his mind rough and round at once. But is a snatching, sneering, half-bred, exceptionable sort of a suggestion, which comes to pull away the cap just when it is at your lips—

————— *It does allay*
The good greenish—do open, but yet!
But yet is so a jolly to bring forth
Some constant satisfaction."

"Well, then," murmured Lovell, whose notions were really undetermined at the moment, "you shall not connect the recollection of my name with so charitably a parasite. I must soon think of leaving Fairport, I am afraid—and I will, when you are good enough to wish it, take this opportunity of spending another day here."

"And you shall be rewarded, my boy. First, you shall see John of the Gravel's grave, and then we'll walk gently along the sands, the state of the tide being first ascertained (for we will have no more Peter Wilkins' adventures, no more Ginn and

Olivia went), as far as Knocknagare Castle, and inquire after the old knight and my fair foe—which will not be hardly civil, and then”——

“I beg pardon, my dear sir, but, perhaps, you had better adjourn your visit till to-morrow—I am a stranger, you know.”

“And are, therefore, the more bound to show civility, I should suppose. But I beg your pardon for mentioning a word that perhaps belongs only to a collector of antiquities—I am one of the old school.

When courtesy galloped o’er four centuries
The halls her partner in beheld,
And loudly kept the knight in mild.”

“Wig, H—d!—if you thought it would be expected—but I believe I had better stop.”

“Nay, nay, my good friend, I am not so old-fashioned as to press you to what is disagreeable, neither—it is sufficient that I see there is some reason, some cause of delay, some mild impediment, which I have no title to inquire into. Oh you are still somewhat free, perhaps,—I warrant I find means to entertain your intellects without fatiguing your limbs—I am no friend to violent exertion myself—a walk in the garden were today be as service enough for my thinking brain—none but a fool or a fan-hunter would require more. Well, what shall we set about?—my Essay on Chronometricals—but I have that in store for our afternoon cordial;—or I will show you the controversy upon Galton’s Poems between Mac-Caffie and me. I hold with the acute Oranlian—he with the defenders of the authenticity;—the controversy began in smooth, oily, lady-like terms, but is now waxing more sour and eager as we get on—it already partakes somewhat of old Baskin’s style. I fear the paper will get some scent of that story of Galton’s—but at worst, I have a hard reputation for him on the affair of the abstracted Antigone—I will show you his last epistle, and the scold of my niece—good, it is a trimmer!”

So saying, the Antiquary opened a drawer, and began rummaging among a quantity of miscellaneous papers, ancient and modern. But it was the misfortune of this learned gentleman, as it may be that of many learned and unlearned, that he frequently experienced, on such occasions, what *Barlogio* calls *frustrare* his volumes; in other words, the abundance of his collection often prevented him from finding the article he sought.

for. "Gaze the papers!—I believe," said Oldback, as he shuffled them to and fro—"I believe they make themselves wings like grasshoppers, and fly away badly—but here, in the manuscript, look at that little treasure." So saying, he put into her hand a case made of oak, bound at the cover with silver nose and studs—"Frydike, make the letters," said he, as he observed Lord fumbling at the clasp. He did so,—the lid opened, and discovered a thin quarto, curiously bound in black stagreen—"There, Mr. Lovel—there is the work I mentioned to you last night—the two quarto of the Augsburg Confession, the foundation at once and the bulwark of the Reformation, drawn up by the learned and venerable Melancthon, defended by the Elder of Saxony, and the other valiant hearts who stood up for their faith, arm against the front of a powerful and victorious emperor, and inspired by the scarcely less venerable and piousworthy Alchmund Oldenback, my happy progenitor, during the yet more tyrannical attempts of Philip II to suppress at once civil and religious liberty. You, sir—fit pointing this work, that eminent man was expelled from his ungrateful country, and driven to establish his household gods even here at Mordkharas, among the ruins of papal superstition and domination.—Look upon his venerable eldges, Mr. Lovel, and respect the housewifely occupation in which it presents him, as labouring personally at the press for the diffusion of Christian and political knowledge.—And see here his favourite motto, representative of his independence and self-reliance, which scorned to owe anything to patronage that was not earned by direct—exposure also of that sinuous of mind and tenacity of purpose recommended by Homer. He was indeed a man who would have stood firm, had his whole printing-house, press, type, forme, galle and small pica, been delivered to pawn around him.—Good, I say, his motto,—for each printer had his motto, or device, when that illustrious art was first practised. My ancestor's was expressed, as you see, in the Teutonic phrase, *Kunne Macht Geyet*—that is, skill, or produce, in scolding ourselves of our natural talents and advantages, will compel favour and patronage, even where it is withheld from prejudice or ignorance."

"And that," said Lovel, after a moment's thoughtful silence—"that, then, is the meaning of those German words?"

"Unquestionably. You perceive the appropriate application

to a consciousness of inward worth, and of existence as a useful and honourable act.—Each printer in those days, as I have already informed you, had his *devils*, his *experts*, as I may call it, in the same manner as the doughty chivalry of the age, who frequented tilt and tournament. My ancestor boasted as much to his, as if he had displayed it over a conquered field of battle, though it betokened the diffusion of knowledge, not the effluence of blood. And yet there is a family tradition which affirms him to have chosen it from a more romantic circumstance."

"And what is that said to have been, my good sir?" inquired his young friend.

"Why, it rather emanates on my respected predecessor's fame for probeness and wisdom—did avoid unnecessary cause—everybody has played the fool in their turn. It is said, my ancestor, during his apprenticeship with the descendant of old Faust, whose popular tradition hath went to the devil under the name of Faustus, was attracted by a pretty slip of woman-kind, his master's daughter, called Bertha—they became rivals, or went through some identical ceremony, as it used on such like occasions as the fighting of a true-love tooth, and abandoned out out on his journey through Germany, as became an honest handiworker, for such was the station of workmen at that time, to make a tour through the empire, and work at their trade for a time in each of the most ancient towns, before they finally settled themselves for life. It was a wise custom; for, as such travellers were received like brethren in each town by those of their own handicraft, they were sure, in every case, to have the means either of gaining or communicating knowledge. When my ancestor returned to Nuremberg, he is said to have found his old master nearly dead, and two or three gallant young artists, some of them half-starved sprigs of acidity somewhat, in pursuit of the *Feng-fue* Bertha, whose father was understood to have imprisoned her a dower which might weigh against sixteen ancestral quarters. But Bertha, not a bad sample of woman-kind, had made a vow she would only marry that man who could work her father's press. The skill, at that time, was as rare as wonderful; besides that the expectation tid her at more of most of her predecessors, who would have as soon wielded a conjuring wand as a conjuring stick. Some of the

more ordinary typographers made the attempt; but none were sufficiently possessed of the mystery—but I tire you."

"By no means; pray, proceed, Mr. Oldback—I listen with unobtrusive interest."

"Ah! it is a tall tale. However—Abdoland arrived in the ordinary dress, as we would say, of a journeyman joiner—the same in which he had traversed Germany, and conversed with Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and other learned men, who declined not his knowledge, and the power he possessed of diffusing it, though hid under a garb so homely. But what appeared respectable in the eyes of wisdom, religion, learning, and philosophy, seemed mean, as might readily be supposed, and disgusting, in those of silly and affected womanhood, and Darcie refused to acknowledge her former lover, as the torn doublet, skin cap, cloated shoes, and leathern apron, of a travelling handworkman or mechanic. He declined his proposals, however, of being admitted to a trial; and when the rest of the nation had either declined the contest, or made such work as the devil could not read if his portion depended on it, all eyes were bent on the stranger. Abdoland stepped gracefully forward, arranged the types without variation of a single letter, hyphen, or comma, imposed them without damaging a single space, and pulled off the first proof as clear and free from error, as if it had been a single verse! All applauded the worthy successor of the immortal Fusine—the thinking maiden acknowledged her error in trusting to the eye more than the intellect—and the elected huiusmodi then conferred advice for his impress or device the appropriate words, '*Still more fervor.*'—But what is the matter with you?—you are in a brown study! Once, I told you this was but trifling conversation for thinking people—and now I have my head on the *Oxford Controversy.*"

"I beg your pardon," said Lavel; "I am going to appear very silly and changeable in your eyes, Mr. Oldback—but you seemed to think Sir Arthur might in reality expect a rail from me?"

"Psha! psha! I can make your apology, and if you must leave us so soon as you say, what signifies how you stand in his humor's good graces?—And I warn you that the *Race as Contraband* is something profitable, and will occupy the time we are apart after dinner, so you may lose the *Oxford Contro-*

very if we do not dedicate this morning to it. We will go out to my ever-green hovey, my sacred holly-tree yonder, and have it *froide super viridi*.

"Sing high be I hallelu-lal for the green holly,
That friendship is keeping, most loving most holy."

But, quod," continued the old gentleman, "when I look closer at you, I begin to think you may be of a different species. Amen with all my heart—I quarrel with no man's holly, if he does not run it a till against mine, and if he does—let him beware his eyes. What say you?—in the language of the world and wrackings here, if you can condoned to so want a sphere, shall we stay or go?"

"In the language of selfishness, then, which is of course the language of the world—let us go by all means."

"Amen, amen, quod the Earl Marshall," surveyed Oldbuck, as he exchanged his slippers for a pair of stout walking shoes, with civilities, as he called them, of black cloth. His walk interrupted the walk by a slight deviation to the tomb of John of the Great, remembered as the last ballif of the abbey who had resided at Monk-hum. Beneath an old oak-tree upon a hillock, sloping pleasantly to the south, and affording a distant view of the sea over two or three rich endowments, and the Mased-rug, lay a moss-grown stone, and, in memory of the departed worthy, it bore an inscription, of which, as Mr. Oldbuck observed (though many doubted), the defunct character could be distinctly traced to the following effect:—

Here lyeth John of ye Great;
Erik has ye st, and hovey ye Great.
In his time the wyke's lands sheld,
Like good maner herte of' herte was staid.
Requied a full of hour in herte's eye,
Four for ye herte staid, and was the full maner wyke.

"You see how modest the author of this epigraphical commemoration was;—he tells us that honest John could make five Dicks, or quarters, as you would say, out of the holt, instead of four,—that he gave the fifth to the wives of the parish, and accounted for the other four to the abbot and chapter,—that in his time the wised hovey always laid eggs—and dev'd thank them, if they got one-fifth of the abbot's share; and that honest man's heart was never without with offering—an addition

to the islands, which they, as well as I, must have considered as perfectly unaccountable. But come on—leave me Jack of the Glend, and let us jog on to the yiffoer ankie, where the sea, like a repulsed enemy, is now retreating from the ground on which he gave us battle last night."

Thus saying, he led the way to the ankie. Upon the bairn or downs close to them, were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishers, whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the otherwise vaporous of girth melting under a burning sun, to contrast with those of the cliffs of fish and other numerous weekly collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by these complicated streams of observation, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat smoking a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief slung round about her head, and a coat which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, masculine stature, and harsh voice. "What are ye for the day, your honour?" she said, as rather screamed, to Othobek; "either haddock and wrings—a haddock-fake and a cock-palle?"

"How much for the haddock-fake and cock-palle?" demanded the Antiquary.

"Four white shillings and sixpence," answered the Maid.

"Four shillings and six of their mags?" returned the Antiquary; "do you think I am mad, Maggie?"

"And din ye think," rejoined the virgin, setting her arms a-kinde, "that my man and my son are to gae to the sea in weather like yestreen and the day—sic a sea as it's yet cuthy—and get mairling for their fish, and be mair'd into the bargain, Mackharna? It's no this ye're buying—it's man's lives."

"Well, Maggie, I'll bid you four—I'll bid you a shilling for the fake and the cock-palle, or sixpence separately—and if all your fish are as well sold, I think your man, as you call him, and your son, will make a good voyage."

"Dad gie their boat wae knockit against the Bell-Rock's rather: it wad be better, and the bonnie voyage o' the twa. A shilling for these twa bonnie fish! Oo, that's aye indeed!"

"Well, well, ye aye bidder, carry your fish up to Mackharna, and see what my sister will give you for them."

"Ye, na, Mackharna, gif a Sh.—I'll rather deal w' yourself; for though you're aye enough, yet Miss Grind has an aye

close grip—"I'll gie ye them" (in a softened tone) "for three-and-sixpence."

"Eighteen-pence, or nothing!"

"Eighteen-pence!!!!" (in a loud tone of astonishment, which declined into a sort of nasal whine, when the dealer turned as if to walk away)—"Ye'll no be for the fish, then?"—(then louder, as he saw him moving off)—"I'll gie ye them—and—and—paid a half-a-dozen o' potties to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dozen."

"Half-a-dozen then, Maggie, and a dozen."

"Awed, your honour must ha'e your ain gins, our dools; but a dron's worth efter now—the distilleries is no working."

"And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said Oldbuck.

"Ay, ay—it's easy for your honour, and the like o' you gentry-folks to say nae, that has stomach and teeth, and fire and fueling, and meat and drink, and all dry and sunny by the fire-side—but as ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claes, and were dining o' credit, and had a sair heart, while ye were aw', wif just supper in your pouch, wad ye be glad to buy a dron wi', to be riding and claes, and a supper and bonfire out into the langue, till the morn's morning?"

"It's awa' too true an apology, Maggie. Is your goodman off to sea this morning, after his curious last night?"

"In truth is he, Monksieur, he was aw' this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like horn wi' yestereve's wind, and my bot scullie dancing wi' like a cork."

"Well, he's an industrious fellow. Carry the fish up to Monkhouse."

"That I will—or I'll send little Jenny, she'll do better; but I'll be' on Miss Gray for the dron myself, and say ye sent me."

A wretched child, which might have passed for a mermaid, as it was paddling in a pool among the rocks, was summoned thither by the shrill screams of its dam; and having been made doct, as her mother called it, which was performed by adding a dash red clink to a potticoot, which was at first her sole covering, and which reached scarcely below her knees, the child was dismissed with the fish in a basket, and a request on the part of Monkhouse that they might be prepared for dinner. "It would have been long," said Oldbuck, with much

self-complacency, "are my womankind could have made such a reasonable bargain with that old skin-flint, though they sometimes wrangle with her for an hour together under my study window, like three sea-gulls screaming and spluttering in a gale of wind. But come, would we on our way to Knechtswald."

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

Pepper is—the only witness of your cowardice !
 First above first—first, that shows us how,
 Ours is no power, nor no religion
 But what they draw from their own sacred creeds,
 Or conscience themselves, yet they are no rebels.

SHAKSPEARE.

WITH our reader's permission, we will outstep the dawn, though starry pace of the Antiquary, whose habits, as he turned round to his occupation at every moment to point out something remarkable in the landscape, or to express some favourable opinion more emphatically than the exercises of walking permitted, delayed their progress considerably.

Notwithstanding the fatigue and dangers of the preceding evening, Miss Warden was able to rise at her usual hour, and to apply herself to her usual occupations, after she had first satisfied her anxiety concerning her father's state of health. Sir Arthur was no farther indisposed than by the efforts of great agitation and unusual fatigue, but these were sufficient to induce him to keep his bedchamber.

To look back on the events of the preceding day, was, to Isabella, a very unpleasant retrospect. She owed her life, and that of her father, to the very person by whom, of all others, she wished least to be obliged, because she could hardly even express common gratitude towards him without encouraging hopes which might be injurious to them both. "Why should it be my fate to receive such benefits, and answered at so much personal risk, from one whose romantic passion I have so unnecessarily laboured to discourage? Why should shame have given him the advantage over me? and why, ah why, should a half-embodied feeling in my own bosom, in spite of my sober reason, almost rejoice that he has obtained it?"

While Miss Worsley thus taxed herself with wayward caprice, she beheld advancing down the avenue, not her younger and more dreaded pursuer, but the old beggar who had made such a capital figure in the melancholy of the preceding evening.

She rang the bell for her maid-servant. "Bring the old man up stairs."

The servant returned in a minute or two—"He will come up at no time, madam;—he says he died when never was on a carpet in his life, and that, please God, they never shall.—Must I take him into the servants' hall?"

"No; stay, I want to speak with him.—Where is he?" for she had lost sight of him as he approached the house.

"Sitting in the sun on the stone-bench in the court, beside the window of the flagged parlour."

"And him stay there—I'll come down to the parlour, and speak with him at the window."

She came down accordingly, and found the mendicant half-seated, half-reclining, upon the bench beside the window. Edin Colfiver, old man and beggar as he was, had apparently some internal consciousness of the favourable impressions connected with his tall form, commanding features, and long white beard and hair. It need to be remarked of him, that he was seldom seen but in a posture which showed those personal attributes to advantage. At present, as he lay half-reclined, with his wrinkled yet ruddy cheek, and keen grey eye turned up towards the sky, his staff and bag laid beside him, and a cast of homely wisdom and somewhat irony in the expression of his countenance, while he gazed for a moment around the courtyard, and then resumed his former look upward, he might have been taken by one artist as the model of an old philosopher of the Cynic school, raising upon the frivolity of mortal pursuits, and the profane toilers of human passions, and looking up to the source from which aught permanently good can alone be derived. The young lady, as she presented her tall and elegant figure at the open window, was divided from the courtyard by a grating, with which, according to the fashion of earliest times, the lower windows of the castle were secured, gave an interest of a different kind, and might be supposed, by a romantic imagination, an imprisoned damsel commencing a tale of her journey to a palace, in order that he

might call upon the gallantry of every knight whom he should meet in his wanderings, to rescue her from her oppressive bondage.

After Miss Warkour had offered, in the terms she thought would be most acceptable, those thanks which the lawyer desired as far beyond his merit, she began to express herself in a manner which she supposed would speak more forcibly to his apprehensions. "She did not know," she said, "what her father intended particularly to do for their present, but certainly it would be something that would make him easy for life; if he chose to reside at the castle, she would give orders"—

The old man smiled, and shook his head. "I wad be bauld a guarantee and a disgrace to your fine servants, my lady, and I have never been a disgrace to anybody yet, that I ken of."

"Sir Arthur would give strict orders."

"Ye're very kind—I doubtna, I doubtna; but there are some things a master can command, and some he cannot—I daresay he wad get them keep hands off me—(that's truth, I think they wad hardly venture on that my gate)—and he wad get them gi' me my soap-purifics and bit meat. But how ye that Sir Arthur's command wuld defend the gibe o' the tongue or the blink o' the ee, or get them gi' me my food wi' the look o' kindness that gae it digest me wad, or that he wuld make them forbear o' the slight and taunts that hurt mae's spirit mair nor downright beating?—Besides, I am the kindest mild curle that ever lived; I daresay he wou'd down to hours o' eating and sleeping; and, to speak the honest truth, I wad be a very bad example in my well-regulated family."

"Well, then, Ede, what do you think of a neat cottage and a garden, and a daffy dole, and willing to do but to dig a little in your garden when you pleased yourself?"

"And how often wad that be, now ye, my lady? maybe no more stivers Galloway and Yule—and if a' thing wad be done to my hand, as if I was Sir Arthur himself, I wou'd never lide the staying still in ae place, and just wrong the same joints and muscles throu' my head, night after night—And then I hae a queer humour o' my ain, that sets a strolling beggar wad enough, whose word nobody minds—but ye ken Sir Arthur has odd sort o' ways—and I wad be jasting or sneering at them—and ye wad be angry, and then I wad be just fit to hang myself."

"O, you are a forward man," said Isabella; "we shall give you all reasonable scope: So you had better be ruled, and remember your age."

"But I am no that sort fellow yet," replied the merchant. "Oh, once I put a wee scapled pairson, I was so yauld as an eel. And then what wad o' the country do for want o' auld Elie Ochiltree, that brings news and country crafts frae ae farm-standing to another, and glenstrowed to the houses, and helps the lads to mend their killicks, and the gudewives to dunt their pins, and plants rush-works and ginsaffers caps for the women, and breaks the hair's dree, and has skill o' coo-life and hame-life, and keeps mair wild mags and takes them o' the heaving broods, and gars the body laugh wherever he comes! Truth, my laddy, I canna lay down my reason, it would be a public loss."

"Well, Elie, if your idea of your importance is so strong as not to be shaken by the prospect of independence?"—

"Na, na, Miss—e'e because I am mair independent as I am," answered the old man; "I beg nae mair as my single house than a meal o' roat, or maybe but a mouthful o't—o' it's refused at ae place, I get that another—nae I canna be said to depend on anybody in particular, but just on the country at large."

"Well, then, only promise me that you will let me know should you ever wish to settle as you turn old, and were incapable of making your usual rounds; and, in the meantime, take this."

"Na, na, my laddy: I durna take naething ailer at nae—it's against our rule; and—though it's maybe no drit to be repeating the like o' that—they say that ailer's like to be worse w' Sir Arthur himself, and that he's run himself out o' thought w' his bookings and counsels for land and copper yards."

Isabella had some anxious anticipations to the same effect, but was shocked to hear that her father's unbusinesslike were such public talk; as if scandal ever failed to stoop upon an acceptable quarry as the failings of the good man, the decline of the parental, or the decay of the prospective—Miss Warkour sighed deeply—"Well, Elie, we have enough to pay our debts, let folks say what they will, and requiring you is one of the foremost—let me press this man upon you."

"That I might be robbed and murdered some night between town and town! or, what's as bad, that I might live in constant apprehension o't!—I am no"—(lowering his voice to a whisper, and looking heavily around him)—"I am no that dems unprovided for neither; and though I should die at the back of a dyke, they'll find me muckle quieted in that cold blue gown as will bury me like a Christian, and get the kate and have a blythe lyfswade too; and there's the gentleman's funeral provided for, and I need not care. Were the like o' me ever to change a note, wad the devil o' ye think wad be as thick as to gie me charity after that!—it wad see through the country like wildfire, that auld Edie wad hae done aince a like thing, and then, the warrant, I might gae my heart out on anybody wad gie me either a bone or a ballie."

"Is there nothing, then, that I can do for you?"

"O aye—'I'll aye come for my someone as usual,—and whiles I wad be fine o' a pickie meekie, and ye mair speak to the constable and ground-officer just to overlook me; and maybe ye'll gie a gude word for me to Shandie Netherstone, the miller, that he may chide up his muckle dog—I wadna hae him to hurt the pair honest, for it's just down the office in looking at a gentleman like me. And there's na thing maybe mair,—but ye'll think it's very bauld o' the like o' me to speak o't."

"What is it, Edie?—if it respects you it shall be done if it is in my power."

"It respects yourself, and it is in your power, and I mair come out wi't. Ye are a bonny young lady, and a gude one, and maybe a well-to-do'd one—but dinna ye ever see the lad Leveil, as ye did a while aince on the walk beneath the Friary-hack, when I saw ye both, and heard ye too, though ye are not me. He came wi' the lad, for he knew ye well, and t're to him, and so to saying I could hae done for you, that Sir Arthur and you was ever yit there."

He uttered these words in a low but distinct tone of voice; and without waiting for an answer, walked towards a low door which led to the apartments of the servants, and so entered the house.

Miss Warton remained for a moment or two in the situation in which she had heard the old man's last extraordinary speech, leaning, namely, against the base of the window; nor could she determine upon saying even a single word, relative to a

subject so delicate, until the lawyer was out of sight. It was, indeed, difficult to determine what to do. That her having had an interview and private conversation with this young and unknown stranger, should be a secret possessed by a person of the best class in which a young lady would seek a confidant, and at the mercy of one who was by profession gossip-general to the whole neighbourhood, gave her some agony. She had no reason, indeed, to suppose that the old man would wilfully do anything to hurt her feelings, much less to injure her; but the mere freedom of speaking to her upon such a subject, showed, as might have been expected, a total absence of delicacy; and what he might take it into his head to do or say next, that she was pretty sure no professed an admirer of liberty would not hesitate to do or say without scruple. This idea so much hurt and vexed her, that she half-wished the officious assistance of Lord and Gidbrook had been absent upon the preceding evening.

While she was in this agitation of spirits, she suddenly observed Gidbrook and Lord entering the court. She drew instantly to the back from the window, that she could, without being seen, observe how the Antiquary passed in front of the building, and pointing to the various scutcheons of its former owners, seemed in the act of bestowing upon Lord much curious and useful information, which, from the silent look of his auditor, Isabella might scarcely guess was entirely thrown away. The necessity that she should take some resolution became instant and pressing;—she rang, therefore, for a servant, and ordered him to show the visitors to the drawing-room, while she, by another staircase, gained her own apartment, to consider, as she made her appearance, what line of conduct was fittest for her to pursue. The guests, according to her instructions, were introduced into the room where company was usually received.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

———The time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee hate.
Thy company, which erst was odious to me,
I will receive ———

But do not look for further recompense

As YOU HAVE IT

MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR'S complexion was considerably brightened, when, after the delay necessary to arrange her dress, she presented herself in the drawing-room.

"I am glad you are come, my dear Isabella," said the Antiquary greeting her with much kindness, "for I have had a most refractory, or at least negligent auditor, in my young friend here, while I endeavoured to make him acquainted with the history of Kneblewinnock Castle. I think the danger of heri might has maddened the poor lad. But you, Miss Isabella,—why, you look as if flying through the night air had been your natural and most congenial occupation; your colour is even better than when you honoured my hospitable yesterday. And Sir Arthur—how does my good old friend?"

"Indifferently well, Mr. Oldbuck; but I am afraid, not quite able to receive your congratulations, or to pay—to pay—Mr. Lovel his thanks for his unparalleled operations."

"I dare say not—A good down pillow for his good white head were more need than a coach so cheerful as Bessy's—open, please to her!"

"I had no thought of travelling," said Lovel, looking upon the ground, and speaking with hesitation and suppressed emotion; "I did not—did not mean to intrude upon Sir Arthur or Miss Wardour the presence of one who—who must necessarily be unwelcome—as associated, I mean, with painful recollections."

"Do not think my father so unjust and ungrateful," said Miss Wardour. "I dare say," she continued, participating in Lovel's embarrassment—"I dare say—I am certain—that my father would be happy to show his gratitude—in any way—that is, which Mr. Lovel could consider it as proper to point out."

"Why she does," interrupted Oldbuck, "what sort of a

qualification is that!—On my word, it reminds me of our minister, who, choosing, like a darning old fog as he is, to drink to my sister's inclinations, thought it necessary to add the anti-tag clause, *Provided, madam, they be virtuous*. Come, let us have no more of this nonsense—I dare say Sir Arthur will bid us welcome on some future day. And what news from the kingdom of subterranean darkness and airy hope?—What says the secret spirit of the mine? Has Sir Arthur had any good intelligence of his adventure lately in Glen-Wiskenham?"

Miss Wardeur shook her head—"But indifferent, I fear, Mr. Oldback; but there be some specimens which have lately been sent down."

"Ah! my poor dear headed friends, which Sir Arthur persuaded me to give for a share in that hopeful scheme, would have bought a porter's load of metaphysics—But let me see them."

And so saying, he sat down at the table in the room, on which the mineral productions were lying, and proceeded to examine them, grumbling and jolting at each which he took up and laid aside.

In the meantime, Lord, forced as it were by this coming of Oldback, into a sort of *Witz-tête* with Miss Wardeur, took an opportunity of addressing her in a low and interrupted tone of voice. "I trust Miss Wardeur will excuse, in circumstances almost irresistible, this intrusion of a person who has reason to think himself—an unacceptable visitor."

"Mr. Lord," returned Miss Wardeur, observing the same tone of caution, "I trust you will not—I am sure you are incapable of abusing the advantages given to you by the services you have rendered us, which, as they affect my father, can never be sufficiently acknowledged or repaid. Could Mr. Lord see me without his own peace being affected—could he see me as a friend—as a sister—no man will be—and, then all I have ever heard of Mr. Lord, ought to be, more welcome, but"—

Oldback's sentiments against the proposition, but was internally rebuked by Lord. "Forgive me if I interrupt you, Miss Wardeur; you need not fear my intruding upon a subject where I have been already severely reprimanded;—but do not add to the severity of repelling my sentiments the rigour of obliging me to discover them."

"I am much embarrassed, Mr. Lovel," replied the young lady, "by your—I would not willingly use a strong word—your romantic and hopeless persistency. It is for yourself I plead, that you would consider the calls which your country has upon your talents—that you will not waste, in an idle and fruitless indulgence of an ill-placed predilection, time, which, well redeemed by active exertion, should lay the foundation of future distinction. Let me entreat that you would form a manly resolution."

"It is enough, Miss Wardour;—I see plainly that"—

"Mr. Lovel, you are hurt—and, behave as, I sympathize in the pain which I inflict; but not I, in justice to myself, is bound to you, do otherwise! Without my father's consent, I never will entertain the address of any man, and how totally impossible it is that he should countenance the partiality with which you honour me, you are yourself fully aware; and, indeed,"

"No, Miss Wardour," answered Lovel, in a tone of passionate urgency, "do not go further—in it not enough to crush every hope in our present relative situation?—do not carry your resolutions further—why urge what would be your conduct if Sir Arthur's objections could be removed?"

"It is indeed vain, Mr. Lovel," said Miss Wardour, "because their removal is impossible; and I only wish, as your friend, and as one who is obliged to you for her own and her father's life, to entreat you to suppress that unfortunate attachment—to leave a country which affords no scope for your talents, and to resume the honourable line of the profession which you seem to have abandoned."

"Well, Miss Wardour, your wishes shall be obeyed;—have patience with me one little month, and if, in the course of that space, I cannot show you such reasons for continuing my residence at Fairport, as even you shall approve of, I will bid adieu to its vicinity, and, with the same breath, to all my hopes of happiness."

"Not so, Mr. Lovel; many years of deserved happiness, founded on a more rational basis than your present wishes are, I trust, before you. But it is full time to finish this contrivance. I cannot force you to adopt my advice—I cannot shut the door of my father's house against the preserver of his life and mine; but the wiser Mr. Lovel can touch his mind to

subject to the inevitable disappointment of wishes which have been so rashly formed, the more highly he will rise in my esteem—and, in the meanwhile, for his sake as well as mine, he must excuse my putting an interdiction upon conversation on a subject so painful."

A servant at this moment announced that Sir Arthur desired to speak to Mr. Oldbuck in his dressing-room.

"Let me show you the way," said Miss Woodhouse, who apparently desired a continuation of her flirtations with Lovel, and she conducted the Antiquary accordingly to her father's apartment.

Sir Arthur, his legs crossed in flannel, was stretched on the couch. "Welcome, Mr. Oldbuck," he said; "I trust you have come better off than I have done from the sedentary of yesterday evening!"

"Truly, Sir Arthur, I was not so much exposed to it—I kept down *down*—you fairly committed yourself to the cold night-air in the most literal of all senses. But such adventures become a gallant knight better than a humble squire,—to rise on the wings of the night-wind—to dive into the bosom of the earth. What news from our enterprising Good Hope!—the new acquisition of *Glen-Willemshuis*?"

"Nothing good as yet," said the Baronet, turning himself hastily, as if stung by a pang of the gout, "but Donatourville does not despair."

"Does he not?" quoth Oldbuck; "I do though, under his form. Why, did Dr. B———" told me, when I was in Edinburgh, that we should never find copper enough, judging from the specimens I showed him, to make a pair of dipping knee-buckles—and I cannot see that those samples on the table below differ much in quality."

"The learned doctor is not infallible, I perceive!"

"No; but he is one of our first characters; and this tripping philosopher of yours—the Donatourville—a, I have a notion, one of those learned adventurers described by Hudibras, *Arms behind our ears, parties and parts, quivers motioned out and in, who were mistaken in*; that is to say, Miss Woodhouse"—

"It is necessary to translate," said Miss Woodhouse—"I comprehended your general meaning; but I hope Mr. Donatourville will turn out a more trustworthy character."

"Probably Dr. Hutton, the celebrated geologist.

"I doubt it not a little," said the Antiquary,—"and we are a foul way out if we cannot discover this intended veil that he has prophesied about these two poets."

"You have no great interest in the matter, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Baronet.

"Too much, too much, Sir Arthur; and yet, for the sake of my life for here, I would consent to lose it all as you had to serve on the venture."

There was a painful silence of a few moments, for Sir Arthur was too proud to acknowledge the downfall of his golden dreams, though he could no longer disguise to himself that such was likely to be the termination of the adventure. "I understand," he at length said, "that the young gentleman, to whose gallantry and goodness of mind we were so much indebted last night, has favoured me with a visit—I am distressed that I am unable to see him, or indeed say one, but an old friend like you, Mr. Oldbuck."

A declaration of the Antiquary's stiff backbone acknowledged the preference.

"You made acquaintance with this young gentleman in Edinburgh, I suppose?"

Oldbuck told the circumstances of their becoming known to each other.

"Why, then, my daughter is an older acquaintance of Mr. Lord than you are," said the Baronet.

"Indeed! I was not aware of that," answered Oldbuck somewhat surprised.

"I met Mr. Lord," said Isabella, slightly colouring, "when I resided the last spring with my aunt, Mrs. Winton."

"In Yorkshire?—and what chance did he bear then, or how was he engaged?" said Oldbuck,—"and why did not you recognize him when I introduced you?"

Isabella answered the least difficult question, and passed over the other.—"He had a commission in the army, and had, I believe, served with reputation; he was much respected, as an amiable and promising young man."

"And pray, such being the case," replied the Antiquary, not disposed to take one reply in answer to two distinct questions, "why did you not speak to the lad at once when you met him at my house? I thought you had lost of the poetry pride of womanhood about you, Miss Winton."

"There was a reason for it," said Sir Arthur with dignity; "you know the opinions—prejudices, perhaps you will call them—of our house concerning purity of birth. This young gentleman is, it seems, the illegitimate son of a man of fortune; my daughter did not choose to reveal their acquaintance till she should know whether I approved of her holding any intercourse with him."

"If it had been with his mother instead of himself," answered Oldbuck, with his usual dry severity of humour, "I could see an excellent reason for it. Ah, poor lad! that was the cause, then, that he seemed so absent and confused while I explained to him the reason of the bond of bastardy upon the staid ponder under the corpse turret?"

"True," said the Baronet, with complacency—"it is the shield of Malcolm the Urrman, as he is called. The tower which he built is termed, after him, Malcolm's Tower, but more frequently Matthew's Tower, which I consider to be a corruption for *Mithras*. He is deified, in the Latin pedigree of our family, *Mithelundus Natus*, and the temporary seizure of our property, and most unjust attempt to establish his own illegitimate line in the estate of Keweenawock, gave rise to such family feuds and misadventures, as strongly to brand us as that house and antiquity is defiled blood and illegitimacy which has been handed down to me from my respected ancestry."

"I know the story," said Oldbuck, "and I was telling it to Lord, this morning, with some of the wise maxims and consequences which it has suggested on your family politics. Poor fellow! he must have been much lost: I took the wavering of his attention for negligence, and was something piqued at it, and it proves to be only an excess of feeling. I hope, Sir Arthur, you will not think the loss of your life because it has been preserved by such assistance?"

"Not the loss of my assistant either," said the Baronet; "my doors and table shall be equally open to him as if he had descended of the most unblemished lineage."

"Ours, I am glad of that—he'll know where he can get a dinner, then, if he wants one. But what victim can he have in the neighbourhood? I must catch him; and if I find he wants it—or, indeed, whether he does or not—he shall have my best advice." As the Antiquary made this blood promise, he took his leave of Miss Warden and her father, eager to com-

menage operations upon Mr. Lovel. He informed her abruptly that Miss Worslow sent her compliments, and remained in attendance on her father, and then, taking him by the arm, he led him out of the castle.

Ketchikanook still preserved much of the external stinkiness of a baronial castle. It had its drawbridge, though now never drawn up, and its dry moat, the sides of which had been planted with shrubs, chiefly of the evergreen tribes. Above them rose the old building, partly from a foundation of red rock scraped down to the sea-beach, and partly from the steep green verge of the moat. The trees of the avenue have been already mentioned, and many others rose around of large size,—as if to confute the prejudice that timber cannot be raised near to the coast. Our walkers passed, and looked back upon the castle, as they attained the height of a small knoll, over which lay their homeward road; for it is to be supposed they did not tempt the risk of the tide by returning along the sands. The building flung its broad shadow upon the tufted foliage of the shrubs beneath it, while the front windows sparkled in the sun. They were viewed by the guests with very different feelings. Lovel, with the fixed expression of that passion which desires its food and nourishment from tribulation, as the rhinoceros is said to live on the air, or upon the terrible heat in which it contains, contemplated its superfluous which of the numerous windows belonged to the apartment now graced by Miss Worslow's presence. The speculations of the Antiquary were of a more scholarly cast, and were partly infected by the speculations of our poeture; as he turned away from the prospect Lovel, raised from his reverie, looked at him as if to require the meaning of an exclamation so curious. The old man shook his head. "Yes, my young friend," and he, "I don't greatly—and it wrings my heart to say it—this ancient family is going fast to the ground!"

"Indeed?" answered Lovel—"you surprise me greatly."

"We harrow ourselves in vain," continued the Antiquary, pursuing his own train of thought and feeling—"we harrow ourselves in vain to tread with the indifference they deserve, the changes of this transitory whirling world. We strive instinctively to be the self-sufficing invulnerable being, the *corax æternus* of the poet;—the stored exemption which philosophy affects to give us over the pains and vexations of human life,

is as imaginary as the state of mystical quietism and perfection aimed at by some crazy enthusiasts."

"And Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise!" said Lovell, warmly—"However faded that any process of philosophy were capable as to our and indeed our feelings, that nothing should agitate them but what arose naturally and immediately out of our own selfish interests! I would as soon wish my hand to be as callous as horn, that it might escape an occasional cut or scratch, as I would be ambitious of the station which should render my heart like a piece of the rather callous."

The Antiquary regarded his youthful companion with a look half of pity, half of sympathy, and shrugged up his shoulders as he replied—"What, young man—what tell your back has been battered by the storm of sixty years of mortal vicissitude: you will learn by that time to reel your will, that she may stay the helm;—or, in the language of this world, you will find distress enough, andared and to endure, to keep your feelings and sympathies in full exercise, without concerning yourself more in the fate of others than you cannot possibly avoid."

"Well, Mr. Oldback, it may be so—but as yet I resemble you more in your practice than in your theory, for I cannot help being deeply interested in the fate of the family we have just left."

"And with you may," replied Oldback. "For Arthur's commitments have of late become so many and so pressing, that I am surprised you have not heard of them. And then, his slow and expensive operations carried on by the High-German landlubber, Donatsewicz!"—

"I think I have seen that person, when, by some rare chance, I happened to be in the coffee-room at Fairport;—a tall, bottle-browed, awkward-built man, who entered upon scientific subjects, as if acquainted to my ignorance at least, with more assurance than knowledge—was very arbitrary in laying down and asserting his opinions, and mixed the terms of science with a strange jargon of mysticism. A simple youth whispered me that he was an *Idem*, and carried on an intercourse with the invisible world."

"O, the same—the same. He has enough of practical knowledge to speak abstrusely and wisely to those of whose in-

telligence he stands in awe; and, to say the truth, this facility, joined to his matchless impudence, imposed upon me for some time when I first knew him. But I have since understood, that when he is among fools and weak-minded, he exhibits himself as a perfect charlatan—talks of the mysteries—of sympathies and antipathies—of the cabala—of the divinings—*and*—all the trumpery with which the Kabbalists devoted a darker age, and which, to our eternal disgrace, has to some degree revived in our own. My friend Hieronymus knew this fellow abroad, and unintentionally (for he, you must know, is, God bless the mark! a sort of believer) let me into a good deal of his real character. Ah! were I capable for a day, as Hamlet Aben Hassan wished to be, I would arrange the three inglores out of the commonwealth with rods of aspen. They debauch the spirit of the ignorant and credulous with ingested truth, as effectually as if they had besotted their brains with gin, and then pick their pockets with the same facility. And now has this strutting blackguard and mountebank put the finishing blow to the ruin of an ancient and honorable family!"

"But how could he impose upon Sir Arthur to any ruinous extent?"

"Why, I don't know. Sir Arthur is a good honorable gentleman; but, as you may see from his loose ideas concerning the Polish language, he is by no means very strong in the understanding. His estate is strictly entailed, and he has been always an embarrassed man. This rhapsodist persuaded him to sustain of wealth, and an English company was found to advance large sums of money—I fear on Sir Arthur's guarantee. Some gentlemen—I was one enough to be one—took equal shares in the concern, and Sir Arthur himself made great outlay; we were trained on by specious assurances and more specious lies; and now, like John Rumpas, we awake, and behold it is a dream!"

"I am surprised that you, Mr. Oldbrook, should have encouraged Sir Arthur by your example."

"Why," said Oldbrook, dropping his large grizzled eyebrows, "I am something surprised and ashamed at it myself; it was not the love of gain—nobody more here for money (to be a prudent man) than I do—but I thought I might risk this small sum. It will be expected (though I am sure I cannot see why) that I should give something to any one who will be kind

enough to tell me of that ship of wretchedness, my niece, Mary M'Intyre; and perhaps it may be thought I should do something to get that package, her brother, on in the way. In other cases, to trade my ventures would have helped me out. And besides, I had some idea that the Phœnix had in former times wrought copper in that very spot. That mining abandoned, disappointed, found out my heart side, and brought strange tales (I—on him) of appearances of old shafts, and vestiges of mining operations, conducted in a manner quite different from those of modern times; and I—in short, I was a fool, and there is an end. My loss is not much worth speaking about; but Sir Arthur's engagements are, I understand, very deep, and my heart aches for him, and the poor young lady who must share his distress."

Here the conversation passed, until resumed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

If I may break the following eye of sleep,
 My dream's strange scenes some joyful news at least.
 My lover's love sits lightly on his throne,
 And all this day, as we continued apart,
 Life was above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
TOMAS AND JEMIMA.

THE account of Sir Arthur's unhappy adventures had led Oldbuck somewhat aside from his purpose of catching Lord concerning the name of his residence at Fairport. He was now, however, resolved to open the subject. "Miss Worsbur was formerly known to you, she tells me, Sir, Lord?"

"He had had the pleasure," Lord answered, "to see her at Mrs. Whitely's, in Yorkshire."

"Indeed! you never mentioned that to me before, and you did not meet her as an old acquaintance?"

"I—I did not know," said Lord, a good deal embarrassed, "it was the same lady, till we met; and then it was my duty to wait till she should recognise me."

"I am aware of your delinquency: the knight's a generous old fool, but I promise you his daughter is shrewd and unassailable ceremony and prejudice. And now, since you have found a

new set of friends here, may I ask if you intend to leave Fairport as soon as you proposed?"

"What if I should answer your question by another," replied Lord, "and ask you what is your opinion of dreams?"

"Of dreams, you foolish lad!—why, what should I think of them, but as the deceptions of imagination when reason drops the reins? I know no difference between them and the hallucinations of madness—the unguided horses run away with the carriage in both cases, only in the one the coachman is drunk, and in the other he slumbers. What says our Marcus Tullius—*Si diuinius vultu sitis aut insensibiles, aut profecto remotionem sensus, que sensu sunt perturbantur aut, non insidit.*"

"Yes, sir; but Cicero also tells us, that as he who wears the whole day is deriving the javelin must sometimes hit the mark, so, amid the cloud of nightly dreams, some may occur momentary to future events."

"Ay—that is to say, you have hit the mark in your own eyes opinion! Lord! Lord! how this world is given to folly! Well, I will allow for once the Occultist's science—I will give birth to the exposition of dreams, and say a Daniel hath arisen to interpret them, if you can prove to me that that dream of yours has pointed to a prudent line of conduct."

"Tell me, then," answered Lord, "why when I was hesitating whether to abandon an enterprise, which I have perhaps rashly undertaken, I should last night dream I saw your ancestor pointing to a motto which encouraged me to perseverance!—why should I have thought of those words which I cannot remember to have heard before, which are in a language unknown to me, and which yet conveyed, when translated, a lesson which I could so plainly apply to my own circumstances?"

The Artillery burst into a fit of laughing. "Excuse me, my young friend—but it is thus we silly mortals deceive ourselves, and look out of doors for motives which originate in our own selfish will. I think I can help out the cause of your vision. You were so abstracted in your contemplations yesterday after dinner, as to pay little attention to the discourse between Sir Arthur and me, until we fell upon the controversy concerning the Phila, which terminated so abruptly;—but I remember proposing to Sir Arthur a book printed by my ancestor, and making him observe the motto; your mind was bent elsewhere, but your ear had mechanically received and retained the sounds,

and your busy busy, stirred by Otinel's legend. I presume, had introduced this scrap of German into your dream. As for the waking wisdom which relied on so favourable a circumstance as an apology for preserving in some corners which it could find no better reason to justify, it is exactly one of those juggling tricks which the agent of no play off now and then, to gratify our inclination at the expense of our understanding."

"I own it," said Lovel, blinking deeply;—"I believe you are right, Mr. Oldback, and I ought to sink in your esteem for standing a moment's consequence to such a folly;—but I was tossed by contradictory wishes and resolutions, and you know how slight a loss will tow a boat when adrift on the billows, though a cable would hardly move her when pulled up on the beach."

"Right, right," exclaimed the Antiquary. "Fall in my opinion!—not a whit—I love thee the better, man;—why, we have story for story against each other, and I can think with less shame on having exposed myself about that cursed Pterodactyl—though I am well assured Agrioch's camp must have been somewhere in this neighbourhood. And now, Lovel, my good lad, be sincere with me—What made you forsake Wittenberg?—why have you left your own country and professional pursuits, for an idle residence in such a place as Fairport? A truant disposition, I fear."

"Even so," replied Lovel, patiently submitting to an interrogatory which he could not well evade. "Yet I am so detached from all the world, have so few in whom I am interested, or who are interested in me, that my very state of desolation gives me independence. He whose good or evil fortune affects himself alone, has the best right to pursue it according to his own fancy."

"Pardon me, young man," said Oldback, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, and making a full halt—"sufferance—a little patience, if you please. I will suppose that you have no friends to share or rejoice in your success in life—that you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those to whom you ought to afford protection; but it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty—for your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with power to serve yourself and others."

"But I am unconscious of possessing such powers," said Level, somewhat impatiently. "I ask nothing of society but the permission of walking unimpeded through the path of life, without jostling others, or permitting myself to be jostled. I care no more anything—I have the means of maintaining myself with complete independence; and as moderate are my wishes in this respect, that even those means, however limited, rather exceed than fall short of them."

"Nay, then," said Oldback, removing his hand, and turning again to the road, "if you are so true a philosopher as to think you have money enough, there's no more to be said—I cannot pretend to be entitled to advise you,—you have attained the end—the summit of perfection. And how comes Fairport to be the selected shade of so much self-denying philosophy? It is as if a worshipper of the true religion, had set up his staff by choice among the multitudinous idols of the land of Egypt. There is not a man in Fairport who is not a devoted worshipper of the Golden Calf—the manner of unrighteousness. Why, even I, now, am so infected by the bad neighbourhood, that I feel inclined occasionally to become an idolater myself."

"My principal engagements being literary," answered Level, "and circumstances which I cannot mention having induced me, for a time at least, to relinquish the military service, I have picked on Fairport as a place where I might follow my pursuits without any of those temptations to society which a more elegant circle might have presented to me."

"Aha!" replied Oldback, knowingly,—“I begin to understand your application of my ancestor's motto. You are a candidate for public favour, though not in the way I first suspected,—you are ambitious to shine as a literary character, and you hope to merit favour by labour and perseverance!”

Level, who was rather closely pressed by the inguairousness of the old gentleman, concluded it would be best to let him remain in the error which he had gratuitously adopted.

"I have been at times foolish enough," he replied, "to cherish some thoughts of the kind."

"Ah, poor fellow! nothing can be more melancholy; unless, as young men sometimes do, you had flattered yourself in love with some transitory specimen of womanhood, which is indeed,

as Shakespeare truly says, pressing to death, whipping, and hanging all at once."

He then proceeded with inquiries, which he was sometimes kind enough to answer himself. For this good old gentleman had, from his antiquarian researches, acquired a delight in building theories out of premises which were often far from affording sufficient ground for them; and being, as the reader must have remarked, sufficiently egotistical, he did not readily brook being corrected, either in matter of fact or judgment, even by those who were principally interested in the subjects on which he speculated. He went on, therefore, chalking out Lord's literary career for him.

"And with what do you propose to commence your debut as a man of letters?—But I guess—poetry—poetry—the soft seducer of youth. You! there is an acknowledging modesty of confusion in your eye and manner. And where lies your vein?—are you inclined to soar to the higher regions of Parnassus, or to flutter around the base of the hill?"

"I have hitherto attempted only a few lyrical pieces," said Lord.

"Just as I supposed—pruning your wing, and hopping from spray to spray. But I trust you intend a bolder flight. Otherwise, I would by no means recommend you persevering in this unprofitable pursuit—but you say you are quite independent of the public opinion?"

"Exactly so," replied Lord.

"And that you are determined not to adopt a more active source of life?"

"For the present, such is my resolution," replied the young man.

"Why, then, it only remains for me to give you my best advice and assistance in the object of your pursuit. I have myself published two essays in the *Antiquarian Repository*,—and therefore am an author of experience. There was my *Remarks on Hume's edition of Robert of Gloucester*, signed *Scudmore*, and the other signed *Indepente*, upon a passage in Tacitus. I might add, what attracted considerable notice at the time, and that is my paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, upon the inscription of *Gilia Lelia*, which I subscribed *Chilgren*. So you see I am not an appendice in the mysteries of authorship, and must necessarily understand the taste and temper

of the times. And now, once more, what do you intend to commence with?"

"I have no instant thoughts of publishing."

"Ah! that will never do; you must have the favor of the public before your eyes in all your undertakings. Let us see now. A collection of fugitive pieces; but no—your fugitive poetry is apt to become stationary with the book-seller. It should be something at once solid and attractive—none of your romances or tawdry novels—I would have you take high ground at once. Let me see: What think you of a real epic?—the grand old-fashioned historical poem which moved through terrors or tragedy-four books. We'll have it so—I'll supply you with a subject—The battle between the Chokowans and Romans—The Chokowian, or, *Invaders Expelled*—let that be the title—it will suit the present taste, and you may there be a touch of the times."

"But the invasion of Agricola was not expelled."

"No; but you are a poet—free of the corporation, and as little bound down to truth or probability as Virgil himself—You may defeat the Romans in spite of Tacitus."

"And pitch Agricola's camp at the Gates of—what do you call it?" answered Lovell, "in defense of Little Obedience!"

"No more of that, no then leave me—And yet, I dare say, you may interestingly speak most correct truth in both instances, in despite of the tops of the historians and the blue gowns of the manuscript."

"Gladly accepted!—Well, I will do my best—your kindness will assist me with local information."

"Well I see, now!—why, I will write the critical and historical notes on each canto, and show out the plan of the story myself. I pretend to some poetical genius, Mr. Lovell, only I was never able to write verse."

"It is a pity, sir, that you should have dined in a gentleman somewhat essential to the art."

"Essential?—not a whit—it is the mere mechanical department. A man may be a poet without measuring squarings and dactyls like the ancients, or dashing the ends of lines into rhymes like the moderns, as one may be an architect though unable to labour like a stone-mason—Don't think Palladio or Vitruvius ever carried a hod!"

"In that case, there should be two editors to each poem—one to think and plan, another to execute."

"Why, it would not be unfair; at any rate, we'll make the experiment;—not that I would wish to give my name to the public—assistance from a learned friend might be acknowledged in the preface after what I should your nature will—I am a total stranger to authorial vanity."

Lovel was much entertained by a declaration not very consistent with the eagerness wherewith his friend seemed to catch at an opportunity of coming before the public, though in a manner which rather resembled stepping up behind a carriage than getting into one. The Antiquary was indeed excessively delighted; for, like many other men who spend their lives in obscure literary research, he had a secret ambition to appear in print, which was checked by cold fits of diffidence, fear of criticism, and habits of indolence and procrastination. "But," thought he, "I may, like a second Tasso, discharge my shafts from behind the shield of my ally; and, at least that he should not prove to be a first-rate poet, I am in no shape accountable for his deficiencies, and the good notes may very probably help off an indifferent poet. But he is—he must be a good poet; he has the real Parnassian abstraction— seldom answers a question till it is twice repeated—drinks his tea smoking, and sits without knowing what he is putting into his mouth. Then as the real notes, the news of the Welsh bards, the divine effusions that transport the poet beyond the limits of ordinary things. His visions, too, are very symptomatic of poetic fury—I must recollect to send Casan to see he puts out his candle to-night—poets and visionaries are apt to be negligent in that respect." Then, turning to his companion, he expressed himself aloud, in confirmation—

"Yes, my dear Lovel, you shall have full notes, and, indeed, I think we may introduce the whole of the *Essay on Contradiction* into the appendix—it will give great value to the work. Then we will revive the good old drama as disgracefully neglected in modern times. You shall invade the *Manuscript*—and certainly she ought to be propitious to an author who, in an unobtrusive age, adheres with the faith of Abdiel to the ancient form of devotion.—Then we must have a vision—in which the Garter of Caladbolg shall appear to Galgacus, and show him a procession of the real Scottish monarchs:—and in the notes I will have a

hit at Euclides—No, I must not touch that topic, now that Sir Arthur is likely to hito venation enough to make—let Mr. Euclides Oates, Humphreys, and Mac Crick.”

“But we must consider the expense of publication,” said Lord, willing to try whether the book would sell like cold water on the blistering soul of his adored and adoring.

“Expense?” said Mr. Oldback, pointing, and mechanically fumbling in his pocket—“that is true;—I would wish to do something—but you would not like to publish by subscription?”

“By no means,” answered Lord.

“No, no!” gladly accepted the Antiquary—“it is not respectable. I’ll tell you what. I believe I know a bookseller who has a value for my opinion, and will risk your work, paper, and I will get as many copies sold for you as I can.”

“Oh, I am no necessary author,” answered Lord, smiling; “I only wish to be out of risk of loss.”

“Ha! ha! we’ll take care of that—leave it all on the publisher. I do long to see your labours commenced. You will choose blank verse, doubtless!—it is most grand and magnificent for an historical subject; and, what amazeth you, my friend, it is, I have no thin, more easily written.”

This conversation brought them to Monkberry, where the Antiquary had to undergo a driving from his sister, who, though no philosopher, was willing to deliver a lecture to him in the poetry. “Gladly so, Monkberry! are things no dear enough already, but ye must be riding the very fish on us, by giving that ruddy, Luckin Mockleback, just what she likes to ask!”

“Wag, Orisk,” said the sage, somewhat shocked at this unexpected attack, “I thought I made a very fair bargain.”

“A fair bargain! when ye paid the hammer a full half of what she asked!—As ye will be a with-catch, and buy fish at your own hands, ye will never bid much more than a quarter. And the impatient queen had the temerity to come up and ask a dozen—But I know, Jenny and I sorted her!”

“Truly,” said Oldback (with a shy look to his companion), “I think our article was generous that kept us out of hearing of that controversy.—Well, well, Orisk, I was wrong for more in my life—also repulse—I fairly admit. But hang expense!—once killed a cat—we’ll cut the fish, eat what it will.—And thus, Lord, you must know I passed you to stay here today, the rather because our share will be better than usual, yesterday

having been a good day—I love the reverse of a frost better than the frost itself. I delight in the *minuets*, the *coliflores*, as I may call them, of the preceding day's dinner, which appear on each occasion.—And now, there is *Jenny* going to ring the dinner-bell."

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

To this letter delivered with haste—haste—post-haste!

Haste, haste, haste,—for thy life—for thy life—for thy life.

JOSEPH BENTHAM, ESQ. OF LAWRENCE OF LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE Mr Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back-parlour of the post-master's house at Farnport, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in sorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when groups find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters, to confer, from the outside of the species, and, if they are not bored, occasionally from the inside also, to converse themselves with glowing information, or flaming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbours. Two kinds of this diversion were, at the time we mention, awaiting, or impending, Mrs. Maberley in her official duty.

"Oh, preserve us, sir!" said the butcher's wife, "there's ten—*phew—twail* letters to Tremant and Co.—*thae* folk do our business there at the rest o' the burgh."

"Ay, but see, here," murmured the baker's lady, "there's two o' them fuddled, wae square, and sealed at the top side—I doubt there will be protected bills in them."

"Is there any letters come yet for *Jeany Carson*?" inquired the woman of *jeans and gildies*; "the hatterman's been awa three weeks."

"Just awa on Tuesday was a week," murmured the dame of letters.

"Was a ship-letter?" asked the Farnport.

"In truth wa't."

"It wad be best the hatterman then," replied the mistress of

the sofa, somewhat disappointed—"I never thought he wad has lookit over his shoulder after her."

"Och, here's mother," quoth Mrs. Millicotter. "A deap-letter—post-mark, *Scotchland*!" All rushed to seize it—"Na, na, boddie!" said Mrs. Millicotter, intervening, "I has had enough o' that wark—Een ye that Mr. Macbether got an awa' schair frae the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Aily Hame's that ye opened, Mrs. Shortcake?"

"He opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Falmouth, "ye has yourself, nae'en, it just cam open o' free will in my hand—what could I help it?—fist wad and wif better wad."

"Wad I wot that's true, too," said Mrs. Macbether, who kept a shop of small wares, "and we have got news that I am heartily recommended, if ye has anybody wanting it. But the short and the long o' it is, that we'll have the place gin there's any more complaints o' the kind."

"Een, here—the parrot will take care o' that."

"Na, na, I'll neither want to prevent nor baffle," said the postmistress,—"but I wad ap be obliging and neighbourly, and I'm na again your looking at the outside of a letter neither—See, the seal has an answer on't—he's done't wif one o' his buttons, I'm thinking."

"Show me I show me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker, and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the wind blown in Macbeth upon the ghost's throne, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Miss Hucklestone was a tall woman—she held the postman up high up between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squat personage, stumped and stood on tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

"Ay, it's fine luv, sure enough," said the butcher's lady;—"I can read Richard Telford on the corner, and it's written, *The John Thomson's wallet, free and to end*."

"Haud it lower down, nae'en," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the potential whisper which their occupations required—"haud it lower down—Dey ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but yourself?"

"What, what, sirs, for Goff's sake!" said Mrs. Millicotter, "there's somebody in the shop,—then stand—"Look to the

customers, Edy ?—Edy answered from without in a shrill tone—"It's nobody but Jessy Gains, ma'am, to see if there's any letters to her."

"Tell her," said the fastidious postmistress, waiting to her company, "to come back the same at ten o'clock, and I'll let her see—we haven't had time to sort the mail letters yet—she's eyeing a horse a hurry, as if her letters were of more consequence than the best merchandise of the town."

Poor Jessy, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sign of disappointment, and return wearily home to endure for another night the absence of the heart consumed by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs. Shortcake, to whom her tailor rival in gossiping had at length yielded a jump at the subject of their suitors.

"Now, that's downright shameful," said Mrs. Heathcote, "to want the poor silly girl of a lesson after her's long company wif her son lang, and had he wif o' her, as I make me doubt he has."

"It's but over needle to be doctored," echoed Mrs. Shortcake;—"to run up to her that her father's a hatter and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a twenty-maker herself! How! fy for shame!"

"Hear that, ladies," cried Mrs. Mathewson, "ye're doing wrong—it's a fine cut o' one o' her father's wags that I have heard him say, about being true like the needle to the pole."

"Well, well, I wish it may be so," said the cheerful Dame Heathcote,—"but it dunn look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wif one o' the king's officers."

"I'm no denying that," said Mrs. Mathewson; "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office that love-letters. See, here's five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wadsworth—most o' them sealed wif waxes, and so wif wae. There will be a downyow there, believe me."

"Ay, they will be business letters, and no fine say o' his great friends, that wae wif their coats of arms, as they o' them," said Mrs. Heathcote;—"poor wif has a fit—the laird settled his account wif my godson, the doocan, for the twa months—he's but dink, I doubt."

"Nor wif has for six months," echoed Mrs. Shortcake—"He's but a brunt crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty postwoman, "from his son, the captain, I'm thinking—the seal has the same design w^t the Knockinawagh carriage. He'll be sending home to me what he can save out o' the fire."

The harvest thus diminished, they took up the experts—"Two letters for Monkbarne—they're fine sons o' his learned, French now; we can close as they're writing, down to the very end—and o' to save sending a double letter—tha's just like Monkbarne himself. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight o' an ounce, that a carry-over would sink the scale—but he's not a grain above it. Woe I woe I woe he looks if I were to gie an weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and peppercorns, and suchlike sweetmeats."

"He's a shabby body the lord o' Monkbarne," said Mrs. Hockburn; "he'll make no trouble about buying a forequarter o' beef in August as about a half-cup o' beef. Let's taste another drop o' the drinking" (perhaps she meant dancing) "waters, Mrs. Malinver, my dear. Ah, hush! as ye had heard his brother as I did—many a time he wad slip in to see me w^t a brace o' wild ducks in his pouch, when my first gentleman was out at the Falkirk trout—well, well—we're no speak o' that o'more."

"I wince my eye o' this Monkbarne," said Mrs. Skerivine; "his brother woe brought me my wild-ducks, and this is a downy breast now; we serve the family w^t lard, and he sends w^t less this week—only he was in an awae kippage when we sent him a back instead o' the wild-duck," which, he said, were the true ancient way o' meeting between tradesmen and customers, and so they are, not doubt."

"But look here, hush," interrupted Mrs. Malinver, "here's a sight for our eyes! What wad ye gie to know what's in the inside o' this letter? This is new corn—I hanna seen the like o' this—For William Lord, Esquire, at Mrs. Hadeney's, High Street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N.B. This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, hush!—Lord's sake, let's see!—tha's him that the hole town here nothing about—and a well-to-do, lad he is; let's see, let's see!" Thus squandered the two worthy representatives of Mother Eve.

"Na, na, na," exclaimed Mrs. Malinver; "hush, am—"

"Mrs. R. Skerivine."

hole off, I tell you; that is some o' your deapenny note that we might make up the value to the post-office among ourselves if my sweetest would fill it;—the postage is five-and-twenty shillings—and here's an order from the Secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's no at home. No, no, no, hole off;—this means to be roughly posted."

"But just let's look at the outside o't, woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter,—length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, impervious by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a deep and well-cut impression of some, which defied all tampering.

"Oo, ho," said Mrs. Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing, doubting, that the box, too, would war would melt and dissolve itself. "I wud like to know what's in the inside o' this, for that Lord thing o' that ever set foot on the platform o' Parapost—surely know what to make o' him."

"Woo, woo, liddle," said the postmistress, "we've set down and crack about it.—Bakey, bring her the tea-water.—Bleekie obliged to go for your cookies, Mrs. Shortcake—and we'll stock the shop, and cry her Bakey, and take a hand at the cards till the gentleman comes home—and then we'll try your beer and everything that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs. Hockbloss."

"But when ye first send now Mr. Lord's letter?" said Mrs. Hockbloss.

"Eech I know woe to send w't till the gentleman comes home, for oddi Canon told me that Mr. Lord says o' the day at Monkborne—he's in a high fever w'f pining the lord and Sir Arthur out o' the inn."

"Billy said doled onces!" said Mrs. Shortcake; "what ye'd them gang to the dooking in a night like postmen!"

"I was g'ven to understand it was said like that everd there," said Mrs. Hockbloss—"Miss Oxbottom, the Blue-Gown, ye know, and that he paid the hale three out o' the said fifty-pound, for Monkborne had thought on them to gang in till't to see the work o' the trouble long eyes."

"Hark, ho, nonsense!" answered the postmistress; "I'll tell ye o' about it, as Canon told it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Warburton, and Mr. Lord, wud have dined at Monkborne—"

"But, Mrs. Malhotter," again interrupted Mrs. Haskins, "will ye no be for sending via this letter by express?—there's our penny and our collect has gone express for the office or not, and the penny hasn't gone since thirty mile this day,— Jack was writing him up so I came over by."

"Why, Mrs. Haskins," said the woman of letters, putting up her mouth, "ye ken my gentleman likes to ride the express himself—we wauy gie our ain feligates to our ain men—there's it's a real half-pence to him every time he sends his note; and I dare say he'll be in time—or I dare to say, it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or only next morning."

"Only that Mr. Lord will be in town before the express gets off," said Mrs. Haskins, "and where are ye then, hen? But ye ken your ain ways best."

"Well, well, Mrs. Haskins," answered Mrs. Malhotter, a little out of humour, and cross out of maintenance, "I am sure I am never square long neighbour-like, and living and letting live, as they say; and since I has been sic a false as to show you the post-office order—no, nae doubt, it wauy be stayed. But I'll no need your collect, wauy thanks to ye—I'll send little David on your penny, and that will be just five-and-threepence to like me o' us, ye ken."

"Dare's the Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year add; and, to be plain wi' ye, our penny rides a bit, and it's dooms even to the road, and nobody can manage him but our Jack."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the postmistress, gravely; "it's like we must wait till the gentleman comes home, after a'—for I wauy like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a collect as Jack—our David belongs to a maner to the office."

"Awa, awa, Mrs. Malhotter, I see what ye wad be aboot as ye like to rub the hairs, I'll rub the bones."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling pony was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service—David (a broken post-boy stopped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a bar in his eye, and a switch in his hand. Jack good-naturedly led the animal out of town, and, by the crack of his whip, and the whiny and halloo of his too well-known nose, compelled it to take the road towards Haskins.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the slyle after consulting their leaves, arranged and confirmed the information of the evening, which they now wearing through a hundred channels, and in a hundred varieties, through the world of Fingert. Many, strange, and inconsistent, were the narratives to which their conversations and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant and Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested—others that they had got a great contract from Government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow, desiring to have shares upon a prospect. One report stated, that Lieutenant Tuffin had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny O'connor—another, that he had sent her a letter upbraiding her with the looseness of her birth and education, and telling her in several places. It was generally conceived that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion, and this report was only denied by the wags, because it was traced to Mrs. Malinscot's shop,—a source more known for the circulation of news than for their accuracy. But all agreed that a packet from the Secretary of State's office had arrived, directed for Mr. Level, and that it had been forwarded by an ordinary dragoon, despatched from the head-quarters at Edinburgh, who had galloped through Fingert without stopping, except just to inquire the way to Monkthorn. The reason of such an extraordinary measure to a very peaceful and retired individual, was variously explained. Some said Level was an emigrant noble, conspired to head an insurrection that had broken out in La Vendée—others that he was a spy—others that he was a general officer, who was visiting the coast privately—others that he was a prince of the blood, who was travelling incognito.

Meanwhile the progress of the packet which occasioned so much speculation, towards its destined owner at Monkthorn, had been perilous and interrupted. The bearer, Darns Mailster, as he called himself, a bold dragoon as could well be imagined, was carried onwards towards Monkthorn by the post, as long as the animal had in his recollection the crack of his usual instrument of dismountment, and the clank of the butcher's bay. But finding how Darns, whose short legs were unequal to maintain his balance, swung to and fro upon his back, the post began to decline further compliance with the intimation he had received. First, then, he slackened his pace to a walk.

This was no point of quarrel between him and his wife, who had been considerably disappointed by the capacity of her former notion, and who now took the opportunity of his slotted pace to gain a piece of gingerbread, which had been thrust into his hand by his mother in order to reward this youthful assuagery of the post-office to the discharge of his duty. By and by, the crafty pony evaded himself of this measure of discipline to break the rein out of David's hands, and applied himself to browse on the grass by the side of the lane. Scarcely restrained by these symptoms of self-willed rebellion, and afraid alike to act as to fall, poor David lifted up his voice and wags about. The pony, hearing this polder over his head, began apparently to think it would be best both for himself and David to return from whence they came, and accordingly commenced a retrograde movement towards Fulport. But, as all retreats are apt to end in either rout, or the street, alarmed by the boy's cries, and by the flapping of the reins, which dangled about his feet,—observing also his own turned homeward, began to get off at a rate which, if David kept the middle (a matter extremely difficult), would soon have presented him at Monkham's stable-door,—when, at a turn of the road, an intervening auxiliary, in the shape of old Edie Githens, caught hold of the rein, and stopped his further proceeding. "What's aight ye, collect! whiter a guide that to ride!"

"I mean, help it!" blubbered the express, "they ar' no little Davie."

"And where are ye gone?"

"I'm gone to Monkham wif a letter."

"Durn, this is no the road to Monkham."

But David could only answer the expostulation with sighs and tears.

Old Edie was sorely moved to compassion where childhood was in the case.—"I mean gone that gate," he thought, "but it's the best o' my way o' life that I mean to root out o' my root. They'll go me quarters at Monkham really enough, and I'll aye budge awa' there wif the reins, for it will knock its horns out, pale thing, if there's no somebody to guide the pony.—See ye has a letter, honey? will ye let me see't?"

"I'm no gone to let nobody see the letter," cried the boy, "till I get to Mr. Lord, for I was a Scottish servant o' the office—if it weren for the pony."

"Very right, my little man," said Oldbuck, turning the reluctant page's head towards Monkhouse, "but we'll guide him across as, if he's not a' the answer."

Upon the very height of Rhippsan, to which Monkhouse had turned Lord after their dinner, the Antiquary, again mounted to the most degraded spot, was expatiating upon the topics the money afforded for a description of Agassiz's camp at the close of evening, when his eye was caught by the appearance of the merchant and his protégé. "What the devil!—here comes Old Edie, bag and baggage, I think."

The beggar explained his errand, and Davis, who insisted upon a literal execution of his commission by going on to Monkhouse, was with difficulty prevailed upon to surrender the packet to its proper owner, although he had been a mile across there the place he had been directed to. "But my master said, I must be sure to get twenty shillings and five shillings for the postage, and ten shillings and sixpence for the express—there's the paper."

"Let me see—let me see," said Oldbuck, putting on his spectacles, and examining the crumpled copy of regulations to which Davis appended. "Express, per man and horse, one day, not to exceed ten shillings and sixpence. One day! why, it's not an hour—Kiss and kiss! why, 'tis a monkey on a starvelled tail!"

"Father wad hae come himself," said Davis, "on the middle red mare, as ye wad hae ridden till the moon's night."

"Four-and-twenty hours after the regular date of delivery! You little industry egg, do you understand the sort of negotiation as early?"

"Rash, Monkhouse! don't set your wits against a hale," said the beggar; "mind the butcher risked his head, and the wife her wits, and I am sure ten and sixpence less ever made. Ye didna gang aw awa wi' Johnnie Horrie, then?"

Lord, who, sitting on the supposed *Proterodon*, had glanced over the contents of the packet, now put an end to the altercation by paying Davis's demand; and then turning to Mr. Oldbuck, with a look of much agitation, he resumed himself from conversing with him to Monkhouse that evening—"I must instantly go to Fairport, and perhaps have it on a merchant's notes;—your kindness, Mr. Oldbuck, I am never forget."

"No bad news, I hope?" said the Antiquary.

"Of a very despatched complexion," answered his friend. "Forever—in good or bad fortune I will not forget your signal."

"Nag, nay—stop a moment. If—er—" (making an effort)—"if there be any pressing inconveniences—I have fifty—or a hundred guineas at your service—till—till Wednesday—or indeed as long as you please."

"I am much obliged, Mr. Oldbuck, but I am simply provided," said his mysterious young friend. "Excuse me—I really cannot sustain further conversation at present. I will write or see you, before I leave Fairport—that is, if I find myself obliged to go."

So saying, he shook the Antiquary's hand warmly, turned from him, and walked rapidly towards the town, "saying no longer good-bye."

"Very extraordinary indeed!" said Oldbuck;—"but there's something about this lad I can never fathom; and yet I cannot for my heart think ill of him, neither. I must go home and take off the fire in the Green Room, for some of my wainscot will verily burn into it after twilight."

"And how am I to win home?" blubbered the dissolute spouse.

"It's a fine night," said the Blue-Gown, looking up to the skies; "I had as good gang back to the town, and take care o' the wren."

"Do so, do so, Edie," and rummaging for some time in his huge wainscot pocket till he found the object of his search, the Antiquary added, "there's suppers to ye to buy murther."

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

"I am bewildered with the vagueness of the report. If the report be well given, our intention to make out here here, I'll be hanged, I could not be else. I have drunk medicine."

REVISED PART OF CHAPTER IV.

REVEREND for a fortnight was the business of the Antiquary of the veteran Canon, whether he had heard what Mr. Lovel had done; and as regular were Canon's answers, "that the town

could learn nothing about him whatever, except that he had received either weekly letter or two from the north, and that he was never seen on the plainness of it."

"How does he live, Clara?"

"Oh, Mrs. Hackney just dresses him a beef-steak or a mutton-chop, or makes him some Frier's chickens, or just what she likes herself, and he eats it in the little red parlour off his bedroom. She once got him to say that he likes no thing better than another; and she makes him tea in a morning, and he settles honourably wth her every week."

"But does he never stir abroad?"

"He has done given up walking, and he sits a' day in his room reading or writing; a hearty letter he has written, but he would not take him out post-house, though Mrs. Hackney offered to carry them herself, but sent them a' under an arrow to the sheriff; and it's Mrs. Malbetton's belief, that the sheriff sent his groom to put them into the post-office at Tansborough; it's my poor thought, that he pilched their looking into his letters at Fairport; and woe had he woe, for my poor daughter Jenny!"

"Tut, don't plague us with your wretchedness, Clara. About this poor young lad—Does he write nothing but letters?"

"Oh, ay—hole abouts o' other things, Mrs. Hackney says. She thinks would he could be gotten to take a walk; she thinks he's but looking very poorly, and his appetite's clean gone, but he'll no hear o' gangin' over the doot-stane—him that used to walk as much as you."

"That's wrong—I have a guess what he's busy about; but he must not work too hard neither. I'll go and see him this very day—he's deep, doubtless, in the *Calendrical*."

Having formed this useful resolution, Mr. Olbuck equipped himself for the expedition with his thick walking-sticks and gold-headed cane, muttering the while the words of *Falstaff* which we have chosen for the motto of this chapter; for the Antiquary was himself much surprised at the degree of attachment which he could not but acknowledge he entertained for the stranger. The shille was notwithstanding easily won. Lord had many attractive qualities, but he was our Antiquary's heart by being on most occasions an excellent listener.

A walk to Fairport had become somewhat of an adventure with Mr. Olbuck, and one which he did not often care to under-

take. He laid greetings in the market-place; and there were generally welcome in the streets to persons like, either about the news of the day, or about some petty piece of business. So, on this occasion, he had no answer entered the streets of Fairport, than it was "Good-morrow, Mr. Oldbuck—a sight o' your gait for sale an' what d'ye think o' the news in the Sun this day?—they say the great attempt will be made in a fortnight."

"I wish to the Lord it were made and over, that I might have no more about it."

"Hearthum, your honour," said the nursery and schoolman, "I hope the plants gied satisfaction!—and if ye wanted any flower-sticks fresh from Holland, or" (this in a lower key) "an sailor or two o' Cologne gin, we o' our boys can ye postow."

"Thank ye, thank ye,—no occasion at present, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Aulicary, pushing resolutely onward.

"Mr. Oldbuck," said the town-clerk (a more important person, who came in front and ventured to stop the old gentleman), "the provost, understanding you were in town, begs an no account that you'll quit it without seeing him; he wants to speak to ye about buying the water from the Fairwell-spring through a part o' your lands."

"What the deuce!—have they nobody's head but mine to cut and carve on?—I won't consent, tell them."

"And the provost," said the clerk, going on, without noticing the rebuff, "and the council, will be agreeable that you should see the said stones at Doughall's chapel, that ye may viewing to them."

"Eh!—what!—Oho! that's another story.—Well, well, I'll call upon the provost, and we'll talk about it."

"But ye must speak your mind o' forthwith, Mr. Oldbuck, if ye want the stones, the Deacon Harkness thinks the carved through-stones might be put with advantage on the front of the new council-house—that is, the two cross-legged figures that the carvers used to cut Boline and Robbing, set on the date-stone; and the other stone, that they call Ailie Dalgle, above the door. It will be very tasteful, the Deacon says, and just in the style of modern Gothic."

"Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation!" exclaimed the Aulicary.—"A monument of a knight-temple on each side of a Greenock porch, and a Madonna on the top of it!—O villain! —Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stones, and we'll not

differ about the water-course. It's lucky I happened to come this way to-day."

They parted mutually satisfied; but the wily clerk had most reason to smile at the ductility he had displayed, since the whole proposed of an exchange between the monuments (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance, because they encroached three feet upon the public road), and the privilege of conveying the water to the loagh through the estate of Blackburne, was an idea which had originated with himself upon the premises of the moment.

Through these various entanglements, Monkhouse (to use the phrase by which he was distinguished in the country) made his way at length to Mrs. Halseway's. This good woman was the widow of a late dignitary at Fairport, who had been reduced by her husband's untimely death, to that state of straitened and embarrassed circumstances in which the widows of the Scotch clergy are too often found. The testament which she occupied, and the furniture of which she was possessed, gave her the means of letting a part of her house; and as Lovel had lost a quiet, regular, and profitable lodger, and had quitted the necessary intercourse which they had together with a great deal of gentleness and courtesy, Mrs. Halseway, not, perhaps, much used to such kindly treatment, had become gently attached to her lodger, and was profuse in every sort of personal attention which circumstances permitted her to render him. To cook a dish somewhat better than ordinary for "the poor young gentleman's dinner;" to start her interest with those who remembered her husband, or loved her for her own sake and his, in order to procure scarce vegetables, or something which her simplicity supposed might tempt her lodger's appetite, was a labour in which she delighted, although she unobtrusively reminded it from the person who was its object. She did not adopt this secrecy of benevolence to avoid the laugh of those who might suppose that an oval face and dark eyes, with a clear brown complexion, though belonging to a woman of five-and-forty, and married within a widow's close-driven panicle, might possibly still aim at making conquests; for, to say truth, such a ridiculous suspicion having never entered into her own head, she could not anticipate its having birth in that of any one else. But she concluded her attentions wholly out of deference to her guest, whose power of repaying them she doubted as much as she believed in his inclination to do so, and in his

being likely to feel extreme pain at leaving any of her civilities unrequited. She now opened the door to Mr. Oldbuck, and her surprise at seeing him brought tears into her eyes, which she could hardly restrain.

"I am glad to see you, sir—I am very glad to see you. My poor gentleman is, I am afraid, very unwell, and oh, Mr. Oldbuck, he'll see neither doctor, nor surgeon, nor writer! And think what it would be, if, as my poor Mr. Holmsey used to say, a man was to die without advice of the three learned faculties!"

"Greatly better than with them," grumbled the cynical antiquary. "I tell you, Mrs. Halwray, the clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law greatly by our misdeeds."

"O Sir, Monsieur!—to hear the like of that from you!—But you'll walk up and see the poor young fellow—Heigh, sir! see young and well-favoured—and day by day he has got less and less, and now he hardly touches anything, only just puts a bit on the plate to make fashion,—and his poor cheeks has turned every day thinner and paler, so that he now really looks as cold as ice, that might be his mother—so that I might be just that neither, but something very near it."

"Why does he not take more exercise?" said Oldbuck.

"I think we have persuaded him to do that, for he has bought a horse from Glibbs Glibbly, the galloping groom. A good judge of horse-flesh Oldbuck would own that he was—So he offered him a beast he thought well answer him well enough, as he was a bookish man, but Mr. Lord warden look at it, and thought one might serve the Master of Manby—they keep it at the General's Arms, over the street;—and he rode out yesterday morning and this morning before breakfast.—But where ye walk up to his room?"

"Presently, presently. But has he no visitors?"

"O dear, Mr. Oldbuck, not one; if he warden receive them when he was well and sprightly, what chance is there of anybody in Farquar looking in upon him now?"

"Ay, ay, very true—I should have been surprised had it been otherwise.—Come, show me up stairs, Mrs. Halwray, lest I make a blunder, and go where I should not."

The good landlady showed Mr. Oldbuck up her narrow staircase, winding him of every turn, and ascending all the

while that he was laid under the necessity of mounting up as high. At length she gently tapped at the door of her guest's parlor. "Come in," said Lord; and Mrs. Radway entered in the Lady of Modicuma.

The little apartment was neat and clean, and decently furnished;—ornamented, too, by such relics of her youthful arts of seamstress-ship as Mrs. Radway had retained; but it was close, overheated, and, as it appeared to Gifford, an unwholesome situation for a young person in delicate health,—an observation which opened his resolution touching a project that had already occurred to him in Loretta's behalf. With a writing-table before him, on which lay a quantity of books and papers, Lord was seated on a couch, in his night-gown and slippers. Gifford was shocked at the change which had taken place in his personal appearance. His cheek and brow had assumed a ghastly white, except where a round bright spot of hectic red formed a strong and painful contrast, totally different from the general cast of his and lately complexion which had formerly averaged and somewhat enlivened his countenance. Gifford observed, that the drive he was belonged to a deep smothering suit, and a coat of the same colour hung on a chair near to him. As the Antiquary entered, Lord arose and came forward to welcome him.

"This is very kind," he said, shaking him by the hand, and thanking him warmly for his visit—"this is very kind, and has anticipated a visit which I intended to trouble you. You must know I have become a home-sick lately."

"I understand as much from Mrs. Radway—I only hope, my good young friend, you have been fortunate in a quiet home. I myself inadvertently bought one from the small Giltie Giltie, which lays me two miles on and with me after a pack of hounds, with which I had no more to do than the last year's snow; and after suffering infinite annoyance, I suppose, to the whole hunting field, he was so good as to deposit me in a dry ditch—I hope yours is a more peaceful home!"

"I hope, at least, we shall make our entrance on a better plan of mutual understanding."

"That is to say, you think yourself a good home-sick?"

"I would not willingly," answered Lord, "condemn myself a very bad one."

"No—all you young fellows think that would be equal to

calling yourselves before at once—But have you had experience? for, *roads experts*, a horse in a passion is no joke."

"Why, I should be sorry to boast myself as a great horse-man, but when I acted as side-de-camp to Sir ——— in the cavalry action at ———, last year, I saw many better cavaliers than myself dismounted."

"Ah! you have looked in the face of the grizzly god of war then!—you are acquainted with the furies of Mass Annapoim? That experience lifts up the measure of your qualifications for the apocryphal. The Indians, however, you will remember, taught us chariot—winners in the plains of Tacitus;—you recollect the fine description of their looking among the Roman infantry, although the historian tells us how ill the rugged tops of the ground was calculated for equitation combat, and truly, upon the whole, what sort of chariots could be driven in Scotland anywhere but on torse-like roads, has been to me always matter of amazement. And will now—has the Mass visited you?—have you got anything to show me?"

"My time," said Lovell, with a glance at his black dress, "has been less pleasantly employed."

"The death of a friend?" said the Antiquary.

"Yes, Mr. Oldbuck—of almost the only friend I could ever boast of possessing."

"Indeed! Well, young man," replied his visitor, in a tone of seriousness very different from his affected gravity, "be comforted. To have lost a friend by death while your mutual regard was warm and undimmed, while the tear was drop unobscured by any painful recollection of violence or distrust or treachery, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy desolation. Look round you—how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their only friendships were formed! Our scenes of common pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Euthy, and we have out to ourselves other interests, from which the first companions of our pilgrimages are excluded;—perhaps, revivals, envy, interest to separate others from our side, until none remain but those who are connected with us rather by habit than profusion, or who, alive more in blood than in disposition, only keep the old man company in his life, that they may not be forgotten at his death—

His date passed the situation.

Al! Mr. Level! if it be your lot to reach the dull, cloudy, and conditionless evening of life, you will remember the sorrows of your youth as the light shadowy clouds that interrupted for a moment the beams of the sun when it was young. But I even those words into your ears against the stomach of your ears."

"I am sensible of your kindness," answered the youth; "but the wound that is of recent infection must always smart severely, and I should be little comforted under my present calamity—forgive me for saying so—by the conviction that life had nothing in reserve for me but a train of successive sorrows. And permit me to add, you, Mr. Oldbank, have lost scores of many men to take as gloomy a view of life. You have a competent and deep fortune—are generally respected—may, in your own phrase, make money, indulge yourself in the pleasures to which your taste attaches you; you may form your own society without doors—and within you have the affectionate and ardent attention of the nearest relatives."

"Why, you—the wretched, for wretched are, thanks to my training, very civil and tractable—do not detach me in my morning strolls—creep across the floor with the steady pace of a cat, when it suits me to take a nap in my easy-chair after dinner or tea. All this is very well, but I want something to exchange ideas with—something to talk to."

"Then why do you not invite your nephew, Captain McFatson, who is mentioned by every man as a fine spirited young fellow, to become a member of your study?"

"Who?" answered Monkhouse, "my nephew Hector!—the Bolivar of the North? Why, Heaven love you, I would as soon invite a dervish into my study. He's an Albanian, a Chemsit—has a Highland pedigree as long as his claymore, and a dagger as long as the High Street of Perth, which he unsheathed upon the surgeon the last time he was at Philpuck. I expect him here one of these days; but I will keep him at staff's end, I promise you. He no wants of my house to make my very doors and walls tremble at his levities. No, no—I'll none of Hector McFatson. But hark ye, Lord,—you are a quiet, gentle-tempered lad, had not you better set up your staff at Monkhouse for a month or two, since I conclude you do not immediately intend to leave this country?—I will have a door opened out to the garden—it will cost but a trifle—there is the space for an old one which

was constructed long ago—by which said door you may pass and return into the Green Chamber at pleasure, so you will not interfere with the old man, nor he with you. As for your dog, Mrs. Haloway tells me you are, on the terms of, very moderate of your mouth, so you will not quarrel with my humble table. Your waiting!”

“Hold, my dear Mr. Oldbuck,” interposed Lord, unable to repress a smile, “and before your hospitality settles all my accommodations, let me thank you most sincerely for so kind an offer—it is not at present in my power to accept of it; but very likely, before I had access to Scotland, I shall find an opportunity to pay you a visit of some length.”

Mr. Oldbuck’s countenance fell. “Why, I thought I had hit on the very arrangement that would suit us both,—and who knows what might happen in the long run, and whether we might ever part! Why, I am master of my own, man—there is the advantage of being descended from a race of more sense than grace—they teach things not to transmit my good estates and heritages, any way but as I please. No string of aristocratic house of entail, no empty and unsubsstantial as the mounds of paper strong to the taste of a boy’s kite, to number my flights of inclination, and my humours of predilection. Well,—I see you won’t be tempted at present—but Oldbuck goes as I hope!”

“O certainly,” said Lord, “I cannot think of relinquishing a plan so hopeful.”

“It is indeed,” said the Antiquary, looking greatly surprised,—for, though shrewd and acute enough in estimating the variety of plans formed by others, he had a very natural, though rather disproportioned good opinion of the importance of those which originated with himself.—“It is indeed one of those undertakings which, if achieved with spirit equal to that which dictates its conception, may relieve, from the charge of sterility the literature of the present generation.”

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the room door, which introduced a letter for Mr. Lord. The servant waited, Mrs. Haloway said, for an answer. “You are concerned in this matter, Mr. Oldbuck,” said Lord, after glancing over the billet, and handing it to the Antiquary as he spoke.

It was a letter from Sir Arthur Wilmot, couched in extremely civil language, regretting that a fit of the gout had prevented

his Herberts showing Mr. Lovel the attention to which it is entitled during a his person's absence had as well satisfied him—apologizing for not paying his respects in person, but hoping Mr. Lovel would dispense with that ceremony, and be a member of a small party which proposed to visit the ruins of Saint Rad's priory on the following day, and afterwards to dine and spend the evening at Knockinowade Castle. Sir Arthur concluded with saying, that he had sent to request the Bladefords hands to join the party of pleasure which he then proposed. The place of rendezvous was fixed at a tangle-gate, which was about an equal distance from all the points from which the company were to assemble.

"What shall we do?" said Lovel, looking at the Antiquary, but pretty certain of the part he would take.

"Go, man—we'll go, by all means. Let me see—it will cost a post-chaise though, which will hold you and me, and Mary McInnes, very well—and the other woman-kind may go to the manor—and you can come out in the chaise to Knockinowade, as I will take it for the day."

"Why, I rather think I had better ride."

"True, true, I forgot your Escapade. You are a foolish fellow, by the by, for purchasing the horse outright; you should stick to disengagement a side, if you will trust my master's legs in preference to your own."

"Why, as the horse have the advantage of moving considerably faster, and are, besides, two for one, I own I prefer"—

"Enough said—enough said—do as you please. Well then, I'll bring either Gerald or the painter, for I love to have my full post-ward out of post-houses—and we meet at Tirdrup tangle-gate on Friday, at twelve o'clock precisely."—And with this agreement the friends separated.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

Of such they tell, whose guests, 'mid liquor din,
 Struck the warm grapes, or lured the midnight lute,
 To scenes like those the delving well retired;
 Brevity and danger to them well repaid.
 By Frey method, Romance had laid her down,
 And school-boys' heads dropped pathos'd tears.

CHARLES BARNES.

THE morning of Friday was as serene and beautiful as if no pleasure party had been intended; and that is a rare event, whether in snow-storming or real life. Lord, who felt the genial influence of the weather, and rejoiced at the prospect of once more meeting with Miss Worslow, trotted forward to the place of rendezvous with better spirits than he had for some time enjoyed. His prospects seemed in many respects to open, and brighter before him—and hope, although breaking like the morning sun, through clouds and showers, appeared now about to illuminate the path before him. He was, or might have been expected from this state of spirits, first at the place of meeting,—and, as might also have been anticipated, his looks were so entirely directed towards the road from Knockinowick Castle, that he was only apprised of the arrival of the Monk-hams division by the pre-lapping of the postilion, as the post-chaise lumbered up behind him. In the vehicle were first, the stately figure of Mr. Offhook himself; secondly, the scarce less portly person of the Reverend Mr. Hartingwell, minister of Troinsey, the parish in which Monk-hams and Knockinowick were both situated. The reverend gentleman was equipped in a horse wig, upon the top of which was an exploded cocked hat. This was the paragon of the three yet remaining wigs of the parish, which differed, as Monk-hams used to remark, like the three degrees of comparison.—Sir Arthur's residence being the positive, his own being the comparative, and the overbalancing grime of the worthy diogenes figuring as the superlative. The superintendent of these antique paraphernalia, desisting, or affecting to desist, that he could not well be absent on an occasion which assembled all three together, had seated himself on the board behind the carriage, "just to be in the way in case they wanted a touch before the

gentlemen sat down to dinner." Between the two massive figures of Black horns and the clergyman was stuck, by way of bolshie, the slim form of Mary McIndree, her most having preferred a visit to the mines, and a social chat with Miss Berke. Elton-gow!, in investigating the value of the proxy of Saint Ruth.

As greetings passed between the members of the Mouthpiece party and Mr. Lowel, the Buccoo's carriage, an open barouche, swept around to the place of appointment, making, with its swelling bags, smart drivers, arms, blazoned panels, and a host of outriders, a strong contrast with the belated vehicle and broken-winded hack which had brought hither the Antiquary and his followers. The principal seat of the carriage was occupied by her Arthur and his daughter. At the first glance, which passed between Miss Wincour and Lowel, her colour was considerably,—but she had apparently made up her mind to receive him as a friend, and only as such, and there was equal composure and courtesy in the smile of her reply to his flattered salutation. Mr. Arthur bade the barouche to shake his pro-curve kindly by the hand, and intimate the pleasure he had in this opportunity of returning Miss his personal thanks; she mentioned to him, in a tone of slight introduction, "Mr. Dearest-est, Mr. Lowel."

Lowel took the necessary notice of the German adept, who occupied the front seat of the carriage, which is usually conferred upon dependants or inferiors. The ready grin and supple inclination with which his salutation, though slight, was answered by the foreigner, increased the internal dislike which Lowel had already conceived towards him; and it was plain, from the lower of the Antiquary's shaggy eye brows, that he too looked with displeasure on the addition to the company. Little more than distant greeting passed among the members of the party, until, having rilled on for about three miles beyond the place at which they met, the carriages at length stopped at the sign of the Four Horse-shoes, a small hedge row, where Green kindly opened the door, and let down the step of the hack-drawn, while the inmates of the barouche were, by their most courtly attendants, assisted to leave their equipage.

Here renewed greetings passed: the young ladies shook hands; and Oldback, completely in his element, placed himself as guide and vanguard at the head of the party, who were now to advance on foot towards the object of their ceremony. He

took care to detain Lord close beside him as the best future of the party, and occasionally glanced a word of explanation and instruction to Miss Warden and Mary McIntyre, who followed next in order. The Forest and the doghouse he rather avoided, as he was aware both of those concerns of they understood such matters as well, or better than he did; and Donatowist, besides that he looked on him as a charlatan, was so nearly connected with his apprehended law in the study of the mining company, that he could not abide the sight of him. These two latter satellites, therefore, attended upon the side of Sir Arling, to whom, moreover, as the most important person of the society, they were mutually inclined to attach themselves.

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scotch scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that you may travel through the country in every direction without being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intuition or accident carry you to the very spot. This is particularly the case in the country around Glasgow, which is, generally speaking, open, unenclosed, and bare. But here and there the progress of hills, or small rivers, has formed dells, glens, or as they are petronically termed, dales, on whose high and rocky banks trees and shrubs of all kinds find a shelter, and grow with a luxuriant profusion, which is the more gratifying, as it forms an unexpected contrast with the general face of the country. This was eminently the case with the approach to the ruins of Saint Ruth, which was for some time merely a sheep-track, along the side of a steep and bare hill. By degrees, however, as this path descended, and whirled round the hill-side, trees began to appear, at first singly, stunted, and blighted, with holes of wood upon their trunks, and their roots ballowed out into masses, in which the sheep love to repose themselves—a sight much more gratifying to the eye of an admirer of the picturesque than to that of a planter or forester. By and by the trees formed groups, fringed the edges, and filed up to the middle, by thorns and hard bushes; and at length these groups closed so much together, that although a broad glen opened here and there under their boughs, or a small patch of bog or heath covered which had refused nourishment to the soil which they sprang round, and consequently remained open and waste, the scene might on the whole be termed

decidedly wooded. The sides of the valley began to approach each other more closely, the rush of a brook was heard below, and between the intervals afforded by openings in the natural wood, its waters were seen hurrying clear and rapid under their silken canopy.

Oldbuck now took upon himself the full authority of exordium, and seriously devoted the company and to go a foot-breadth off the track which he pointed out to them, if they wished to enjoy in full perfection what they came to see. "You are happy in me for a guide, Miss Warden," exclaimed the roisterer, waving his hand and head in confidence as he repeated with emphasis,

"I have such lore, and every alloy gone,
Bright, or bristly dull, of this wild wood,
And every lucky letter from this to mine."

Oh! don't take it!—that spray of a beardless boy demolished all Owen's labours, and nearly turned my way into the stream—was quick for epistologues, *hoo de proye*."

"Never mind, my dear sir," said Miss Warden; "you have your faithful attendant ready to repair such a disaster when it happens, and when you appear with it as restored to its original splendour, I will carry on the quotation:

He sinks the disputer in the ocean bed,
And yet soon repairs his drowning head,
And takes the waves, and with unswaymg oar
Plumes on the forehead "——†

"O! enough, enough!" answered Oldbuck; "I ought to have known what it was to give you advantage over me—But here as what will stop your career of action, for you are an admirer of nature, I know." In fact, when they had followed him through a breach in a low, mossy, and ramous wall, they came suddenly upon a scene equally unexpected and interesting.

They stood pretty high upon the side of the glen, which had suddenly opened into a sort of amphitheatre to give room for a patch well protected lake of a few acres extent, and a space of level ground around it. The banks then rose everywhere steeply, and in some places were varied by rocks—in others covered with the moss, which ran up, flustering their sides lightly and irregularly, and breaking the uniformity of the

* (Owen's Omen.)

† (Epistle.)

green pasture ground).—Beside, the lake discharged itself into the building and translucent brook, which had been their companion since they had entered the glen. At the point at which it issued from "its parent lake," stood the ruins which they had come to visit. They were not of great extent; but the design & beauty, as well as the wild and sequestered character of the spot on which they were situated, gave them an interest and importance superior to that which attaches itself to architectural remains of greater consequence, but placed near to ordinary houses, and possessing less romantic surroundings. The eastern window of the church presented ruins, with all its ornaments and tawdry work, and the sides, upheld by flying buttresses, whose airy support, detached from the wall against which they were placed, and ornamented with pinnacles and carved work, gave a variety and lightness to the building. The roof and western end of the church were completely ruinous; but the latter appeared to have made one side of a square, of which the ruins of the conventual buildings formed other two, and the garden a fourth. The side of these buildings which overhung the brook, was partly founded on a steep and precipitous rock; for the place had been occasionally turned to military purposes, and had been taken with great slaughter during Marlborough's wars. The ground formerly occupied by the garden was still marked by a few orchard trees. At a greater distance from the buildings were detached oaks and elms and chestnuts, growing singly, which had attained great age. The rest of the space between the ruins and the hill was a dense-cropt sward, which the daily pasture of the sheep kept in much finer order than if it had been subjected to the scythe and haycock. The whole scene had a repose, which was still not affecting without being monotonous. The dark, deep basin, in which the clear blue lake reposed, reflecting the water lilies which grew on its surface, and the trees which here and there threw their arms from the banks, was finely contrasted with the hazy and sunnily of the brook which broke away from the valley, as if escaping from confinement and hurried down the glen, winding around the base of the rock on which the ruins were situated, and bounding in foam and fury with every stone and crag which obstructed its passage. A similar contrast was seen between the level green meadow, in which the ruins were situated, and the huge timber-tree which rose

ascended over it, compared with the precipitous banks which arose at a short distance around, partly fringed with light and feathery underwood, partly rising in steep clothed with purple heath, and partly more abruptly elevated into fronts of grey rock, shequered with lichen, and with those hardy plants which find root even in the most arid crevices of the crags.

"There was the retreat of bounding in the days of darkness, My Lord!" said Oldbuck,—around whom the company had now grouped themselves while they admired the unexpected opening of a prospect so romantic;—there reposed the sage who was enemy of the world, and devoted either to that which was to come, or to the service of the generations who should follow them in this. I will show you, presently the library;—see that stack of wall with square-shafted windows—there it existed, stored, as an old manuscript in my possession informs me, with five thousand volumes. And how I might well take up the lamentation of the learned Leland, who, reporting the downfall of the converted libraries, exclaims, like Rachel weeping for her children, that if the Pope's laws, decrees, decrees, decrees, and other such drugs of the devil—yea, if Hyndenburg's aphorisms, Porphyry's axioms, Aristotle's logic, and Democritus' density, with such other heavy impostumes (forgive your pardon, Miss Waverley) and fruits of the bottomless pit,—had kept out of our libraries, for the accommodation of gosses, confectioners, soap-sellers, and other worldly occupiers, we might have been therewith contented. But to put our sainted chronicles, our solid histories, our learned commentaries, and national monuments, to such abuse of contempt and injustice, has greatly degraded our nation, and shamed ourselves (observed in the eyes of posterity to the eternal blush of shame)—O negligence most odiously to our land!"

"And, O John Knox," said the Farmer, "through whose influence, and under whose auspices, the patriotic task was accomplished?"

The Antiquary, somewhat in the situation of a workman caught in his own sprang, turned short round and cried, to cross a slight blush as he muttered his answer—"as to the Apostle of the Scottish Reformation!"—

Did Miss Waverley look in to interrupt a conversation so dangerous. "Pray, who was the author you quoted, Mr. Oldbuck?"

"The learned Leifard, Miss Warlow, who lost his senses on witnessing the destruction of the conventual library in England."

"Now, I think," replied the young lady, "his misfortune may have saved the nationality of some ancient antiquaries, which would certainly have been drowned if so vast a lake of learning had not been diminished by drowning."

"Well, thank Heaven, there is no danger now—they have hardly left us a spoonful in which to perform the dry rot."

So saying, Mr. Oldback led the way down the bank, by a steep but secure path, which soon placed them on the verdant meadow where the ruins stood. "There they live!" continued the Antiquary, "with thought to do but to spend their time in investigating points of remote antiquity, transcribing manuscripts, and composing new works for the information of posterity."

"And," added the Forester, "in exercising the rites of devotion with a pomp and ceremonial worthy of the office of the priesthood."

"And if Sir Arthur's excellency will permit," said the German, with a low bow, "the Swedish might also make do very various experiment in their laboratory, both in chemistry and magic naturalis."

"I think," said the clergyman, "they would have enough to do in collecting the details of the passages and vicissitudes of these good parishes."

"And all," added Miss Warlow, nodding to the Antiquary, "without interruption from womankind."

"True, my fair son," said Oldback; "this was a paradise where no Eve was admitted, and we may wonder the rather by what chance the good fellows came to lose it."

With such allusions on the occupations of those by whom the ruins had been formerly possessed, they wandered for some time from one moss-grown shrine to another, under the guidance of Oldback, who explained, with much placidity, the ground-plan of the edifice, and read and expounded in the company the various mouldering inscriptions which yet were to be traced upon the tombs of the dead, or under the vacant niches of the shattered statues.

"What is the reason," at length Miss Warlow asked the Antiquary, "why tradition has preserved to us such strange

accounts of the inmates of these stately abbeys, mixed with such extracts of labour and taste, and whose owners were in their turn possessors of such civil power and importance! The mansion tower of a freeholding baron or squire who lived by his lance and broadsword, is consigned by its appropriate legend, and the shepherd will tell you with accuracy the names and feats of its inhabitants;—but ask a clergyman concerning these beautiful and extensive remains—those towers, those arches, and buttresses, and shaded windows, reared at such cost,—these walls fill up his answer,—‘they were made up by the monks long since.’”

The question was somewhat puzzling. Sir Arthur looked spread, as if hoping to be supplied with an answer—Oldbuck shook his wig—the clergyman was of opinion that his parishioners were too deeply impressed with the true prophetic doctrine to preserve any records concerning the papistical customs of the land, obsolete as they were of the great overshadowing time of antiquity, whose roots are in the bosom of the seven hills of civilization—Larel thought the question was best resolved by considering what are the events which leave the deepest impressions on the minds of the common people—“These,” he concluded, “were not such as resemble the gradual progress of a fertilizing river, but the headlong and precipitous fury of some portentous flood. The ages by which the vulgar compute time, have always reference to some period of fear and tribulation, and they date by a trumpet, an earthquake, or burst of civil convulsion. When such are the facts most alive in the memory of the common people, we cannot wonder,” he concluded, “that the fearless warrior is remembered, and the pious abbot is abandoned to forgetfulness and silence.”

“If you please, gentlemen and ladies, and adding pardon of Sir Arthur and Miss Warburton, and this worthy deaconess, and my good friend Mr. Oldbuck, who is my countryman, and of good young Mr. Larel also, I think it is all owing to the land of glory.”

“The land of what?” exclaimed Oldbuck.

“The land of glory, my good Master Oldbuck, which is a very great and terrible secret—which its monks used to conceal their treasures when they were driven from their abbeys by what you call the Reform.”

"*At*, indeed! tell us about that," said Oldbuck, "for there are secrets worth knowing."

"Why, my great Master Oldbuck, you will only laugh at me—But de land of glory is very well known in de country where your worthy progenitors did live—and it is hanged out off from a dead man, as has been hanged for another, and died very nice in de shade of juniper wood; and if you put a little of what you call your wet your jumper, it will not be any better—that is, it will not be no worse—then you do take something of de hatch of de bear, and of de badger, and of de great deer, as you call de grand boar, and of de little sucking child as has not been christened (for dat is very essential), and you do make a candle, and put it into de land of glory at de proper hour and minute, with de proper ceremony, and in who believe de trowsers shall never find more at all."

"I dare take my corporal oath of that conclusion," said the Antiquary. "And was it the custom, Mr. Doncastered, in Westphalia, to make use of this elegant candlestick?"

"Always, Mr. Oldbuck, when you did not want nobody to talk of nothing you wash doing about—And the monks always did this when they did take their church-plates, and their great chains, and de rings, and very precious stones and jewels."

"But, notwithstanding, you knights of the Holy Cross have means, no doubt, of breaking the spell, and discovering what the poor monks have put themselves to so much trouble to conceal?"

"Ah! great Mr. Oldbuck," replied the abbot, shaking his head mysteriously, "you was very hard to believe; but if you had seen de great large pieces of de plate as massive, Sir Arthur, —as de halber, like Warlike—and de silver cross dat we did find (dat was Schomberg and my ownself) for de Barr Steyger, as you call de Baron Von Humberstein, I do believe you would have believed then."

"Going is believing indeed. But what was your art—what was your mystery, Mr. Doncastered?"

"Ah, Mr. Oldbuck! dat is my little secret, none great at all—you will forgive me that I not tell that. But I will tell you dere are wondrous ways—yes, indeed, dere is de dream dat you dream too have—dat is a very good way."

"I am glad of that," said Oldbuck; "I have a friend" (with

a side-glance to Lored) "who is possibly favoured by the visits of Queen Mab."

"Don't dare be so sympathetic, and so antipathetic, and so strange, propitious and various, natural of diverse her's, and of the little divinings-out."

"I would gladly rather see some of those windows than hear of them," said Miss Worslow.

"Ah, but, my much-honoured young lady, this is not the time or the way to do the great wonder of finding all the church's plate and treasure; but to oblige you, and Sir Arthur my patron, and the reverend clergymen, and good Mr. Oldenbuck, and young Mr. Lofel, who is a very good young gentleman also, I will show you that it is possible, a very possible, to discover the spring of water, and the little fountain hidden in the ground, without any mattock, or spade, or dig at all."

"Uumph!" quoth the Antiquary, "I have heard of that undertaking. That will be as very productive art in our country;—you should carry that property to Spain or Portugal, and turn it to good account."

"Ah! my good Master Oldenbuck, dare be the Inspiration and the Arts-de-Ré—they would burn me, who am but a simple philosopher, for one great conjecture."

"They would cut away their necks then," said Oldbuck; "but," continued he, in a whisper to Lored, "were they to peltary him for one of the most important men who ever wagged a tongue, they would square the punishment more accurately with his deserts. But let us see: I think he is about to show us some of his legulemans."

In truth, the German was now got to a little sceptic-think at some distance from the ruins, where he affected busily to search for such a wand as would sort the purpose of his mystery; and after casting, and consulting, and rejecting several, he at length provided himself with a small twig of hazel terminating in a forked end, which he pronounced to possess the virtue proper for the experiment that he was about to exhibit. Holding the forked end of the wand, each between a finger and thumb, and thus keeping the rod upright, he proceeded to pace the ruined walls and cloisters, followed by the rest of the company in admiring procession. "I believe there was no water here," said the adept, when he had made the round of several of the buildings, without perceiving any of those indications which he

pretended to expect—"I believe these Scotch menfolk did find de water too cool for de climate, and although dere de good comfortable Rhine was. But, what—see there?" Accordingly, the menfolk observed the red to turn in his fingers, although he pretended to hold it very tight.—"Dere de water here above, see enough,"—and, turning this way and that way, at the agitation of the diving-red, seemed to tremble or doubtfully, he at length advanced into the midst of a vast and roofless cavern which had been the kitchen of the priory, when the red trusted itself so as to point almost straight downwards. "Here is de place," said the adept, "and if you do not find de water here, I will give you all leave to call me an ignorant knave."

"I shall take that leave," whispered the Antiquary to Lovel, "whether the water is discovered or no."

A servant, who had come up with a basket of cold refreshments, was now despatched to a neighbouring farmer's hut for a mattock and pick-axe. The loose stones and rubbish being removed from the spot indicated by the German, they soon came to the sides of a regularly-built well; and when a few feet of rubbish were cleared out by the assistance of the forester and his sons, the water began to rise rapidly, to the delight of the philosopher, the astonishment of the ladies, Mr. Hattergewel, and Sir Arthur, the surprise of Lovel, and the confusion of the incredulous Antiquary. He did not fail, however, to enter his protest in Lovel's ear against the miracle. "This is a mere trick," he said; "the rascal had made himself sure of the existence of this old well, by some means or other, before he played off this mystical piece of jugglery. Mark what he talks of next. I am much mistaken if this is not intended as a prelude to some more serious fraud. See how the moral assumes consequence, and places himself upon the credit of his senses, and how poor Sir Arthur takes to the tale of nonsense which he is delivering to him as principles of moral science!"

"You do see, my good patroon, you do see, my good ladies, you do see, worthy Dr. Blackbriar, and even Mr. Lovel and Mr. Oldenbuck may see, if they do will to see, how art has us away at all but ignorance. Look at this little slip of brass wire—it is fit for nothing at all but to whip de little child"—("I would choose a cat and shee talk de poor creature," whispered Oldenbuck apart)—"and you put it in the hands of a

philosopher—puff! it makes no great discovery. But this is nothing, Sir Arthur,—nothing at all, worthy Dr. Boshawski—nothing at all, indeed—nothing at all, young Mr. Lofel and good Mr. Oldenbuck, so what can we do. Ah! if there was any more God had in spirit and in courage, I would show him better things than, do well of water—I would show him!”—

“And a little money would be necessary also, would it not?” said the Antiquary.

“That I can talk, not worth talking about, might be necessary,” answered the adept.

“I thought as much,” rejoined the Antiquary, dryly; “and I, in the meanwhile, without any diving-rod, will show you an excellent wicker party, and a bottle of London particular Mustard, and I think that will match all that Mr. Donatocervical’s set is like to exhibit.”

The feast was spread *frankly super ericta*, as Oldenbuck expressed himself, under a large old tree called the Peir’s Oak, and the company, sitting down around it, did ample honour to the contents of the basket.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

As when a Cyclops through the wilderness,
With winged arrows, o’er his red and many eyes,
Pursues the Antiquary, who by stealth
Hath from his wheel of destiny perched
The guided gold—He seizes the Wanderer—

PARADISE LOST.

When their collation was ended, Sir Arthur resumed the account of the mysteries of the diving-rod, as a subject on which he had formerly conversed with Donatocervical. “My friend Mr. Oldenbuck will now be prepared, Mr. Donatocervical, to listen with new respect to the stories you have told us of the late discoveries in Germany by the brothers of your association.”

“Ah, Sir Arthur, that was not a thing to speak to these gentlemen, because it is want of credulity—that you call faith—that spoils the great enterprise.”

"At least, however, let my daughter read the manuscript she has taken down of the story of Martin Walbeck."

"Ah! that was very true story—but Miss Worslow, she is so shy and so witty, that she has made it just like our romance—as well as *Goodie or Wicked* could have done it, by some honest work."

"To say the truth, Mr. Donckersveld," answered Miss Worslow, "the romance predominated in the legend so much above the probable, that it was impossible for a lover of fairy-land like me to avoid lending a few touches to make it perfect in its kind. But here it is, and if you do not fail me to leave this aside till the heat of the day has somewhat abated, and will lend sympathy with my last composition, perhaps Sir Arthur or Mr. Oldback will read it to us."

"Not I," said Sir Arthur, "I was never fond of reading aloud."

"Nor I," said Oldback, "for I have forgot my spectacles. But here is Lerd, with sharp eyes and a good voice; for Mr. Blattergewel, I know, never reads anything, but he should be suspected of reading his enemies."

The task was therefore imposed upon Lerd, who received, with some trepidation, as Miss Worslow delivered, with a little embarrassment, a paper containing the lines traced by that fair hand, the possession of which he coveted as the highest blessing the earth could offer to him. But there was a nervousness of suppressing his emotions; and after glancing over the manuscript, as if to become acquainted with the character, he collected himself, and read the romance the following tale:—

The Fortunes of Martin Walbeck.

The attitudes of the Hare forest in Germany,* but especially the mountains called Hockenberg, or rather Dookenberg, are the chosen scenes for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupations of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their ordinary or laborious professions, are often

* The outline of this story is taken from the German, through the Author as at present unable to say in which of the various collections of the popular legends of that language the original is to be found.

not down by them to the interference of golden or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favorite one, which supposes the Hare to be haunted by a sort of twister-demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his mantle decorated with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that every peasant professes to have seen such a form towering, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glee; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that nothing supernatural has only found refuge by assuming it to optical deception.*

In older times, the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more striking, and, according to the traditions of the Hare, he was wont, with the eagles usually ascribed to those earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their good, sometimes for their we. But it was observed that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the peasants, in their awe of their deities, to compose long prayers, the burden whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Hare demon. The fortunes of Martin Wallock have been often quoted by the aged to their gaily children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling rejoicer had possessed himself of the pulpit of the detached church at a little hamlet called Aldersbrook, lying in the Hare district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communications with fiends, witches, and devils, and, in particular, with the woodland golden of the Hare. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry (for the reformation is placed under the reign of Charles V.), and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man harried upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an unassumed quiet demon, who had enlightened the

* The shadow of the person who sees the phantom, being reflected upon a cloud of mist, like the image of the tragic hunters upon a white sheet, is supposed to have formed the apparition.

Brudaborg for as many ages, mutually confounded with Basil-poor, Asturath, and Brudaborg himself, and condemned without reserve to the bottomless Tophet. The applications that the great might wrung himself on them for listening to such an ill-fated sentence, added to their national hatred to him, killed. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases; but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that we left at the mercy of the bewitched demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the influence occasioned by these reflections, the priests from adjacent parishes betook themselves to sleep, and having yielded the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and attending at this occasion, were upon their return to the hut where they arrived on the glorious and most auspicious of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnace. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Hare and the destiny of the apostle. Elor and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the apostle to have been indecent and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the private character and shade of thought, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful, they allowed, but ungodly and envious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Robert of Balaunwald, that demon black steel, by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Dronow? and did not the same steel afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so deep and fearful, that neither horse nor man were ever seen more? Had he not given to Donna Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making hawks swoop and was she not burnt to a cinder, by the great criminal judge of the Hecatombs, because she stole herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending on the apparent benefits conferred by the Hare spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and hopeful too; swelling in all the exuberance which distinguishes a mountebank, and hence and

undisturbed from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attend them. He laughed at the possibility of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said, "the demon is a good demon—he has been saving us as if he were a parent like ourselves—because the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a hermitage or garrison—and he who loves the Harz forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the lonely children of the soil. But, if the demon were an unfeeling as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals, who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without handing themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your treasure to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Hides, the old repeaters of money, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the golden's gifts which can endanger you, that, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned,—and I would consider myself as under protection of a much Greater than he, while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me."

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill was won seldom well spent, while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration in his habits, needs, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon the subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of the approaching harvest. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwag, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They entered their sister thus attending upon the operations of clearing the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking, while his brothers sleep.

Max Wolbeck, the eldest, watched during the first two hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed by observing, upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with awful gestures. Max at first thought of calling up his brothers, but reflecting the daring character of the peasant, and finding

it impossible to wake the child without also disturbing Martin—contending also what he saw to be an flicking of the demon, and perhaps in consequence of the numerous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safeguard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and expectancy the strange and alarming apparition. After blowing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Mar's watch was only disturbed by the resuscitation of its flames.

George now occupied the place of Mar, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a large blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some magical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and, accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the entities who surrounded it resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Wakebeck distinguished that of a giant crowsome, with hair, holding an upreared fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and hips. George's heart sank within him at recognising the well-known apparition of the Harb demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and hunters who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but upon second thoughts, throwing his own cowardice, he noted mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels, praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful in an exorcism, and tramped himself now more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley, and when George, with trembling steps, a silent brow, and hair brasting upright under his father's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, started as it was by a scathed oak-tree, there appeared not on the banks the slightest vestige of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscathed, and the benches of the saloons, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dew of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, saying that his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, but he should advise in Martin that during convalescence which he almost deemed to be filled with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well-nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being cut or charred, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his exertions and its consequences, George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the chamberlains; but observing that both his brothers slept uneventfully deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without repeating their evil. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire smoked rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but, when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The wood and mortified workman set about to strike a light in order to rekindle the fire; but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rocky built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watchers of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Mahdihannese, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have approached upon their bounds for the purpose of putting their wood; and he resolved to awake

his brothers, and he arranged on them for their safety. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to "work in the fire," induced him to change this belief, and although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But let they men or devils," said the undaunted firester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to reticulate my furnace." He relinquished at the same time the idea of avenging his brothers. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence, and, therefore, smothering his hesitations from the will, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the beach, ascended the hill, and approached as near the glowing assembly, first he could approach, in the prevailing figure, the attributes of the Hinn dream. A cold shivering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the resolution that he had at a distance dared and even courted the incursions which were now about to take place, confirmed his staggering courage; and with supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with indomitable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural, the more near he approached to the assembly. He was metted with a loud shout of discordant and unsteady laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his swags and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were continually agitated by the convulsions of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the firester," answered the lanky youth;—"and who are you?"

"The King of the Waste and of the Hinn," answered the specter;—"and why hast thou dared to encroach on my scepter?"

"I came in search of light to reticulate my fire," answered

Martin, harshly, and then suddenly asked in his turn, "What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complacent denier, "the wedding of Harnes with the Black Dragon—But take thy fire that thou cannot lose, and begone! no mortal may look upon us and live."

The peasant struck his spear-point into a large pile of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to replenish his lost, the shouts of laughter being reserved behind him with terrible violence, and clapping his down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to stifle the kindled coal among the fuel as he might best light the fire of his furnace, but after many efforts, and all conditions of bellows and draughting, the coal he had brought from the denier's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about, and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been heard around it had disappeared. As he considered the spectre had been joking with him, he gave way to the natural hardness of his temper, and, determined to see the adventure to an end, retraced the road to the fire, from which, surprised by the denier, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impudently having increased his resistance, he resorted upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in working the fire; but when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, "Dare not return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and fringed himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the consummation of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic games, which their skill (the most of the peasants in

On these two practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some days upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the national vices induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of relations whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions.

And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little wealth can furnish the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The old propensities in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, sprang and bore their unaltered fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As Deep calls unto Deep, one bad passion awakened another;—the flood of vices involved that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and swerving by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so recklessly exercised by one who had risen from the very drags of the people. The adventure, although secretly concealed, began however to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stipulated as a reward and accomplice of sinners, the wealthy, who, having acquired so large a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, surrounded by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unmarried poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties, and several

rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Denmark had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of true and honorable descent; and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers, and a gallantly-equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province, and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no order-after-utopia in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hurled down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entry into the lists. An hundred swords were unhesitatingly to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege or rape. Waldeck, after defying himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the fact, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereigns, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honors of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sentenced the misdeeds imposed by the severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the mob, who followed him with threats and curses levelled alternately against the sacrament and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were few and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, saturated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrage he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ignominious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a vulgar's act as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a train of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure standing towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the

cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigantic figures of the Hindu deities passed before them in his vision. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the wretched Wallock, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the soldiers, "How like you the tree we could have landed?" The power of motion, which never suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his anger. He raised himself on the cart, bent his torso, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the specter with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The galleys vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Wallock advanced with the clatter of springing wheels.

The terrified brothers turned their wheels toward the entrance of a cove, which arose in a wood of pine-trees beside the beach. They were instantly received by a bare-headed and long-bearded captain, and Martin survived only to complete the last conclusion he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom, precisely on that day three years, he had exalted to yolk out of the harness of Morozovitch. The three years of prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Wallock was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His hands, to which no one ascribed any claim, lay waste until they were restored by the emperor as a hoped tal, and the ruins of the castle, which Wallock had called by his own name, are still claimed by the nation and honored as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the sciences attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Wallock.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

How has been such a stormy weather
 Between my cousin Captain, and the miller,
 About I know not what—nothing, indeed;
 Competition, degrees, and comparative
 Of solvency!—

A FINE CLIMATE.

THE attentive audience gave the fair transcript of the foregoing legend the thanks which politeness required. Oldsloe alone called up his nose, and observed, that Miss Warbler's style was something like that of the dilettante, for she had contrived to extract a sound and valuable moral out of a very transitory and ridiculous legend. "It is the fashion, as I am given to understand, to select these irrelevant legends—for me,

—to read in English here,
 Turned at ghosts and riding horses to start."

"Under your leave, my good Mr. Oldsloe," said the German, "Miss Warbler has turned the story, as she does every thing as she touches, very pretty indeed; but all the history of *de Hant* getting, and how he walks among *de diabolische menschen* will a great favour for her walking cane, and will do great good back around her head and her waist—that is as true as I am an honest man."

"There is no denying any proposition so well guaranteed," answered the Antiquary, dryly. But at the instant the approach of a stranger cut short the conversation.

The new comer was a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty, in a military uniform, and bearing, in his look and manner, a good deal of the martial profession—say, perhaps a little more than is quite consistent with the case of a man of perfect good-nature, in whom no professional habits ought to predominate. He was at once greeted by the greater part of the company. "My dear Hester!" said Miss Elfrida, as she rose to take his hand.—

"Hector, son of Prince, whence comest thou?" said the Antiquary.

"From Fife, my Regt," answered the young soldier, and continued, when he had politely selected the rest of the company,

and particularly Sir Arthur and his daughter—"I learned from one of the servants, as I rode towards Monticorno to pay my respects to you, that I should find the present company in this place, and I willingly embrace the opportunity to pay my respects to so many of my friends at once."

"And to a new one also, my trusty Trejan," said Olrik. "Mr. Level, this is my nephew, Captain McIntyre—Hester, I introduced Mr. Level to your acquaintance."

The young soldier fixed his keen eye upon Level, and paid his compliment with more reserve than cordiality, and as our acquaintance thought his evidence showed superficiality, he was equally legal and haughty in making the necessary return to it, and thus a prejudice seemed to arise between them at the very commencement of their acquaintance.

The observations which Level made during the remainder of this pleasure party did not tend to reconcile him with this addition to their society. Captain McIntyre, with the gallantry to be expected from his age and profession, attached himself to the service of Miss Wardour, and afforded her, on every possible opportunity, those marks of attention which Level would have given the world to have received, and was only deterred from offering by the fear of her displeasure. With forced deference at one moment, and with irritated susceptibility at another, he saw this handsome young soldier assume and murder all the privileges of a confidant servant. He heard Miss Wardour's glances, he watched her in putting on her shawl, he attached himself to her in the walks, had a hand ready to remove every impediment in her path, and an arm to support her where it was rugged or difficult, his conversation was addressed chiefly to her, and, where circumstances permitted, it was exclusively so. All this, Level well knew, might be only that sort of artificial gallantry which induces some young men of the present day to give themselves the air of regretting the situation of the prettiest women in company, as if the others were unworthy of their notice. But he thought he observed in the conduct of Captain McIntyre something of masked and posier tenderness, which was calculated to shun the jealousy of a lover. Miss Wardour also received his attentions, and although his manner showed they were of a kind which could not be repaid without some stain of affection, yet it galled him to the heart to witness that she did so.

The heart-burning which these reflections occasioned proved very indifferent seeming to the dry antiquarian discussion with which Oldbuck, who continued to demand his particular attention, was necessarily proceeding here; and he underwent, with the of impatience that amounted almost to loathing, a course of lectures upon massive architecture, in all its styles, from the massive Saxon to the feudal Gothic, and from that to the mixed and composite architecture of James the Fifth's time, when, according to Oldbuck, all orders were confounded, and columns of various descriptions grew side by side, or were piled above each other, as if symmetry had been forgotten, and the elemental principles of art resolved into their primitive confusion. "What can be more cutting to the heart than the sight of error," said Oldbuck, in rapturous enthusiasm, "which we are compelled to behold, while we do not possess the power of remedying them?" Lovel narrowed by an involuntary groan. "I see, my dear young friend, and most congenial spirit, that you feel those corrections almost as much as I do. Have you ever approached them, or not? Grieve, without heaping to task, to detect, what is so deplorable?"

"Deplorable!" echoed Lovel—"in what respect deplorable?"

"I mean, degraded to the arts."

"Where? how?"

"Upon the portico, for example, of the schools of Oxford, where, at immense expense, the barbarous, fantastic, and ignominious architect has chosen to represent the whole five orders of architecture on the front of one building."

By such attacks as these, Oldbuck, unconscious of the torture he was giving, compelled Lovel to give him a share of his attention,—as a child might, by means of his fan, maintain an influence over the most fragile movements of his agitated prey.

They were now on their return to the spot where they had left the carriage; and it is measurable how often, in the course of that short walk, Lovel, interested by the rambling pouring of his worthy companion, mentally listened to the Lord, or any one else that would have rid him of hearing more of them, all the orders and disorders of architecture which had been unveiled or combined from the building of Solomon's temple downwards. A slight indignant cough, however, which exhibited a brief patience on the part of his discomfited

Mrs Warden, and her self-elected knight companion, rather preceded the others in the narrow path, when the young lady apparently became desirous to unite herself with the rest of the party, and, to break off her abstruse with the young attorney, fairly made a pause until Mr Oldbuck came up. "I wished to ask you a question, Mr. Oldbuck, concerning the date of these interesting ruins."

It would be doing injustice to Mrs Warden's *weak-faire*, to suppose she was not aware that such a question would lead to an answer of no limited length. The Antiquary, starting like a war-horse at the trumpet sound, plunged at once into the various arguments for and against the date of 1273, which had been assigned to the priory of St. Ruth by a late publication on Scottish architectural antiquities. He raked up the names of all the priors who had ruled the institution, of the abbots who had bestowed lands upon it, and of the monachos who had slept their last sleep among its roofless courts. As a train which takes fire is sure to light another, if there be such in the vicinity, the Baronet, catching at the name of one of the monachos which occurred in Oldbuck's dissertation, entered upon an account of his wars, his conquests, and his trophies; and worthy Mr. Hattergret was released, from the mortification of a grant of lands, now destined unknown how else, from perdition, at sundown, and, as he walked, to enter into a long explanation concerning the interpretation given by the Tenth Court in the consideration of such a grant, which had occurred in a process for annulling his last augmentation of stipend. The others, like three racers, each pressed forward to the goal, without much regarding how each crossed and jostled his competitors. Mr Oldbuck harangued, the Baronet declaimed, Mr. Hattergret pined and laid down the law, while the Latin forms of feudal grants were mingled with the jargon of history, and the yet more barbarous phraseology of the Tenth Court of Scotland. "He was," exclaimed Oldbuck, speaking of the Poor Abbot, "indeed an exemplary prelate; and, from his strictness of morals, rigid execution of penance, joined to the charitable disposition of his mind, and the infirmities caused by his great age and monastic habits"—

Here he chanced to cough, and Mr Arthur bent in, or rather overheard—"was called popularly Half-in-Harrow; he carried a shield, pale with a sable lion, which we have since changed,

and was slain at the battle of Verneil, in France, after killing six of the English with his own hand."—

"Dearest of certification," proceeded the dysgrapher, in this prolonged, steady, pressing tone, which, however overpowered at last by the vehemence of competition, paused, in the long run, to obtain the necessity in the strike of certainties:—"Dearest of certification having gone out, and parties being held as confessed, the proof seemed to be held as concluded, when their lawyer moved to have it opened up, on the allegation that they had witnesses to bring forward, that they had been in the habit of carrying the cases to look on the blind-fold band; which was a mere evasion, Sir"—

But here the Bureau and Mr. Oldback having recovered their wind, and continued their respective harangues, the three strands of the conversation, to speak the language of a rope-work, were again twisted together into one undistinguishable string of confusion.

Yet, however uninteresting this pitiable jargon might seem, it was obviously Miss Warton's purpose to give it her attention, in preference to yielding Captain M'Intyre an opportunity of touching their private conversation. So that, after waiting for a brief time with displeasure, ill rewarded by her haughty looks, he left her to enjoy her bad taste, and taking her sister by the arm, detained her a little behind the rest of the party.

"So I find, Mary, that your neighbour has neither become more lively nor less learned during my absence."

"We lacked your patience and wisdom to instruct us, Hector."

"Thank you, my dear sister. But you have got a whet, if not so lively an addition to your society, than your unworthy brother—Peg, who is this Mr. Lovel, whom our old uncle has at once placed so high in his good graces?—he does not use to be so accessible to strangers."

"Mr. Lovel, Hector, is a very gentleman-like young man."

"Ay,—that is to say, he knows when he comes into a room, and wears a coat that is whole at the elbows."

"No, brother, it says a great deal more. It says that his manners and discourse express the feelings and education of the higher class."

"But I desire to know what is his birth and his rank in

society, and what is his title to be in the circle in which I find him demoralized?"

"If you mean, how he comes to visit at Manchester, you must ask my uncle, who will probably reply, that he invites to his own house such company as he pleases; and if you mean to ask Sir Arthur, you must know that Mr. Low rendered Miss Worslow and him a service of the most important kind."

"What? that romantic story is true, then?—And pray, does the valiant knight adore, as is holding on each arm, to the hand of the young lady whom he redeemed from peril? Is he quite in the rule of romance, I am aware; and I did think that she was uncommonly dry to me as we walked together, and seemed from time to time as if she wished whether she was not giving offence to her gallant cavalier."

"Dear Hector," said his sister, "if you really continue to cherish my affection for Miss Worslow"—

"H, Mary!—what an if was that!"

"—I even I consider your perseverance as hopeless."

"And why hopeless, my dear sister?" asked Captain McIntyre: "Miss Worslow, in the state of her father's affairs, cannot pretend to much fortune;—and, as to family, I trust that of McIntyres is not inferior."

"But, Hector," continued his sister, "Sir Arthur always considers us as members of the Hockthornes family."

"Sir Arthur may consider what he pleases," answered the Highlander scornfully; "but any one with common sense will consider that the wife takes rank from the husband, and that my father's pedigree of fifteen unblemished descents must have equalled my mother, if her veins had been filled with prince's ink."

"For God's sake, Hector," replied his anxious sister, "take care of yourself! a single expression of that kind, repeated to my uncle by an indiscreet or interested eavesdropper, would lose you his favour for ever, and destroy all chance of your succeeding to his estate."

"Be it so," answered the headless young man, "I am one of a profession which the world has never been able to do without, and will be less anxious to wait for half a century to come; and my good old uncle may take his good estate and his plebeian name to your agreeing if he pleases, Mary, and you may well think now favourable of him if you please, and you may

both of you live quiet, peaceable, well-regulated lives, if it please Heaven. My part is taken—I'll leave on no man the an inheritance which should be mine by birth."

Miss McIntyre laid her hand on her brother's arm, and entreated him to suppress his vehemence. "Woe," she said, "depresses or excites to anger you, but your own hasty temper!—what dangers are you exposing, but those you have yourself encountered up!—Our uncle has hitherto been all that is kind and paternal in his conduct to us, and why should you suppose he will in future be otherwise than what he has ever been, since we were left as orphans to his care?"

"He is an excellent old gentleman, I must own," replied McIntyre, "and I am amazed at myself when I choose to offend him; but then his eternal harangues upon topics not worth the spark of a flint—his investigations about inviolated pots and pans and tobacco-stoppers past services—all these things put me out of patience. I have something of Hotspur in me, sister, I must confess."

"Too much, too much, my dear brother! Into how many riles, and, forgive me for saying, some of them little creditable, has this absolute and violent temper led you! Do not let such childish notions the true you are now to pass in our neighbourhood, but let our old benefactor see his kinsman as he is—gentle, kind, and lively, without being rude, headstrong, and impetuous."

"Well," answered Captain McIntyre, "I am schooled—good-manners be my speed! I'll do the devil's thing by your new friend—I'll have some talk with this Mr. Lord."

With this determination, in which he was for the time perfectly sincere, he joined the party who were walking before three. The tedious disquisition was by this time ended; and Sir Arthur was speaking on the subject of foreign news, and the political and military situation of the country, themes upon which every man thinks himself qualified to give an opinion. An action of the preceding year having come upon the topic, Lord, accidentally singling in the conversation, made some mention concerning it, of the courtesy of which Captain McIntyre seemed not to be conscious, although his doubts were plainly expressed.

"You must confess yourself in the wrong here, Hector," said his uncle, "although I know no man less willing to give up an

argument; but you were in England at the time, and Mr. Lovel was probably concerned in the affair."

"I am speaking to a military man, then?" said McIntyre, "may I inquire to what regiment Mr. Lovel belongs?"—Mr. Lovel gave him the number of the regiment. "It happens strangely that we should never have met before, Mr. Lovel. I know your regiment very well, and have acted along with them at different times."

A blush crossed Lovel's countenance. "I have not lately been with my regiment," he replied, "I served the last campaign upon the staff of General Sir ———."

"Indeed! that is more wonderful than the other circumstances!—for although I did not serve with General Sir ———, yet I had an opportunity of knowing the names of the officers who held situations in his family, and I cannot recollect that of Lovel."

At this observation Lovel again blushed so deeply as to attract the attention of the whole company, while a scornful laugh seemed to indicate Captain McIntyre's triumph. "There is something strange in this," said Oldback to himself; "but I will not readily give up my phalanx of post-chaise companions—all his actions, language, and bearing, are those of a gentleman."

Lovel in the meanwhile had taken out his pocket-book, and selecting a letter, from which he took off the envelope, he handed it to McIntyre. "You know the General's hand, in all probability—I own I ought not to show these exaggerated expressions of his regard and esteem for me." The letter contained a very handsome compliment from the officer in question for some military service lately performed. Captain McIntyre, as he glanced his eye over it, could not deny that it was written in the General's hand, but duly observed, as he returned it, that the address was wanting. "The address, Captain McIntyre," answered Lovel, in the same tone, "shall be at your service whenever you choose to inquire after it."

"I certainly shall not fail to do so," rejoined the soldier.

"Come, come," exclaimed Oldback, "what is the meaning of all this? Have we got Elton here?—We'll have no swaggering, youngsters. Are you come from the wars abroad, to stir up domestic strife in our peaceful land? Are you like half-dog puppies, farmers, that when the bell, poor fellow, is removed

from the ring, till he bowed among themselves, every each other, and like honest folk's shins that are standing by?"

So Arthur trusted, he said, the young gentlemen would not as he forget themselves as to pour warm upon such a telling subject as the back of a letter.

Both the deputations declared any such mission, and, with high colour and flashing eyes, protested they were never so cool in their lives. But an obvious damp was cast over the party;—they talked in future too much by the rule to be sensible, and Level, conceiving himself the object of cold and suspicious looks from the rest of the company, and sensible that his indirect replies had given them permission to entertain strange opinions respecting him, made a gallant determination to sacrifice the pleasure he had proposed in spending the day at Knockwinnock.

He advised, therefore, to complete of a violent headache, occasioned by the heat of the day, to which he had not been exposed since his illness, and made a formal apology to Sir Arthur, who, listening more to recent suspicions than to the gratitude due for former services, did not press him to keep his engagement more than good-breeding sharply demanded.

When Level took leave of the ladies, Miss Warburton's manner seemed more serious than he had hitherto remarked it. She indicated by a glance of her eye towards Captain McIntyre, perceptible only by Level, the subject of her shyness, and hoped, in a voice greatly under her usual tone, it was not a less pleasant engagement which deprived them of the pleasure of Mr. Level's company. "No engagement had intervened," he assured her; "it was only the return of a complaint by which he had been for some time occasionally attacked."

"The best remedy in such a case is profusion, and I—every friend of Mr. Level's will expect him to employ it."

Level bowed low and coloured deeply, and Miss Warburton, as if she felt that she had said too much, turned and got into the carriage. Level had went to part with Oldbuck, who, during this interval, had, with Chopin's assistance, been amassing his discarded periwigs, and brushing his coat, which exhibited some marks of the rude path they had traversed. "What, now!" said Oldbuck, "you are not going to leave us on account of that foolish Horner's insolent curiosity and rudeness? Why, he is a thoughtless boy—a spoiled child from the time he was in the nurse's arms—he threw his coral and bells at my head

for refuting him a lot of sugar; and you have too much sense to stand with a shrewish boy against wrong men in the name of our friend Hester. "I'll school Hector by and by, and put it all to rights," But Lovel persisted in his design of returning to Fairport.

The Antiquary then assumed a graver tone.—"Take heed, young man, to your present feelings. Your life has been given you for useful and valuable purposes, and should be devoted to illustrate the literature of your country, when you are not called upon to expose it in her defence, or in the course of the present. Private war, a practice unknown to the civilized world, is, of all the shufflings introduced by the Gothic tribes, the most gross, impure, and cruel. Let me hear no more of these bloody quarrels, and I will show you the tenths upon the dullest, which I composed when the town-dirk and peasant Middle-whams chose to assume the privileges of gentlemen, and challenged each other. I thought of printing my *Bevy*, which is signed *Pamphlet*; but there was no need, as the matter was taken up by the town-council of the borough."

"But I assure you, my dear sir, there is nothing between Captain McIntyre and me that can render such respectable interference necessary."

"See it be so; for otherwise, I will stand round to both parties."

So saying, the old gentleman got into the chaise, close to which Miss McIntyre had detained her brother, upon the same principle that the owner of a quarrelsome dog keeps him by his side to prevent his fastening upon another. But Hector contrived to give her protection the slip, for, as he swung homeward, he leaped behind the carriage until they had fairly turned the corner in the road to Knaptrussock, and then, wheeling his horse's head round, gave him the spur in the opposite direction.

A very few minutes brought him up with Lovel, who, perhaps anticipating his intention, had not put his horse beyond a slow walk, when the clatter of hoofs behind him announced Captain McIntyre. The young soldier, his natural heat of temper exacerbated by the rapidity of motion, reined his horse up suddenly and violently by Lovel's side, and touching his hat slightly, inquired, in a very haughty tone of voice, "What are

I to understand, sir, by your telling me that your address was at my service?"

"Simply, sir," replied Lord, "that my name is Lord, and that my residence is, for the present, Fairport, as you will see by this card."

"And is this all the information you are disposed to give me?"

"I see no right you have to require more."

"I deal you, sir, in company with my sister," said the young soldier, "and I have a right to know who is admitted into Miss M'Intyre's society."

"I shall take the liberty of disputing that right," replied Lord, with a manner as haughty as that of the young soldier;—"you find me in society who are satisfied with the degree of information on my affairs which I have thought proper to communicate, and you, a mere stranger, have no right to inquire further."

"Mr. Lord, if you served as you say you have"—

"If?" interrupted Lord,—"if I have served as I say I have!"

"Yes, sir, such is my experience—if you have so served, you must know that you owe me satisfaction either in our way or mine."

"If that be your opinion, I shall be proud to give it to you, Captain M'Intyre, in the way in which the word is generally used among gentlemen."

"Very well, sir," rejoined Hector, and, turning his horse round, galloped off to overtake his party.

His absence had already alarmed them, and his sister, having stopped the carriage, had her neck stretched out of the window to see where he was.

"What is the matter with you now?" said the Antiquary, "sitting so and so as your neck was upon the wicket—why do you not keep up with the carriage?"

"I forgot my glove, sir," said Hector.

"Forgot your glove!—I presume you meant to say you want to throw it down.—But I will take order with you, my young gentleman—you shall return with me this night to Monkton." So saying, he bid the postilion go on.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

—If you tell France less,
 Show persons to serve her my men;
 Bid farewell to the integrity of arms;
 And the immediate name of soldier
 Bid them you, like a dishonest wealth of land,
 By thunder struck from a dishonest Scotland.

A Faint Quotation.

Early the next morning, a gentleman came to wait upon Mr. Lovel, who was up and ready to receive him. He was a military gentleman, a friend of Captain McIntyre's, at present in Portugal on the recruiting service. Lovel and he were slightly known to each other. "I presume, sir," said Mr. Lecky (such was the name of the visitor), "that you guess the occasion of my troubling you so early?"

"A message from Captain McIntyre, I presume?"

"The same. He holds himself injured by the manner in which you declined yesterday to answer certain inquiries which he conceived himself entitled to make respecting a gentleman whose he deemed an intimate society with his family."

"May I ask, if you, Mr. Lecky, would have inclined to satisfy interrogatories so haughtily and discourteously put to you?"

"Perhaps not;—and therefore, as I know the warmth of my friend McIntyre on such occasions, I feel very desirous of calling to remembrance. From Mr. Lovel's very gentleman-like manners, every one must strongly wish to see him equal all that sort of dubious behaviour which will attach itself to one whose situation is not fully explained. If he will permit me, in friendly consultation, to inform Captain McIntyre of his real name, for we are led to conclude that of Lovel is assumed."—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot admit that inference."

"—Or at least," said Lecky, proceeding, "that it is not the name by which Mr. Lovel has been at all times distinguished—if Mr. Lovel will have the goodness to explain this circumstance, which, in my opinion, he should do in justice to his own

character, I will serve for the suitable arrangement of this unpleasant business."

"Which is to say, Mr. Lesley, that if I endeavored to serve questions which no man has a right to ask, and which are now put to me under penalty of Captain McIntyre's resentment, Captain McIntyre will condemn me not satisfied? Mr. Lesley, I have just one word to say on this subject—I have no doubt my secret, if I had one, might be safely entrusted to your honor, but I do not feel called upon to satisfy the curiosity of any one. Captain McIntyre met me as merely one of *staff* was a warrant to all the world, and particularly ought to be such to him, that I was a gentleman. He has, in my opinion, no right to go any further, or to inquire the pedigree, rank, or circumstances, of a stranger, who, without seeking any intimate connection with him, or his, chooses to dine with his uncle, or walk in company with his sister."

"In that case, Captain McIntyre requests you to be informed, that your further visits at Monkhouse, and all connection with Miss McIntyre, must be dropped, as displeasing to him."

"I shall certainly," said Lord, "visit Mr. Oldback when it suits me, without paying the least respect to his nephew's threats or insolent feelings. I respect the young lady's name too much (though nothing can be slighter than our acquaintances) to introduce it into such a discussion."

"Since that is your resolution, sir," answered Lesley, "Captain McIntyre requests that Mr. Lord, unless he wishes to be considered as a very dubious character, will favour him with a meeting this evening, at seven, at the thorn-tree in the little valley close by the ruins of St. Ruth."

"Most unquestionably, I will wait upon him. There is only one difficulty—I must find a friend to accompany me, and where to seek one on this short notice, as I have no acquaintance in Falsport—I will be on the spot, however—Captain McIntyre may be scared off that."

Lesley had taken his hat, and was as far as the door of the apartment, when, as if moved by the possibility of Lord's evasion, he returned, and thus addressed him: "Mr. Lord, there is something so singular in all this, that I cannot help again resuming the argument. You must be yourself aware at this moment of the absurdness of your proposing an interview, for which, I am convinced, there can be no dissemblance

reason. Still, this mystery renders it difficult for you to present the assistance of a friend in a crisis as definite—say, let me add, that many persons will even consider it as a piece of Quidnunc in M'Intyre to give you a meeting, while your character and circumstances are involved in such obscurity."

"I understand your mistake, Mr. Lesley," rejoined Lord, "and though I might be offended at its severity, I am not so, because it is meant kindly. But, in my opinion, he is entitled to all the privileges of a gentleman, to whose charge, during the time he has been known in the society where he happens to move, nothing can be said that is unbecomingly or unbecoming. For a friend, I dare say I shall find some one or other who will do me that good turn, and if his experience be less than I could wish, I am certain not to suffer through that circumstance when you are in the field for my antagonist."

"I trust you will not," said Lesley; "but as I must, for my own sake, be anxious to divide so heavy a responsibility with a capable assistant, allow me to say, that Lieutenant Teddie's gunning is some into the roadstead, and he himself is now at old Church's, where he helps. I think you have the same degree of acquaintance with him, as with me, and, as I am sure I should willingly have rendered you such a service were I not engaged on the other side, I am convinced he will do so at your first request."

"At the three-fours, then, Mr. Lesley, at seven this evening—the arena, I presume, are pitched?"

"Exactly. M'Intyre has chosen the hour at which he can best escape from Blackburn—he was with me this morning by five, in order to return and present himself before his uncle was up. Good-morning to you, Mr. Lord." And Lesley left the apartment.

Lord was as brave as most men; but none can internally regard such a crisis as now approached, without deep feelings of awe and uncertainty. In a few hours he might be in another world to answer for an action which his calmer thought told him was unjustifiable in a religious point of view, or he might be winking about in the present life Gaius, with the blood of his brother on his head. And all this might be averted by speaking a single word. Yet pale whispered, that to speak that word now, would be assented to a injury which would degrade him more low than even the most injurious tongue

that could be assigned for his silence. Every one, Miss Worslow included, must then, he thought, account him a mean disreputable politician, who gave to the fear of meeting Captain McIntyre the explanation he had refused to the calm and handsome expectations of Mr. Lecky. McIntyre's haughty behaviour to himself personally, the air of pretension which he assumed towards Miss Worslow, and the extreme ignorance, arrogance, and voracity of his demands upon a perfect stranger, seemed to justify him in repelling her rude investigation. In short, he feared the resolution which might have been expected from so young a man,—to shut the eyes, namely, of his colder reason, and follow the dictates of his offended pride. With this purpose he sought Lieutenant Taffel.

The lieutenant received him with the good breeding of a gentleman and the frankness of a sailor, and listened with no small surprise to the detail which preceded his request that he might be favoured with his company at his meeting with Captain McIntyre. When he had finished, Taffel rose up and walked through his apartment once or twice. "This is a most singular circumstance," he said, "and really"——

"I am conscious, Mr. Taffel, how little I am entitled to make my present request, but the urgency of circumstances hardly leaves me an alternative."

"Pardon me to ask you one question," asked the sailor;—"is there anything of which you are ashamed in the circumstances which you have declined to communicate?"

"Upon my honour, no; there is nothing but what is a very short time, I trust I may publish to the whole world."

"I hope the mystery arises from no false claims of the lovers of your friends perhaps, or connections?"

"No, on my word," replied Lovel.

"I have little sympathy for that folly," said Taffel—"indeed I cannot be supposed to have any; for, speaking of my relations, I may be said to have come myself from below the mask, and I believe I shall very soon burn a connection, which the world will think low enough, with a very amiable girl, to whom I have been attached since we were next-door neighbours, at a time when I little thought of the good fortune which has brought me forward in the service."

"I assure you, Mr. Taffel," replied Lovel, "whatever were the rank of my parents, I should never think of concealing it

from a spirit of petty pride. But I am so situated at present, that I cannot enter on the subject of my family with any propriety."

"It is quite enough," said the honest sailor—"give me your hand; I'll see you as well through this business as I can, though it is but an engagement one after all—but what of that? our own honour has the great call on us after our country—you are a lad of spirit, and I even I think Mr. Hector McIntyre, with his long pedagogue and his airs of family, very much of a pedagogue. His father was a soldier of fortune as I am a sailor—he himself, I suppose, is little better, unless just as he feels pleased; and whether one passes fortune by land, or sea, makes no great difference, I should fancy."

"Now as the warren, certainly," answered Level.

"Well," said his new ally, "we will dine together and arrange matters for the morrow. I hope you understand the use of the weapon?"

"Not particularly," Level replied.

"I am sorry for that—McIntyre is said to be a marksmen."

"I am sorry for it also," said Level, "both for his sake and my own: I must then, in self-defence, take my aim, as well as I can."

"Well," added Taffel, "I will have our surgeon's mate on the field—a good clever young fellow at cracking a shot-bale. I will let Lowey, who is an honest fellow for a landman, know that he stands for the benefit of either party. Is there anything I can do for you in case of an accident?"

"I have but little concern to trouble you," said Level. "This small vial contains the key of my mystery, and my very last secret. There is one letter in the envelope" (signifying a temporary crossing of the heart as he spoke), "which I beg the favour of you to deliver with your own hand."

"I understand," said the sailor. "Now, my friend, never be alarmed for the matter—an affectionate heart may overflow for an instant at the spot, if the ship were clearing for action; and, depend on it, whatever your injunctions are, Dan Taffel will regard them like the bequest of a dying brother. But this is all well,—we must get our things in fighting order, and you will dine with me and my little surgeon's mate, at the Green's. Come over the way, at four o'clock."

"Agreed," said Level.

"Agreed," said Taffel, and the whole affair was arranged.

It was a beautiful summer evening, and the shadow of the solitary thorn-tree was lengthening upon the short grass-ward of the narrow valley, which was skirted by the woods that closed around the ruins of St. Beith.

Lovel and Lieutenant Taffel, with the surgeon, came upon the ground with a purpose of a nature very unbecoming to the soft, mild, and pacific character of the hour and scene. The sheep, which during the violent heat of the day had clustered in the branches and hollows of the gnarled bark, or under the roots of the aged and stunted trees, had now spread themselves upon the face of the hill to enjoy their evening's pasture, and bled to each other with that unobscured sound which at once gives life to a landscape, and marks its solitude.

Taffel and Lovel came on in deep conference, having, for fear of discovery, sent their horses back to the town by the Lieutenant's servant. The opposite party had not yet appeared on the field. But when they came upon the ground, there sat upon the roots of the old thorn a figure as vigorous in his dour as the moss-grown but strong and contented beggar which served him for a canopy. It was old Oskiltee. "That is murthering enough," said Lovel.—"How shall we get rid of this old fellow?"

"Here, father Adam," cried Taffel, who had the melancholy of pure—"here's half-a-crown for you. You must go to the Four Horse-shoe powder—the little inn, you know, and inquire for a servant with blue and yellow livery. If he is not come, you'll wait for him, and tell him we shall be with his master in about an hour's time. At any rate, wait there till we come back,—and—Get off with you—Come, come, weigh anchor."

"I thank ye for your goodness," said Oskiltee, pocketing the piece of money; "but I beg your pardon, Mr. Taffel—I cannot gang your errand r'en now."

"Why not, man? what can hinder you?"

"I wad speak a word wif young Mr. Lovel."

"With me?" answered Lovel: "what would you say with me? Come, say on, and be brief."

The merchant led him a few paces aside. "Are ye indebted anything to the Laird o' Montbarnie?"

"I depend to have been suggested by the old Abbey of Abernethy in Perthshire."

"Indebted!—no, not I—what of that!—what makes you think so?"

"Ye mean him I was at the sherra's the day; for, God help me, I gang about o' gales like the troubled spirit; and wha ead mae whirling there in a post-chaise, but Monkhouse in an ume outfalla—now, it's no a little thing that will make his horse take a chaise and post-house two days' ride!"

"Well, well; but what is all this to me?"

"Oo, ye're here, ye're here. Weel, Monkhouse is choosed w' the sherra whate'er pair folk may be left theroont—ye needna doubt that—the gentlemen are aye mae civil among themselves."

"For heaven's sake, my old friend!"—

"Ganna ye let me gang to the devil at once, Mr. Lovel? it wad be mair purpose fard than to speak o' heaven in that impatient gait."

"But I have private business with Lieutenant Telford here."

"Weel, weel, o' in gae mae," said the bryer—"I can use a little wee bit freedom w' Mr. David Telford,—among's the perry and the tap I worked for him longyne, for I was a wacker in wood as well as a talker."

"You are either mad, Adam, or have a mind to drive me mad."

"None o' the twa," said Edie, suddenly changing his manner from the pretended droll of the moment to a bold and decided tone. "The sherra sent for his clerk, and as the lad is rather light o' the tongue, I find it was for drawing a warrant to apprehend you—I thought it had been on a *spies* warrant for debt, for o' body here the laird likes nobody to pit his hand in his pouch—But now I may head my tongue, for I see the M'Intyre lad and Mr. Lesley coming up, and I guess that Monkhouse's purpose was very kind, and that yours is wackie wair than it should be."

The antipagant now approached, and saluted with the stern civility which befit the occasion. "What has this old fellow to do here?" said M'Intyre.

"I am an odd fellow," said Edie, "but I am also an odd soldier o' your father's, for I served w' him in the 43d."

"Serve where you please, you have no tale to strike on us," said M'Intyre, "or"—and he lifted his cane in menace, though without the idea of touching the old man.

But Calhoun's courage was roused by the insult. "Hand down your sword, Captain McIntyre! I am an old soldier, as I said before, and I'll take credit for your father's son; but no a touch of the wind while my pipe-staff will lead straight!"

"Well, well, I was wrong—I was wrong," said McIntyre; "here's a cross for you—go your ways—what's the matter now?"

The old man drew himself up to the full advantage of his enormous height, and in despite of his dress, which looked but more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked from height, manner, and emphasis of voice and gesture, rather like a grey palmer or ascetic preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the young men who were around him, than the object of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as honest as his heart, but as bold and unmercenary as his erect and dignified demeanour.

"What are ye come here for, young men?" he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience; "are ye come amongst the most lovely works of God to break his heart? Have ye left the works of man, the house and the office that are but clay and dust, like those that built them—and are ye come here among the powerful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will but while ye might softly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an even short time, by the course of nature, to make up a long account at the close of it? O sin! how ye brother, sister, father, that has tended ye, and mother that has travelled for ye, friends that has sold ye like a piece of their sin heart! and is this the way ye take to make these children and brotherless and friendless? O sin! let us all fight when he that wins has the worst of it. Think on't, heires. I'm a poor man—but I'm an old man, too—and what my poverty takes out, free the weight of my counsel, grey hairs and a troubled heart should add it timely times. Gang home, gang home, like gods bid;—the French will be over to hurry or one of these days, and ye'll be fighting enough, and maybe odd Ede will harp out himself if he can get a bul-dyke to lay his gun over, and may live to tell you which of ye does the best where there's a good cause close ye."

There was something in the unadorned and independent manner, hearty sentiment, and manly rule discipline of the old man, that had its effect upon the party, and particularly on the seconds, whose pride was exasperated in bringing the dispute

to a bloody affrontment, and who, on the contrary, eagerly watched for an opportunity to recommend reconciliation.

"Upon my word, Mr. Lesley," said Tuffin, "old Adam speaks like an angel. Our friends here were very angry yesterday, and of course very foolish;—to-day they should be cool, or at least we must be so in their behalf. I think the word should be *forget and forgive* on both sides,—that we should all shake hands, like those foolish creturs in the air, and go home to sleep in a bed at the Green's-Arms."

"I would heartily recommend it," said Lesley; "for, whilst a great deal of heat and irritation on both sides, I consider myself unable to discover any rational ground of quarrel."

"Gentlemen," said McIntyre, very civilly, "all this should have been thought of before. In my opinion, persons that have carried this matter so far as we have done, and who should part without saying it any further, might go to supper at the Green's-Arms very joyously, but would rise the next morning with reputations as ragged as our faces here, who has obliged us with a rather unnecessary display of his courtesy. I speak for myself, that I feel myself bound to call upon you to proceed without more delay."

"And I," said Lovel, "as I never desired any, have also to request these gentlemen to arrange preliminaries as fast as possible."

"Hush! hush!" cried old Galloway; but perceiving he was no longer attended to—"Mufson, I should say—but your blood be on your hands!" And the old man flew off from the ground, which was now measured out by the women, and continued muttering and talking to himself in silent indignation, mixed with anxiety, and with a strong feeling of painful curiosity. Without paying further attention to his presence or consciousness, Mr. Lesley and the Lieutenant made the necessary arrangements for the duel, and it was agreed that both parties should fire when Mr. Lesley dropped his handkerchief.

The third eye was gone, and both fired almost in the same moment. Captain McIntyre's ball grazed the side of his opponent, but did not draw blood. That of Lovel was more true to the aim; McIntyre recoiled and fell. Raising himself on his arm, his first exclamation was, "It is nothing—it is nothing—give us the other plecks." But in an instant he said, in a lower tone, "I believe I have enough—and what's more, I fear

"I deserve it. Mr. Lovel, or whatever your name is, fly and save yourself—Dare all witness, I provoked this matter." Then raising himself again on his arm, he added, "Shake hands, Lovel—I believe you to be a gentleman—forgive my violence, and I forgive you my death—My poor sister!"

The surgeons came up to perform her part of the tragedy, and Lovel stood gazing on the end of which he had been the actor, though unwilling to see, with a dazy and bewildered eye. He was roused from his trance by the grasp of the medicament. "Why stand you gazing on your death?—What's doomed is doomed—what's done is past mending. But now, now, if ye had save your young blood from a shameful death—I see the men out by yonder that are come over late to part ye—but, not and slack I care enough, and care none, to drag ye to prison."

"He is right—he is right," exclaimed Tuffin; "you must not attempt to get on the high-road—get into the wood till night. My brig will be under sail by that time, and at three in the morning, when the tide will serve, I shall have the boat waiting for you at the Maudslough. Away—away, for Heaven's sake!"

"O yes! fly, fly!" repeated the wounded man, his words following with convulsive sobs.

"Come with me," said the medicament, almost dragging him off, "the Captain's plan is the best—I'll carry ye to a place where ye might be concealed in the meantime, were they to seek ye w' death-warrants."

"Go, go," again urged Lieutenant Tuffin—"to stay here is sure ruinous."

"It was worse perhaps to have come hither," said Lovel, pressing his head—"But farewell!—And he followed Cuthbert into the recesses of the wood.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

————— The Lord Alford had a soul
 Stiff and quick, and reaching to the fire ;
 By magic vision he went as deep as hell,
 And if its devil's granaries gulfed his light,
 His brought some awe from thence—"The Lord is with us,
 Known, seen to us, in noon. ———"

THE WOUNDS OF A KAVOON.

Lower almost mechanically followed the bigger, who led the way with a hasty and steady pace, through bush and brounide, avoiding the beaten path, and often turning to look whether there were any sounds of pursuit behind them. They sometimes descended into the very bed of the torrent, sometimes kept a narrow and precarious path, that the sleep (which, with the sluttish negligence towards property of that sort universal in Scotland, were allowed to stay in the copse) had made along the very verge of its overhanging banks. From time to time Lord had a glance of the path which he had traversed the day before in company with Sir Arthur, the Antiquary, and the young ladies. Dejected, embarrassed, and cramped by a thousand inquiries, as he then was, what would he now have given to regain the sense of innocence which alone can counter-balance a thousand evils! "Yet, then," such was his hasty and involuntary reflection, "even then, guiltless and valued by all around me, I thought myself unhappy. What am I now, with this young man's blood upon my hands?—the feeling of guilt which urged me to the deed has now haunted me, as the eternal fiend himself is wiled to do those whom he has tempted to guilt." Even his affection for Miss Wardour sunk for the time before the first pangs of remorse, and he thought he would have encountered every agony of slighted love to have had the conscious freedom from blood-guiltiness which he possessed in the morning.

These painful reflections were not interrupted by any conversation on the part of his guide, who threaded the thicket before him, now holding back the sprays to make his path way, now exhorting him to make haste, now whispering to himself, after the custom of solitary and neglected old age, words which might

have escaped Lovel's ear even had he listened to them, or which, apprehended and retained, were too isolated to convey any connected meaning,—a habit which may be often observed among people of the old man's age and calling.

At length, as Lovel, exasperated by his late indisposition, the harrowing feelings by which he was agitated, and the exertion necessary to keep up with his guide in a path so rugged, began to flag and fall behind, two or three very precarious steps placed him on the front of a precipice overhung with bowbrowed and opaque. Here a cave, as narrow in its entrance as a fox-earth, was indicated by a small fissure in the rock, screened by the boughs of an aged oak, which, anchored by its thick and twisted roots in the upper part of the cliff, flung its branches almost straight outward from the cliff, concealing it effectually from all observation. It might indeed have escaped the attention even of those who had stood at the very opening, so unobtrusive was the portal at which the beggar entered. But within, the cavern was higher and more roomy, cut into two separate branches, which, intersecting each other at right angles, formed an end-hill at the west, and indicated the shade of an upshot of former times. There are many caves of the same kind in different parts of Scotland. I need only instance those of Gortree, near Roslyn, in a scene well known to the students of romantic scenery.

The light within the cave was a dusky twilight at the entrance, which faded altogether in the inner recesses. "Few folk's here o' this place," said the old man; "to the best o' my knowledge, there's just twa living by myself, and that's Jangling Jack and the Long Licker. I have had mony a thought, that when I find myself auld and feeble, and no able to enjoy God's blessing an' my kye, I wad drag myself here w' a pickle around; and see, there's a bit leeny drapping well that popple that salletime gets madder and winter;—and I wad a' the stroke myself an' here, and stae my removal, like an auld dog that taks its revies upon cranes into some leads or bracken, so to gie living things a warning w' the sight o' them it's dead—Ay, and then, when the dogs backed at the lone farmstead, the gair-wife wad cry, 'Whistle, mirra, that'll be auld Edie,' and the bairn o' mine wad up, pair things, and toddle to the door to pe' in the auld Blue-Green that needs a' their leeny-dew—that there wad be nae mair word o' Edie, I trow."

He then led Lord, who followed him, unresistingly, into one of the interior branches of the cave. "Here," he said, "is a hot sulphureous spring that goes up to the solid rock above. Some folks say this place was hewn out by the monks long ago to hide their treasure in, and some said that they used to bring things into the abbey this gate by night, that they derived one word has brought us by the main port and in open day—And some said that one of them turned a saint for others had too had folk think such, and settled him down in this Saint Barth's cell, as the said folks say he'd it, and god'd big the story, that he might gang up to the kirk when they were at the divine service. The Laird of Monkhouse had been a hundle to say about it, as he has about maddest things, if he had'd only about the place. But whether it was made for man's service or God's service, I have seen some muckle sin done in it as my day, and for some muckle have I been partaker at—ay, even here in this dark cave. Many a gentleman's been wondering what for the red cock clock crew has up in the morning, when he's been roaring, pair father, in this dark hole—And, ah! I wish that and the like of that had been the worst o't! Whiles they wad ha' heard the din we were making in the very bowels of the earth, when Samson Aikwood, that was doctor in those days, the father of King's that now is, was gone danderwing about the wood at e'en, to see after the Lord's game—and whiles he wad ha' seen a glimmer of the light thro' the door of the cave, flourishing against the hands on the other bank;—and then sicca stories as Samson had about the wanscote and gye-cotties that haunted about the said well at e'en, and the light that he had seen, and the cries that he had heard, when there was nae mortal o't upon but his ain; and oh! as he wad throw them over and over to the kin o' me about the table at e'en, and as I wad gas the said silly cotts games for games, and take for take, though I had'd muckle better about it than ever he did. Ay, ay—they were daft days those,—but they were o' vanity, and wear,—and it's doing that they who have led a light and evil life, and showed charity when they were young, and others come to lack it when they are wad."

While Outhwaite was thus recounting the exploits and trials of his earlier life, with a tone in which glee and compensation alternately predominated, his unfortunate neighbor had sat down upon the barnd's seat, hewn out of the solid rock, and alone—

doned himself to that latitude, both of mind and body, which generally follows a course of events that have agitated both. The effect of his late indisposition, which had much weakened his system, contributed to this lethargic dependency. "The poor being!" said old Edie, "as he sleeps in this damp hole, he'll maybe waken me wae, or catch some wae disease. It's as the same to him as to the like o' us, that can sleep any gien as aye our wames are fit." Sit up, Minister Lovel, lad! After she came and gone, I dare say the captain-lad will do wae enough—and, after a', ye see we the first that has had this misfortune. I has seen mair a man killed, and helped to kill them myself, though there was nae quarrel between us—and if it was wrong to kill folk we have nae quarrel wi', just because they wear another sort o' a cockade, and speak a foreign language, I mean we but a man may have cause for killing his ain master too, that comes armed to the fair field to kill him. I doun say it's right—God forbid—or that it was wisst' to take away what ye mean resters, and that's the breath o' man, which is in his nostrils; but I say it is a sin to be forgiven if it's repeated o'. Naith' mair can we a'; but if ye wad believe an auld grey eldier that has seen the evil o' his ways, there is na worth promise aboon the two boards o' the Testament as wad save the wae o' us, could we but think on."

With such scraps of wisdom and of divinity as he possessed, the minister thus continued to seduce and compel the attention of Lovel, until the twilight began to fade into night. "Now," said Odellree, "I will carry ye to a mair convenient place, where I has not mair a time to lose the howl crying out o' the fry too, and to see the moonlight come through the auld windows o' the rena. There can be na body come here after this time o' night; and if they has made any search, then blackguard stiver-officers and constables, it will has been over lang syne. Oh, they are na great cowards as they sike, wi' a' their warrants and king's boys^a—I has got some o' them a gill in my day, when they were coming reiver over near us—But, heeded be grace for it! they came nigh me once for my wear than an auld man and a beggar, and my badge is a gude protection; and then Miss Isabella Warburton is a trow o'

^a The king's boys are, in low phrase, the swiftest and heaviest used to drive down and back, as execution of the king's warrant.

strength, ye has"—(Lovel sighed)—"Awed, dinn be cast down—bowls may a' now right yet—gls the hams there to ken has tamed. She's the wale o' the country for beauty, and a gude friend o' mine—I gang by the birkwell as safe as by the kirk on a Sabbath—dell say o' them duns hant a hair o' auld Edie's head now; I keep the crown o' the canopy when I gae to the brough, and rub abouters w' a baile w' an hild coontie as an he were a brack."

While the merchant spoke these, he was busied in removing a few loose stones in one angle of the cave, which chambered the entrance of the staircase of which he had spoken, and led the way into it, followed by Lovel in passive silence.

"The air's free enough," said the old man; "the monks took care o' that, for they wove a long-beathed garment, I reckon; they has made queer time-wick holes, that gang out to the open air, and keep the stair as cooler as a hill-side."

Lovel accordingly found the staircase well aired, and, though narrow, it was neither ruinous nor long, but speedily admitted them into a narrow gallery confined to run within the side wall of the church, from which it received air and light through apertures ingeniously hidden amid the floral ornaments of the Gothic architecture.

"This secret passage wae good round great part o' the birkie," said the beggar, "and through the w' o' the place I've heard Monksome o' the Refectory" (meaning probably Refectory), "and so on to the Prior's ain house. It's like he could use it to listen what the monks were saying at meal-time, —and then he might come hae here and see that they were busy straightening awa w' the pikes down below there, and then, when he saw a' was right and tight, he might stop awa and fetch in a bottle has at the core yonder—for they were queer heads the monks, unless many has been made on them. But our folk were at great pains lang syne to lig up the passage in some parts, and put it down in others, for fear o' some wandering body getting into it, and finding their way down to the core: it wad hae been a fisher's job that—by my cozie, some o' our monks wad hae been eeking."

They now came to a place where the gallery was enlarged into a small circle, sufficient to contain a stone seat. A niche, constructed exactly below it, projected forward into the channel, and as its sides were latticed, as it were, with perforated stone-

work, it commanded a full view of the church in every direction, and was probably constructed, as Edie intimated, to be a convenient watch-tower, from which the superior priest, himself exempt, might watch the behaviour of his monks, and ascertain, by personal inspection, their punctual attendance upon those signs of devotion which he most suspected him from sharing with them. As this niche made one of a regular series which stretched along the wall of the church, and in no respect differed from the rest when seen from below, the secret station, screened as it was by the stone figure of St. Michael and the dragon, and the open tracery around the niche, was completely hid from observation. The private passage, confined to its present breadth, had originally continued beyond this point; but the jealous precautions of the rapacious who frequented the care of St. Edie had caused them to build it carefully up with heavy stones from the ruin.

"We shall be better here," said Edie, seating himself on the stone bench, and stretching the lapet of his blue gown upon the spot, when he motioned Lovel to sit down beside him—"we shall be better here than down below; the air's free and mild, and the current of the wellflowers, and stone shrubs as grow on these mazed walls, is far more refreshing than the damp smell down below yonder. They smell sweetest by night-time than day-time, and they're moist ere seen about ruined buildings. Now, Master Lovel, can any of you scholars get a good reason for that?"

Lovel replied in the negative.

"I am thinking," resumed the beggar, "that they'll be like many Edie's gold gifts, that often seem moist gracious in adversity—or maybe it's a punning, to teach us so to slight them that are in the darkness of sin and the deep of tribulation, since God sends clouds to refresh the wildest heath, and flowers and pleasant bushes to clothe the ruined buildings. And now I wd like a wise man to tell me whether Heaven is moist pleased wth the sight we are looking upon—these pleasant and quiet long strokes of moonlight that are lying so still on the floor of this wild kirk, and glancing through the great pillars and apertures of the carved windows, and just dancing like on the leaves of the dark fry as the breath of wind shakes it—I wonder whether this is more pleasing to Heaven than when it was lighted up wth lamps, and candles ran doleful, and rougher."

* *Lute, or luteous.*

and wot the worth and the significance that they speak of in the Holy Scriptures, and wot organs sacerdotally, and men and women singers, and ecclesiasts, and deacons, and a' instruments of music—; wonder if that was acceptable, or whether it is of those grand parables o' communion that holy writ says, 'It is an abomination to me.' I am thinking, Minister Lovel, if two pair contrite spirits like yours and mine find grace to make our petition."—

Here Lovel laid his hand eagerly on the musician's arm, saying,—"Hush! I heard some one speak."

"I am dull o' hearing," answered Edie, in a whisper, "but we've surely said here—where was the sound?"

Lovel pointed to the door of the church, which, highly ornamented, occupied the west end of the building, ornamented by the curved window, which let in a flood of moonlight over it.

"They can be none o' our folk," said Edie in the next low and cautious tone; "though but two o' them leave o' the place, and they're away a mile off, if they are still bound on their weary pilgrimages. I'll never think it's the officers here at this time o' night. I am no believer in waul wren's stories about ghosts, though this is py like a place for them—*but* *never*, or of the other world, how they come!—own men and a light."

And in very truth, while the pallid specters, two human figures clothed with their shadows the entrance of the church which had before opened to the moonlight window beyond, and the small lantern which one of them displayed, glimmered pale in the clear and strong beams of the moon, as the evening star does among the lights of the departing day. The first and most obvious idea was, that, despite the assurances of Edie Gulliver, the persons who approached the pulpit at an hour so unseasonable, must be the officers of justice in quest of Lovel. But no part of their conduct confirmed the suspicion. A touch and a whisper from the old man warned Lovel that his best course was to remain quiet, and watch their motions from their present place of concealment. Should anything appear to render retreat necessary, they had behind them the grotto entrance and cavern, by means of which they could escape into the wood long before any danger of close pursuit. They kept themselves, therefore, as still as possible, and observed with eager and anxious curiosity every sound and motion of these pictured wanderers.

After conversing together some time in whispers, the two figures advanced into the middle of the street; and a man, which Lord at once recognised, from his tone and dialect, to be that of Donatowewel, pronounced in a louder but still a softened tone, "Indeed, now good sir, there cannot be one hour lost now, for de great purpose. You shall see, now good sir, dat it is all one habble-babble dat Mr. Oldenbuck says, and dat he knows no more of what he speaks than one little child. What could he expects to get as rich as one Jew for his poor fifty one hundred pounds, which I care no more about, by mine honest word, than I care for an hundred slaves. But to you, my most excellent and renowned patron, I will show all de secrets dat not one share—ay, de secret of de great Pyramids."

"That other man," whispered Edie, "must be, according to 't Blackhood, Sir Arthur Wadlow—I has nobody but himself and some here at this time at 'em wif that German Blackguard,—and wad think he's bewitched him—he gas him 'em how that child is chosen. Let's see what they can be doing."

This interruption, and the low tone in which Sir Arthur spoke, made Lord lose all Sir Arthur's power to the subject, excepting the last three emphatic words, "Very great expense," to which Donatowewel at once replied—"Expense!—to be sure—there must be de great expense. You do not expect to reap before you do sow de seed: de expense is de seed!—de plow and de sower of good metal, and now de great big clouds of plow, they are de sower—very good sower too, as mine word. Now, Sir Arthur, you have sowed this night one fifth seed of ten guineas like one peck of seed, or so big; and if you do not reap de great harvest—that is, de great harvest for de little plow of seed, for it must be proportion, you must know—then never tell one honest man, Herman Donatowewel. Now you see, mine patron—dat I will not extend mine word from you at all—you see this little plow of silver, you know de name now—within de whole week in de space of twenty-eight day—every child knows dat. Well, I make a silver plow when she is in her fifteenth mansion, which mansion is in de head of John, and I engrave upon one side de words, *Eighteenth-month Schlarfshyde*—dat is, de Blackness of de Intelligence of de moon—and I make this picture like a flying serpent with a turkey-cock's head—very well. Then upon the side I make

de table of de moon, which is a square of nine, multiplied into itself, with eighty-one numbers on every side, and diameter nine—den it is done very proper. Now I will make de soul see at de change of every quarter-moon dat I shall find by de same proportions of expenses I lay out in de malignations, so den, in de protest of nine multiplied into itself—Den I shall find no more to-night as maybe two or den times nine, because den is a threatening power in de house of ascendancy."

"But, Donatzenvirel," said the simple Baronet, "den not den look like magic?—I am a true though unworthy son of the Episcopal church, and I will have nothing to do with de soul-kind."

"But I tell!—not a bit magic in it at all—not a bit—it is all founded on de planetary influence, and de sympathy and force of numbers. I will show you much finer den den. I do not say den is not de spirit in it, because of de malignation; but, if you are not afraid, he shall not be invisible."

"I have no curiosity to see him at all," said the Baronet, whose courage seemed, from a certain quarter in his account, to have taken a fit of the ague.

"Den is great pity," said Donatzenvirel; "I should have liked to show you de spirit dat guard de treasure like one three watching—but I know how to manage him;—you would not care to see him?"

"Not at all," answered the Baronet, in a tone of dignified indifference;—"I think we have but little time."

"You shall pardon me, my patron, it is not yet twelve, and twelve grades is just our planetary hours; and I could show you de spirit very well, in de meanwhile, just for pleasure. You see I would draw a pentagon within a circle, which is no trouble at all, and make my malignation within it, and den we would be like in one strong oath, and you would hold de sword while I did say de magical words. Den you should see de evil wall open like de gate of our city, and den—let me see—ay, you should see first one stag pursued by three black greyhounds, and dey should pull him down as dey do at de doctor's great hunting-match; and den one ugly, little, nasty black negro should appear and take de stag from them—and pul!—all should be gone; den you should hear horns whined dat all de rams should ring;—more work, dey should play fine hunting piece, as good as him you call'd Fisher with his stag; very well—den

comes one herald, as we call Enkelid, whirling his horn—and then comes de great Poodloun, called de mighty Hunter of de North, mounted on him black steed. But you would not care to see all that!"

"Why, I am not afraid," answered the poor Baromet,—"if—fast is—does anything—any great mischief, happen on such occasions?"

"But! mischief! no!—sometimes if de circle be so quite just, or de beholder be de frightened coward, and not hold de sword firm and straight towards him, de Great Hunter will take his advantage, and drag him uproot out of de circle and devour him. But does happen."

"Well then, Donsomewell, with every confidence in my courage and your skill, we will disappear with this apparatus, and go on to the business of the night."

"With all mine heart—it is just one thing to me—and now it is de time—hold you de sword, till I kinde de little what you call ship."

Donsomewell accordingly set fire to a little pile of chips, braked and prepared with some libations to believe in make them burn freely; and when the flame was at its highest, and lightened, with its deathlike glare, all the mine around, the German thing is a handful of perfumes which produced a strong and pungent odor. The scent and the puff both were so much affected as to cough and sneeze heartily; and, as the vapor floated around the pillars of the building, and penetrated every corner, it produced the same effect on the beggar and Levite.

"Was that an echo?" said the Baromet, stretched at the stimulation which resounded from above; "or—drawing close to the shaft, "can it be the spirit you talked of, reflecting our attempt upon his hidden treasures?"

"N—n—no," muttered the German, who began to partake of his people's terror, "I hope not."

Here a violent explosion of sneezing, which the rudeness was unable to suppress, and which could not be considered by any means as the dying fall of an echo, accompanied by a grunting half-mothered cough, confounded the two treasure-seekers. "Lord have mercy on us!" said the Baromet.

"*Alle guten Götter leben den Herrn!*" ejaculated the terrified

* Rev. F. Watson.

adopt. "I was begun to think," he continued, after a moment's silence, "that this would be the lastrest done in the daylight—were was lastrest to go away just now."

"You juggling villain!" said the Baronet, in whom these expressions awakened a suspicion that overcame his terror, connected as it was with the sense of desperation arising from the apprehension of impending ruin—"you juggling mountebank! this is some legionsman trick of yours to get off from the performance of your promises, as you have so often done before. But, before Heaven! I will this night know what I have trusted to when I suffered you to lead me on to my ruin! Go on, then—come forth, come forth, you shall show me that treachery, or unless yourself a knave and an impostor, or, by the faith of a desperate and ruined man, I'll send you where you shall see spirits enough."

The treasure-hunter, trembling between his terror for the superstitious beliefs by which he supposed himself to be surrounded, and for his life, which seemed to be at the mercy of a desperate man, could only bring out, "Mine patron, this is not the darkestest night. Consider, mine honoured sir, that the spirits"—

Here Edie, who began to enter into the business of the scene, uttered an extraordinary hail, being an exclamation and a prolongation of the most deplorable whine in which he was accustomed to collect charity.

Disconcerted, flung himself on his knees—"Dear Sir Arthur, let me go, or let me go!"

"So, you cheating scoundrel!" said the knight, unsheathing the sword which he had brought for the purpose of the execution, "that staff shall not serve you—Montblanc turned me long since of your juggling pranks—I will see this treasure before you leave this place, or I will have you make yourself an impostor, or, by Heaven, I'll run this sword through you, though all the spirits of the dead should rise around us!"

"For the love of Heaven be patient, mine honoured patron, and you shall have all the treasure as I know of—yes, you shall indeed!—But do not speak about the spirits—it makes me angry."

Edie Odellius here prepared himself to move in another group, but was restrained by Level, who began to take a more serious interest, so he observed the straggled and almost desperate

demeanour of Sir Arthur. Doubtless, having at once before him upon the floor of the first floor, and the violence of Sir Arthur, played his part of a conjurer extremely ill, hesitating to assume the degree of confidence necessary to discover the latter, but it should give offence to the terrible cause of his alarm. However, after rolling his eyes, muttering and spitting German execrations, with contortions of his face and person, rather flowing from the impulse of terror than of meditated fraud, he at length presented to a corner of the building where a flat stone lay upon the ground, bearing upon its surface the effigy of an armed warrior in a rampant posture carved in bas-relief. He muttered to Sir Arthur, "Nimm pietras, it is here—Got were us all!"

Sir Arthur, who, after the first moment of his expostitious fear was over, seemed to have bent up all his faculties to the pitch of resolution necessary to carry on the adventure, laid the adept's assistance to turn over the stone, which, by means of a lever that the adept had provided, their joint force with difficulty effected. No supernatural light burst forth from below to illumine the subterranean treasury, nor was there any apparition of spirits, nothing or nothing. But when Doubtless had, with great trepidation, struck a few strokes with a spade, and as hastily thrown out a shovelful or two of earth (for they came provided with the tools necessary for digging), something was heard to ring like the sound of a falling piece of metal, and Doubtless, hastily catching up the substance which produced it, and which his shovel had thrown out along with the earth, exclaimed, "On mine dear word, nimm pietras, this is all—it is indeed; I mean all we can do tonight,"—and he gazed round him with a covering and fearful glance, as if to see from what corner the avenger of his imposture was to start forth.

"Let me see it," said Sir Arthur; and then repeated, still more steadily, "I will be satisfied—I will judge by mine own eyes." He accordingly held the object to the light of the lantern. It was a small coin, or medal,—the Lord could not at the distance exactly discern its shape, which, from the Doctor's exclamation as he opened it, he concluded was filled with coin. "Ay," said the Baronet, "this is being indeed is good luck! and if it seems proportioned whence upon a larger venture, the venture shall be made. That six hundred of Goldsmid's, added to the other magnificent sums, want

have been safe indeed. If you think we can parry it by repeating the experiment—suppose when the moon next changes,—I will hazard the necessary advance, come by it how I may.”

“Oh, mine good patrons, do not speak about all this,” said Don Quixote, “as just now, but help me to put the chains to do right, and let us begone our own ways.” And accordingly, so soon as the steed was replaced, he hurried Sir Arthur, who was now resigned more than to his goodness, away from a spot, where the German’s guilty conscience and superstitious fears represented golden as looking behind each pillar with the purpose of punishing his treachery.

“But expressly *for* the like of that!” said Rold, when they had disappeared like shadows through the gate by which they had entered—“was my creature living *for* the like of that!—But what can we do for that pale dotted devil of a knight-harmer! Oh, he showed me his own speak, too, then I thought had been in him—I thought he was his own devil from through the ragbored—Sir Arthur wants half an hour at Don Quixote’s night—but then, his blood was up even now, and that makes an even difference. I have seen many a man who has killed another in anger like, that would speak has taken a stick against Quixote’s horn you time. But what’s to be done?”

“I suppose,” said Rold, “his faith in this fellow is entirely restored by this deception, which, unquestionably, he had arranged beforehand.”

“What! the other!—Ay, ay—trust him for that—they that take him best where to find. He wants to wife him out of his last prison, and then escape to his own country, the land-louper. I would like well just to have come in at the sleeping-time, and given him a headier wif my pho-staff; he would have been it for a hundred free men of the wild dead shibole. But it’s best so to be sure; striking them gang by strength, but by the pulling of the rally. I’ve no speak wif him as day.”

“What if you should inform Mr. Oldhead?” said Rold.

“Oh, I know him—Monsieur and Sir Arthur are his, and yet they’re as the million. Monsieur has whole influence wif him, and while Sir Arthur sees as little about him as about the like of me. Monsieur is so that ever was himself, in some things;—he would believe a hole to be as solid as a wall, as he calls it, or a ditch to be a camp, upon any leading

that life talk made about it. I has giv'd him true money a queer tale myself, gude forgive me. But we'll o' that, he has seen little sympathy wi' other folk; and he's small and does enough in making up their consciences to them, as if he had seen o' his sin. He'll listen the hole day, as ye'll tell him about tales o' Wallace, and Blind Harry, and David Lindsay; but ye maunna speak to him about ghosts or fairies, or spirits walking the earth, or the like o' that;—he had wauket them and Queen out o' the window (and he might just as well ha' thung awa his best wig after him), for thaepeing he had seen a ghost at the kirklock-barra. Now, if he was taking it up in this way, he wad set up the tother's barn, and maybe do mair ill nor gude—his done that times or thrice about these unkin-waikes, ye wad thought Sir Arthur had a pleasure in gaein on we'll than the deuper, the mair he was warned against it by *Blackburn*."

"What say you, then," said Lored, "in letting Miss Warden know the circumstances?"

"Oo, gude thing, how would she stop her father doing his pleasure he—and, besides, what wad it help? There's a cough in the country about that six hundred pounds, and there's a watter clock in Edinburgh has been driving the spare words o' the law up to the hand into Sir Arthur's sides to get him pay it, and if he mair, he mair gang to jail or fine the country. He's life a dangerous man, and just catches at this chance as o' he has left, to escape other perils; so what signifies playing the pair lasses about what occurs he helped? And besides, to say the truth, I wadna like to tell the secret o' this place. It's nae convenient, ye are yourself, to ha'e a hiding-hole o' such sin; and though I be out o' the face o' working now o' an aw, and trust in the power o' grace that I'll ne'er do anything to send me again, ye'll wakenly know what temptations are may be gae over to—and, to be brief, I darena bid the thought o' anybady knowin about the place;—they say, keep a thing seven years, an' ye'll say had a use for't—and maybe I may need the awe, either for myself, or for some other body."

The argument, in which Edin Colclough, notwithstanding his scruple of morality and of divinity, seemed to take, partook from old habit, a personal interest, could not be handsomely controverted by Lored, who was at that moment reaping the

benefit of the secret of which the old man appeared to be in possession.

This incident, however, was of great service to Lovell, in directing his mind from the unhappy occurrence of the evening, and considerably raising the suspense which had been stephied by the first view of his captivity. He reflected that it by no means necessarily followed that a dangerous wound must be a fatal one—that he had been hurried then, the spot even before the surgeons had expressed any opinion of Captain McIntyre's condition—and that he had duties on earth to perform, even should the very worst be true, which, if they could not restore his peace of mind or sense of innocence, would furnish a motive for enduring existence, and at the same time render it a course of active benevolence.—Such were Lovell's feelings, when the boat arrived when, according to Edie's indication—who, by some train or process of his own in observing the heavenly bodies, stood independent of the assistance of a watch or time-keeper—it was fitting they should leave their hiding-place, and baring themselves to the wind-stroke, in order to meet Lieutenant Taffel's boat according to appointment.

They retreated by the secret passage which had admitted them to the prison's secret seat of observation, and when they leaved from the grove into the wood, the birds which began to chirp, and even to sing, announced that the dawn was advanced. This was confirmed by the light and amber clouds that appeared over the sea, as soon as their exit from the caves permitted them to view the horizon.—Morning, and to be friendly to the cause, has probably obtained this character from its effect upon the fancy and feelings of mankind. Even to those who, like Lovell, have spent a dayless and anxious night, the beams of the dawn bring strength and quickening both of mind and body. It was, therefore, with renewed health and vigour that Lovell, guided by the trusty coachman, broke away the dew as he traversed the downs which divided the Dye of St. Faith, as the woods surrounding the ruins were popularly called, from the sea-shore.

The first level house of the sea, as his brilliant dash began to emerge from the coast, shot full upon the little gun-boat which was lying-to in the offing—close to the shore the boat was already waiting, Taffel himself, with his naval cloak wrapped about him, stood in the stern. He jumped ashore when he

saw the merchant and Lovell approach, and, shaking the latter heartily by the hand, begged him not to be sent down. "McHague's wound," he said, "was doubtful, but for them desperate." His attention had got Lovell's baggage privately sent on board the brig; "and," he said, "he trusted that, if Lovell chose to stay with the vessel, the possibility of a short cruise would be the only disagreeable consequence of his recovery. As for himself, his time and motions were a good deal at his own disposal, he said, "excepting the necessary obligation of remaining on his station."

"We will talk of our further actions," said Lovell, "as we go on board."

Then turning to Edie, he endeavored to put money into his hand. "I think," said Edie, as he tendered it back again, "the lubber folk here have either gone dumb, or they has made a vow to run my trade, or they say over mebbe water drives the rubber. I has had nine pence offered me within this two or three weeks than I ever saw in my life since. Keep the offer, lub—ye'll has need o' it, I'm warrant ye, and I has more; my share is one great thing, and I get a blue gown every year, and so many other goods as the King, God bless him, is your uncle—you and I were the same master, ye kin, Captain Tallot; there's rigging provided for—and my meat and drink I get for the sailing in my reward, or, at an even to us, I can gang a day without it, for I make it a rule never to pay for meat;—so that if the offer I need is just to buy tobacco and mebbe, and maybe a dram at a time in a cold day, though I am no drinker to be a galloper;—one take back your good, and just give me a lily-white shilling."

Upon those whims, which he laughingly connected with the humor of his regional profession, Edie was flat and eloquent, not to be moved by censure or entreaty; and therefore Lovell was under the necessity of again pocketing his intended bounty, and taking a friendly leave of the merchant by shaking him by the hand, and assuring him of his cordial gratitude for the very important services which he had rendered him, recommending, at the same time, money as to what they had that night witnessed.—"Ye needna doubt that," said Osborn; "I never told tales out o' your nose in my life, though many a queer thing I has seen an't."

The boat now put off. The old man remained looking after

It as it made rapidly towards the brig under the impulse of an almost unseen, and Lovell beheld him again with his knee bent as a token of farewell ere he turned from his fixed posture, and began to move slowly along the beach as if receiving his customary perambulations.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Where Bayardine, in his short post,
Lingers at each danger and advancement
When half his funds are spent in prizes made,
And now his second hopeful glance is turned,
Not yet, if happy his third fortune hold,
To reach all his gains and gain to gold.¹

About a week after the adventures commemorated in our last chapter, Mr. Oldenok, descending to his breakfast-parlour, found that his watch-dogs were not upon duty, his toast not made, and the silver jug, which was wont to receive his Mithras of wine, not duly stood for its reception.

"This confounded hot-headed boy!" he said to himself, "now that he begins to get out of danger, I am tolerant this little no longer. All goes to drink and merriment—an universal uproar seems to be proclaimed in my peaceful and orderly family. I ask for my share—no answer. I call, I shout—I invite my inmates by every name that the Romans gave to their deities—at length Jenny, whose shrill voice I have heard this half-hour lifting in the Tartarous regions of the kitchen, condescends to hear me and reply, but without raising up share, so the conversation must be confined at the top of my lungs."—Here he again began to believe aloud—"Jenny, where's Miss Oldenok?"

"Miss Gray's in the captain's room."

"Tough!—I thought so—and where's my share?"

"Miss Mary's making the captain's tea."

"Tough! I supposed as much again—and where's Clara?"

"Aren't to the town about the captain's breeding-guns, and her selling-day."

¹ The author cannot remember where these lines are to be found; perhaps in Bishop Hall's *Belshazzar*. [They occur in Book iv. stanza 60.]

"And who the devil's to dress my pointer, you silly John?—when you know that Miss Warkton and her Arthur were coming here early after breakfast, how could you let Cassie go on with a Tambo's errand?"

"Oh! what could I hinder him?—your honour would let me contradict the captain's new law, and him maybe doing?"

"Dying?" said the stunted antiquary,—"oh! what! has he been worse?"

"No, he's no more worse than I am at!"

"Then he must be better—and what good is a dog and a gun to do here, but the use to destroy all my furniture, stow down my books, and perhaps worry the cat, and the other to shoot somebody through the head. He has had gunning and pointing enough to serve him, one while, I should think."

Here Miss Dillbeck entered the parlour, at the door of which Dillbeck was carrying on this conversation, he following downward to Jenny, and she again screaming upward in reply.

"Dear brother," said the old lady, "po'd cry yourself as hoarse as a corker—in that the way to strength when there's a sick person in the house?"

"Upon my word, the sick person's like to have all the blame to himself,—I have gone without my breakfast, and am like to go without my wig; and I must not, I suppose, presume to say I feel either hunger or cold, for fear of disturbing the sick gentleman who has six rooms off, and who feels himself well enough to send for his dog and gun, though he knows I detect such implements ever since our other brother, poor Willerold, tramped out of the world as a pair of damp feet, caught in the Kaildismagones. But that again's nothing, I suppose I shall be expected by and by to lend a hand to carry Captain Hunter out upon his litter, while he indulges his sportsmanlike propensities by shooting my pigeons, or my turkeys—I think any of the few natives are safe from him for one while."

Miss McIndoe now entered, and began to her usual morning's task of arranging her master's breakfast, with the alertness of one who is too late in setting about a task, and is anxious to make

"It is, I believe, a piece of free-masonry, or a point of civility, among the Scotch-dress-makers, never to admit that a patient is being better. The nearest approach to recovery which they can be brought to allow, is, that the party required after is." *How worse?*

up for last time. But this did not offend her. "Take care, you silly wenchchild—that man's too near the fire—the bottle will burst; and I suppose you intend to reduce the toast to ainder as a burnt-offering for Jove, or what do you call her—the female dog then, with some such Pookoo kind of a name, that poor wren brother has, in his first moments of natural reflection, ordered up as a fitting inmate of my house (I think her), and most company to did the rest of the wenchchild of my household in their daily conversation and intimacies with her."

"Dear uncle, don't be angry about the poor spoilt; she's been tied up at my brother's lodgings at Fitzport, and she's broken her chain twice, and come running down here to her; and you would not have us lose the faithful heart away from the door!—it seems as if it had some sense of poor Hector's misfortune, and will hardly stir from the door of his room."

"Why," said her uncle, "they said, Cress had gone to Fitzport after his dog and gun."

"O dear sir, no," answered Miss M'Intyre, "it was to fetch some drawings that were wanted, and Hector only wished him to bring out his gun, as he was going to Fitzport at my ruin."

"Well, then, it is not altogether so foolish a business, considering what a name of wenchchild have been about it—Dewings, quotha!—and who is to dress my wigh!—But I suppose Jove will undertake"—continued the old bachelor, looking at himself in the glass—"to make it somewhat decent. And now let us sit to breakfast—with what appetite we may. Well may I say to Hector, as Sir Isaac Newton did to his dog Diamond, when the animal (I detect dogs) sang down the tape among calculations which had occupied the philosopher for twenty years, and consumed the whole mass of materials—Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

"I assure you, sir," replied his niece, "my brother is quite sensible of the wisdom of his own behaviour, and allows that Mr. Lovel behaved very handsomely."

"And much good that will do, when he has frightened the bad out of the country! I tell thee, Mary, Hector's understanding, and the sense that of fidelity, is inadequate to comprehend the extent of the loss which he has sustained to the greatest age and to posterity—success given—s-

given on such a subject, with rather distraction of all that is clear, and all that is dark, and all that is neither dark nor clear, but hovers in dusky twilight in the region of Chaldean antiquities. I would have made the Galilei papyrus look about there. Pregel, as they countlessly name Fin-Mac-Goat, should have disappeared before my search, calling himself as he died like the spirit of Leda. Such an opportunity was hardly again given to an ancient and grey-haired man, and to see it lost by the making of a hot-headed boy! But I submit—Hector's will be done!"

Thus continued the Antiquary to himself, as his water experiment is, during the whole time of breakfast, while, despite of sugar and honey, and all the comforts of a British morning tea-table, his reflections rendered the meal bitter to all who loved them. But they knew the whims of the man. "Black-burn's bark," said Miss Graciosa O'Rourke, in confidential interview with Miss Rebecca Montague, "is worth more than his life."

In fact, Mr. O'Rourke had suffered in school extremely while his nephew was in actual danger, and now felt himself at liberty, upon his returning health, to indulge in complaints respecting the trouble he had been put to, and the interruption of his metropolitan labours. Listened to, therefore, in respectful silence, by his aunt and sister, he unfolded his discontent in such particulars as we have rehearsed, venting many a serious against vomited, addition, drop, and gas, all which symptoms of mind, discomf, and vexat, as he called them, he professed to hold in water circulation.

This exposition of spleen was suddenly interrupted by the noise of a carriage without, when, shaking off all reluctance on the score, O'Rourke ran lightly up stairs and down stairs, for both operations were necessary ere he could procure Miss Warden and her father at the door of her mansion.

A cordial greeting passed on both sides. And the father, referring to his previous inquiries by letter and message, requested to be particularly informed of Captain M'Intyre's health.

"Better than he deserves," was the answer—"better than he deserves, for debarking on with his steam breath, and breathing God's peace and the King's."

"The young gentleman," Sir Arthur said, "had been impru-

dant; but he understood they were indebted to him for the detection of a suspicious character in the young man Lovel."

"No more suspicious than his own," answered the Antiquary, eager to his favourite's defence;—"the young gentleman was a little foolish and headstrong, and refused to answer Hector's important interrogatories—that is all. Lovel, Sir Arthur, knows how to shew his confidence before—Ay, Miss Warbur, you may look at me—but it is very true;—it was in my house, that he deposited the secret cause of his residence at Farnport; and no more should have been left entrusted on my part to assure him in the pursuit to which he had dedicated himself."

On hearing this magnanimous declaration on the part of the old Antiquary, Miss Warbur changed colour more than once, and could hardly trust her own ears. For of all confidants to be selected as the depository of love affairs,—and such she naturally supposed must have been the subject of conversation,—next to Miss Gifford, Gifford seemed the most unsmooth and unscrupulous; nor could she sufficiently admire or feel at the extraordinary combination of circumstances which thus threw a secret of such a delicate nature into the possession of persons so united to be entrusted with it. She had used to hear the mode of Gifford's entering upon the altar with her father, for such, she doubted not, was his intention. She well knew that the honest gentleman, however valiant in his procedure, had no great sympathy with those of others, and she had to fear a most unpleasant explosion upon an indiscreetness taking place between them. It was therefore with great anxiety that she heard her father request a private interview, and observed Gifford readily arise and show the way to his library. She remained behind, attempting to converse with the ladies of Montbarn, but with the distracted feelings of Macbeth, when compelled to disguise his evil passions by listening and eyspying to the conversations of the attendant throng upon the storm of the preceding night, while his whole soul is upon the strands to listen for the alarm of murder, which he knows must be instantly raised by those who have entered the sleeping apartments of Duncan. With the conversation of the two women turned on a subject very different from that which Miss Warbur apprehended.

"Mr. Gifford," said Sir Arthur, when they had, after a few exchanges of conversation, fairly united themselves in the serious

master of the *Antiquary*.—"you, who know so much of my family matters, may probably be surprised at the question I am about to put to you."

"Why, Sir Arthur, if it relates to money, I am very sorry, but"—

"It does relate to money matters, Mr. Oldbuck."

"Really, then, Sir Arthur," continued the *Antiquary*, "in the present state of the money-market—and stocks being so low"—

"You mistake my meaning, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Baronet; "I wished to ask your advice about laying out a large sum of money to advantage."

"The devil!" exclaimed the *Antiquary*; and, sensible that his involuntary quotation of wonder was not over and above civil, he proceeded to qualify it by expressing his joy that Sir Arthur should have a sum of money to lay out when the commodity was so scarce. "And as for the mode of employing it," said he, pausing, "the funds are low at present, as I said before, and there are good reasons of loan to be had. But had you not better begin by clearing off encumbrances, Sir Arthur!—There is the sum in the personal loan;—and the sum notes of loan," continued he, taking out of the right-hand drawer of his cabinet a certain red memorandum-book, of which Sir Arthur, from the experience of former frequent appeals to it, observed the very sight—"with the interest thereon, amounting altogether to—let me see"—

"To about a thousand pounds," said Sir Arthur, hastily; "you tell me the amount the other day."

"But there's another sum's interest due since that, Sir Arthur, and it amounts (even accepted) to eleven hundred and thirteen pounds, seven shillings, five pence, and three-fourths of a penny sterling—that look over the augmentation yourself!"

"I declare you are quite right, my dear sir," said the Baronet, putting away the book with his hand, as one rejects the obnoxious writhy that presses itself upon you after you have eaten all you can eat—"perfectly right, I dare say; and in the course of three days or less you shall have the full value—that is, if you choose to accept it in fullness."

"Fullness! I suppose you mean land. What the deuce! have we laid on the wren then at last? But what could I do

with a thousand pounds' worth, and upwards, of land? The former abbot of Tynemouth might have needed their church and monastery with it indeed—but for me!"—

"By halloo," said the Baronet, "I mean the precious metals,—gold and silver."

"Ay! indeed?—and from what Colorado is this treasure to be imported?"

"Not far from hence," said Sir Arthur, significantly. "And now I think of it, you shall see the whole process, on one small condition."

"And what is that?" asked the Antiquary.

"Well, it will be necessary for you to give me your direct assistance, by advancing one hundred pounds or thereabouts."

Mr. Oldbuck, who had already been grasping in idea the sum, principal and interest, of a debt which he had long regarded as well-nigh desperate, was so much astounded at the talism being so unexpectedly turned upon him, that he could only re-echo, in an accent of awe and surprise, the words, "Advance one hundred pounds?"

"Yes, my good sir," continued Sir Arthur, "but upon the best possible security of being repaid in the course of two or three days."

There was a pause—either Oldbuck's mother just had not recovered its position, or as to enable him to utter a negatire, or he verily kept him silent.

"I would not propose to you," continued Sir Arthur, "to oblige me thus far, if I did not possess actual proofs of the reality of those expectations which I now hold out to you. And I assure you, Mr. Oldbuck, that in entering fully upon this topic, it is my purpose to show my confidence in you, and my sense of your kindness on many former occasions."

Mr. Oldbuck professed his sense of obligation, but quickly avoided committing himself by any promise of further assistance.

"My Dear-sir," said Sir Arthur, "having discovered"—

Here Oldbuck broke in, his eyes sparkling with indignation, "Sir Arthur, I have so often warned you of the knavery of that rascally quack, that I really wonder you should quote him to me."

"But listen—listen," interrupted Sir Arthur in his turn, "it will do you no harm. In short, Danstonsvold presented me to witness an experiment which he had made at the ruins of St. Ruth's—and what do you think we found?"

"Another spring of water, I suppose, of which the vulgar had beforehand taken care to ascertain the situation and source?"

"No, indeed—a mass of gold and silver coins—have they not?"

With that, Sir Arthur drew from his pocket a large man's horn, with a copper cover, containing a considerable quantity of coins, chiefly silver, but with a few gold pieces interspersed. The Antiquary's eyes glauced as he eagerly spread them out on the table.

"Upon my word—Swedish, English, and foreign coins, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and some of them rare—and various—others various! Here is the hemstaple of James V., the coinage of James II.,—ay, and the gold testoon of Queen Mary, with her head and the Dauphin's. And these were really found in the ruins of St. Ruth?"

"Most assuredly—my own eyes witnessed it."

"Well," replied Oldbuck; "but you must tell me the when—the where—the how."

"The when," answered Sir Arthur, "was at midnight the last full moon—the where, as I have told you, in the ruins of St. Ruth's priory—the how, was by a nocturnal experiment of Danstonsvold, accompanied only by myself."

"Indeed?" said Oldbuck, "and what means of discovery did you employ?"

"Only a simple self-illumination," said the Baronet, "accompanied by evoking ourselves of the invisible phantasmic horn."

"Simple self-illumination! simple evocation—phantasmic horn! phantasmic illumination! *suppono divinationem vestra*. My dear Sir Arthur, that fellow has made a gill of you above ground and under ground, and he would have made a gill of you in the air too, if he had been by when you were caught up the devil's temple ladder at Hallowe'en—to be sure the transformation would have been then positively apparent."

"Well, Mr. Oldbuck, I am obliged to you for your indifferent opinion of my discovery; but I think you will give me credit for having seen what I say I saw."

"Certainly, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary,—"to this extent

at least, that I know Sir Arthur Wadlow will not say he saw anything but what he thought he saw."

"Well, then," replied the Baronet, "as there is a heaven above us, Mr. Oldback, I saw, with my own eyes, those coins dug out of the chamber of St. Barth at midnight. And as to Donatowervel, although the discovery he owing to his abuse, yet, to tell the truth, I do not think he would have had finances of mind to have gone through with it if I had not been beside him."

"Ay I believe!" said Oldback, in the tone used when one wishes to hear the end of a story before making any comment.

"You trap," continued Sir Arthur—"I assure you I was upon my guard—we did hear some very uncommon sounds, that is certain, proceeding from among the ruins."

"Oh, you did!" said Oldback; "an accomplice hid among them, I suppose?"

"Not a jot," said the Baronet;—"the sounds, though of a hideous and preternatural character, rather reminded those of a man who swears violently than any other—one deep groan I certainly heard besides; and Donatowervel assures me that he beheld the spirit Pechtan, the Great Hunter of the North—look for him in your *Nicholas Bonigius*, or *Petrus Tiptonius*, Mr. Oldback,—who mimicked the motion of snuff-taking and its effects."

"Those indications, however singular as proceeding from such a personage, seem to have been apocryph to the matter," said the Antiquary; "for you see the coin, which includes those coins, has all the appearance of being an old fashioned Scottish snuff-can. But you persevered, in spite of the terrors of this morning golden?"

"Why, I think it probable that a man of inferior sense or consequence might have given way, but I was jealous of an inglorious remission of the duty I owed to my family in maintaining my savings under every contingency, and therefore I compelled Donatowervel, by actual and violent threats, to proceed with what he was about to do;—and, oh, the pride of his skill and honesty in this parcel of gold and silver pieces, out of which I beg you to select such sums or medals as will best suit your collection."

"Why, Sir Arthur, since you are so good, and on condition you will permit me to mark the value according to Pichetou's

catalogue and appreciation, against your account in my red book, I will with pleasure submit."—

"Nay," said Sir Arthur Wadman, "I do not mean you should consider them as anything but a gift of friendship and loan of all would I stand by the valuation of your friend Fairbairn, who has engaged the serious and trustworthy authorities upon which, as upon reasonable and moss-grown pillars, the credit of Scotland's antiquities rested."

"Ay, ay," replied Oldbuck, "you mean, I suppose, Blair and Bruce, the Jamies and Foss, not of history but of falsification and forgery. And notwithstanding all you have told me, I look on your friend Donasterwood, to be as apocryphal as any of them."

"Why then, Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, "not to awaken old disputes, I suppose you think, that because I believe in the ancient history of my country, I have neither eyes nor ears to ascertain what modern events pass before me?"

"Pardon me, Sir Arthur," replied the Antiquary; "but I consider all the affectionateness of terror which this worthy gentleman, your master, chose to play off, as being merely one part of his trick of mystery. And with respect to the gold or silver coins, they are so mixed and mingled in country and date, that I cannot suppose they could be any genuine hoard, and rather suppose them to be, like the pieces upon the table of Haddison's kye—

Money placed for show,
Like anti-type, to make others buy,
And for his false opinions pay—

It is the trick of all professions, my dear Sir Arthur. Pray, say I ask you how much this discovery cost you?"

"About ten guineas."

"And you have gained what is equivalent to twenty in actual bullion, and what may be perhaps worth as much more to such dealers as ourselves, who are willing to pay for coinage. This was allowing you a tempting profit on the first hazard, I must needs admit. And what is the next venture he proposes?"

"An hundred and fifty pounds;—I have given him one-third part of the money, and I thought it likely you might assist me with the balance."

"I should think that this cannot be meant as a parting blow

—It is not of weight and importance sufficient; he will probably let us win this hand also, as chaps menage a new gamester.

—Sir Arthur, I hope you believe I would screw you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Oldbuck; I think my confidence in you on these occasions leaves no room to doubt that."

"Well, then, allow me to speak to Donatoworth. If the money can be advanced usefully and advantageously for you, why, for old neighbourhood's sake, you shall not want it; but if, as I think, I can recover the treasure for you without making such an advance, you will, I promise, have no objection?"

"Unquestionably, I can have none whatsoever."

"Then where is Donatoworth?" continued the Antiquary.

"To tell you the truth, he is in my carriage below; but knowing your prejudice against him"——

"I thank Heaven, I am not prejudiced against any man, Sir Arthur. It is systems, not individuals, that incur my reprobation." He rang the bell. "Jenny, Sir Arthur and I offer our compliments to Mr. Donatoworth, the gentleman in Sir Arthur's carriage, and beg to have the pleasure of speaking with him here."

Jenny departed and delivered her message. It had been by no means a part of the project of Donatoworth to let Sir Oldbuck into his supposed mystery. He had relied upon Sir Arthur's obtaining the necessary accommodation without any discussion as to the nature of the application, and only waited below for the purpose of possessing himself of the deposit as soon as possible, for he foresaw that his career was drawing to a close. But when summoned to the presence of Sir Arthur and Mr. Oldbuck, he resolved gallantly to put confidence in his powers of impudence, of which, the reader may have observed, his natural share was very liberal.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

————— *And this Doctor,
 Their steady unphilosophical compass, his
 Will show you so much gold in a hole's head,
 And, as a long, narrow in the dead another
 With continued accuracy, that shall trust if the best,
 And all fly out to form.——*

THE ANTIQUARY.

"How do you do, good Mr. Oldenback! and I do hope your young gentleman, Captain Whistree, is getting better again! Ah! it is a bad business when young gentlemen will just head-balk into each other's body."

"Land adventures of all kinds are very precarious, Mr. Deamsterford; but I am happy to learn," continued the Antiquary, "from my friend Sir Arthur, that you have taken up a better trade, and become a discoverer of gold."

"Ah, Mr. Oldenback, mine good and honoured patron should not have told a word about that little matter, for, though I have all release—you, indeed, as good Mr. Oldenback's presence and direction, and his great friendship for Sir Arthur Warden—yet, my heavens! it is no great pointless work."

"More precious than any of the metal we shall make by it, I fear," answered Oldenback.

"But is just as you shall have the faith and the patience for the great experiment—If you join with Sir Arthur, as he is just one hundred and fifty—now, here is one fifty in your dirty Fiftyport bank-note—you put one other hundred and fifty in the dirty notes, and you shall have the pure gold and silver, I cannot tell how much."

"Nor any use for you, I believe," said the Antiquary. "But, look you, Mr. Deamsterford: Suppose, without troubling this same meddling spirit with any further investigations, we should go in a body, and having first day-light and our good consciences so belaboured us, using no other engineering implements than good substantial pick-axes and shovels, fidly trench the area of the channel in the ruins of St. Ruth, from one end to the other, and so ascertain the existence of this supposed treasure, without

putting ourselves to any further expense—the ruins belong to Sir Arthur himself, so there can be no objection—do you think we shall succeed in this way of managing the matter?"

"Eh!—you will not find one copper shilling!—But Sir Arthur will do his pleasure. I have showed him how it is possible—very possible—to have the great sum of money for his services—I have showed him the real experiment. If he likes not to believe, good Mr. Oldenbuck, it is nothing to Herman Donnerweird—he only loses the money and the gold and the silver—that is all."

Sir Arthur Warburton cast an indolent glance at Oldenbuck, who, especially when present, held, notwithstanding their frequent difference of opinion, an ordinary influence over his sentiments. In truth, the Marquis felt, what he would not willingly have acknowledged, that his genius stood rebuked before that of the Antiquary. He respected him as a shrewd, penetrating, accurate character—dared his advice, and had some confidence in the general soundness of his opinions. He therefore looked at him as if desiring his leave before rejecting his credulity. Donnerweird now he was in danger of losing his drags, unless he could make some favourable impression on the adviser.

"I know, my good Mr. Oldenbuck, it is one vanity to speak to you about the spirit and the golden. But look at this curious horn,—I know, you know the certainty of all the countries, and how the great Oldenbuck horn, as they keep still in the Museum at Copenhagen, was given to the Duke of Oldenbuck by one female spirit of the wood. Now I could not put one trick on you if I were willing—you who know all the certainty so well—and dare it is the horn full of sense;—if it had been a lion or eagle, I would have said nothing."

"Being a horn," said Oldenbuck, "does indeed strengthen your argument. It was an implement of nature's fashioning, and therefore much used among rude nations, although, it may be, the metaphorical horn is more frequent in proportion to the progress of civilization. And this present horn," he continued, raising it upon his sleeve, "is a curious and venerable relic, and no doubt was intended to prove a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, to some one or other; but whether to the adept or his pupils, may be justly doubted."

"Well, Mr. Oldenback, I find you still hard of belief—but let me assure you, *de vrankh uinderstand de magisterien*."

"Let us leave talking of the magisterien, Mr. Donsilvered, and think a little about the magistrates. Are you aware that this occupation of yours is against the law of Scotland, and that both Sir Arthur and myself are in the commission of the peace?"

"Mine heeren! and what is dat to de purpose when I am doing you all de good I can?"

"Why, you must know that when the legislature abolished the cruel laws against witchcraft, they had no hope of destroying the superstitious feelings of humanity on which such charms had been founded; and to prevent these feelings from being tempered with by artful and designing persons, it is enacted by the wish of George the Second, chap. 8, that whosoever shall pretend, by his alleged skill in any occult or crafty science, to discover such goods as are lost, stolen or concealed, he shall suffer punishment by pillory and imprisonment, as a common cheat and impostor."

"And is dat de law?" asked Donsilvered, with some agitation.

"Thyself shalt see the act," replied the Antiquary.

"Dee, gentlemen, I shall take my leave of you, dat is all; I do not like to stand on your what you call gallery—it is very bad way to take de air, I think; and I do not like your persons no more, where one cannot take de air at all."

"If such be your taste, Mr. Donsilvered," said the Antiquary, "I advise you to stay where you are, for I cannot let you go, unless it be in the society of a constable; and, moreover, I expect you will stand as good now to the wits of St. Faith, and point out the place where you propose to find this treasure."

"Mine heeren, Mr. Oldenback! what usage is this to your old friend, when I tell you so plain as I can speak, dat if you go now, you will not get so much treasure as one poor shabby digger?"

"I will try the experiment, however, and you shall be dealt with according to its success,—always with Sir Arthur's permission."

Sir Arthur, during this investigation, had looked extremely embarrassed, and, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, drop-

filler. Oldback's obstinate disbelief led him strongly to suspect the imposture of Donatocrested, and the adept's mode of keeping his ground was less routine than he had expected. Yet he did not entirely give him up.

"Mr. Oldback," said the Farmer, "you do Mr. Donatocrested less than justice. He has undertaken to make this discovery by the use of his art, and by applying characters descriptive of the Intelligences presiding over the planetary hour in which the experiment is to be made; and you require him to proceed, under pain of punishment, without allowing him the use of any of the preliminaries which he considers as the means of procuring success."

"I did not say that exactly—I only required him to be present when we ascended the church, and not to leave us during the interval. I fear he may have some intelligence with the Intelligences you talk of, and that whatever may be now hidden at Saint Both may disappear before we get there."

"Well, gentlemen," said Donatocrested, smiling, "I will make no objection to go along with you, but I tell you beforehand, you shall not find so much of anything as shall be worth your giving twenty purl from your own gale."

"We will put that to a fair trial," said the Antiquary; and the Baronet's epilogue being ordered, Miss Warden received an intimation from her father, that she was to remain at Monkhorne until his return from an outing. The young lady was somewhat at a loss to reconcile this direction with the communication which she supposed must have passed between Sir Arthur and the Antiquary; but she was compelled, for the present, to remain in a most unpleasant state of suspense.

The journey of the treasure-seekers was not without enough. Donatocrested maintained a sly silence, keeping at once our disappointed expectation and the risk of punishment; Sir Arthur, whose golden dreams had been gradually fading away, surprised, in gloomy prospect, the impending difficulties of his situation; and Oldback, who perceived that his having so far interested in his neighbor's affairs gave the Farmer a right to expect some actual and efficient assistance, slyly pondered to what extent it would be necessary to draw open the strings of his purse. Thus each being wrangled in his own unpleasant ruminations, there was hardly a word said on either side, until they reached the Four Horse-shoes, by which sign the little inn

were distinguished. They procured at this place the necessary assistance and implements for digging, and, while they were busy about these preparations, were suddenly joined by the old beggar, Edin Oskellan.

"The Lord bless your honour," began the Old-Giver, with the genuine Scotchman's when, "and long life to you!—and pleased am I to hear that young Captain McIntyre is like to be on his legs again soon—Thank us your poor bedman the day."

"Aha, old tawpenny!" replied the Antiquary. "Why, then, hast never come to Monkburne since thy perils by rock and deed,—hastn't something for thee to buy stuff?"—and, fumbling for his purse, he pulled out at the same time the hoar which contained the coin.

"Ay, and there's something to pit it in," said the mendicant, opening the pouch hewn—"that here's an odd acquaintance o' mine. I wad take my auld to that something-odd among a thousand—I carried it for many a year, till I solded it for this the eve w' auld George Glen, the doctor and shaver, when he took a fancy t' take down at Glen-Willemstone yonder."

"Ay! indeed?" said Oldfash,—"so you exchanged it with a miner? but I presume you never saw it as well fitted before"—and opening it, he showed the coin.

"Troth, ye may never find, Monkburne, when it was mine it wad ha' done the like o' tawpenny worth o' black copper left at mine. But I reckon ye'll be glad to make an auld o', as ye has done w' many an oer-thing bairden. Oa, I wish anybody wad make an auld o' me; but many aye will find worth is rusted into o' copper and here and there, that care runs little about an auld o' o' their ain country and kind."

"You may now guess," said Oldfash, turning to Sir Andrew, "to whose good office you were indebted the other night. To trace this conspiracy of yours to a mine, is bringing it pretty near a breed of wren—I hope we shall be as successful this morning, without paying for it."

"And where is your bonny mine the day?" said the mendicant, "w' o' your picks and shovels?—Oa, this will be none o' your tricks, Monkburne: ye'll be for whisking some o' the auld wools down by yonder out o' their graves since they have the

but will—but, wif your leave, I'll follow ye at my rule, and see what ye make o't."

The party were arrived at the ruins of the priory, and, having gained the channel, stood still to consider what course they were to pursue next. The Antiquary, meantime, addressed the abbot.

"Fray, Mr. Doubtewivel, what is your advice in this matter? Shall we have most likelihood of success if we dig from east to west, or from west to east?—or will you assist us with your triangular rule of May-day, or with your delving-rod of witch-hunt?—or will you have the goodness to supply us with a few thumping blustering terms of art, which, if they fall in our present service, may at least be useful to those who have not the happiness to be initiates, to still their bewailing children withal?"

"Mr. Oldhook," said Doubtewivel, doggedly, "I have told you already that you will make no good work at all, and I will find some way of mine own to thank you for your civilities to me—you, indeed."

"If your honour are thinking of tiring the floor," said old Elio, "and wad but take a poor body's advice, I would begin below that marble stone that has the man there struck out upon his back in the midst o't."

"I have some reason for thinking favourably of that plan myself," said the Baronet.

"And I have nothing to say against it," said Oldhook. "It was not unusual to hide treasure in the tombs of the deceased—many instances might be quoted of that from Bartholomew and others."

The tombstone, the same beneath which the coins had been found by Sir Arthur and the German, was once more forced aside, and the earth gave way to the spade.

"It's marvellous sure that," said Elio, "it howls awfully.—I kin it well, for once I wrought a summer wif woid Will Wicket, the beird, and howld near graves than ere in my day; but I left him in winter, for it was once cold work; and then I saw a green Yule, and the folk shed thick and fast—for ye kin a green Yule makes a fat kickpad; and I never drows'd to hile a hard pore o' work in my life—see af I goot, and left Will to drive his last dwellings by himself for Elio."

The diggers were now so far advanced in their labours as to

discover that the sides of the grave which they were clearing out had been originally secured by four walls of freestone, forming a parallelogram, for the reception, probably, of the coffin.

"It is worth while proceeding in our business," said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur, "were it but for curiosity's sake. I wonder on whose sepulchre they have bestowed such uncommon pains."

"The arms on the shield," said Sir Arthur, and sighed as he spoke it, "are the same with those on Malcolin's tower, supposed to have been built by Malcolin the usurper. No man knew where he was buried, and there was an old prophecy in our family, that before us no good when his grave shall be discovered."

"I vet," said the beggar, "I have often heard that when I was a boy—"

*If Malcolin the Black's grave were dug,
The heads of Knechtswandke were lost and won."*

Oldenck, with his spectacles on his nose, had already bent down on the monument, and was tracing, partly with his eye, partly with his finger, the sculptured devices upon the oblong of the deceased warrior. "It is the Knechtswandke cross, sure enough," he exclaimed, "quarterly with the coat of Warden."

"Richard, called the red-handed Warrior, married Sybil Knechtswandke, the heiress of the Baron family, and by that alliance," said Sir Arthur, "brought the cross and emblem into the house of Warden, in the year of God 1183."

"Very true, Sir Arthur; and here is the balen-saber, the mark of chivalrancy, extended diagonally through both coats upon the shield. Where can our eyes have been, that they did not see this curious monument before?"

"No, where was the through-stone, that it shone come before our eyes till I saw it?" said Oldenck, "for I has had this noble kirk, man and lair, for nearly long years, and I a've noticed it often, and it's not sic much noticed, but what one might see it in their power."

All were now induced to tax their memory as to the former state of the ruins in that corner of the church, and all agreed in reflecting a considerable pile of rubbish which must have been removed and spread abroad in order to make the tomb

visible. Sir Arthur might, indeed, have remembered seeing the monument on the former occasion, but his mind was too much agitated to attend to the circumstance as a novelty.

While the undertakers were engaged in these reflections and discussions, the workmen proceeded with their labour. They had already dug to the depth of nearly five feet, and as the flinging out the soil became more and more difficult, they began at length to tire of the job.

"We're down to the bill now," said one of them, "and the rest o' a coffin or anything else is here—some marriage chief's been down us, I reckon;—and the labourer scrambled out of the grave."

"Hush, lad," said Fido, getting down in his noose—"let me try my head for an odd hole;—poor grave makers, but ill-fated."

So soon as he got into the grave, he struck his pick-staff smartly down; it encountered resistance in its descent, and the labourer exclaimed, like a Scotch schoolboy when he finds anything, "Two halves and quarters—half o' mine an' more o' my neighbour's."

Everybody, from the dejected Harriet to the ruddy adept, now caught the spirit of curiosity, crowded round the grave, and would have jumped into it, could its space have contained them. The labourer, who had begun to dig in their monstrous and apparently hopeless task, now resumed their tools, and pried them with all the ardour of expectation. Their shovels soon grated upon a hard wooden surface, which, as the earth was cleared away, assumed the distinct form of a chest, but greatly smaller than that of a coffin. Now all hands were at work to heave it out of the grave, and all voices, as it was raised, proclaimed its weight and sagged its sides. They were not mistaken.

When the chest or box was placed on the surface, and the lid forced up by a pickaxe, there was displayed first a coarse canvas cover, then a quantity of cotton, and beneath that a number of ingots of silver. A general exclamation hailed a discovery so surprising and unexpected. The Harriet threw his hands and eyes up to heaven, with the silent capture of one who is delivered from insupportable distress of mind. Oldhead, almost unable to credit his eyes, lifted one piece of silver after another. There was neither inscription nor stamp upon them,

excepting one, which seemed to be Spanish. He could have no doubt of the purity and great value of the treasure before him. Still, however, removing piece by piece, he examined now by now, expecting to discover that the lower layers were of inferior value, but he could perceive no difference in this respect, and found himself compelled to admit, that Sir Arthur had possessed himself of treasure to the value perhaps of a thousand pounds sterling. Sir Arthur now presented the antiquaries a handsome recompense for their trouble, and began to busy himself about the mode of conveying this rich windfall to the Castle of Knoddrasnoch, when the adept, recovering from his surprise, which had equalled that exhibited by any other individual of the party, twitched his sleeve, and having offered his humble congratulations, turned next to Oldhook with an air of triumph.

"I did tell you, my good friend, Mr. Oldhook, that I was to seek opportunity to thank you for your civility, now do you not think I have found out very good way to return thanks?"

"Wig, Mr. Downstomered, do you pretend to have had any hand in our good success?—you forget you relied on all aid of your science, mine, and you are here without your weapons that should have fought the battle which you pretend to have gained in our behalf: you have not neither clavis, lance, ring, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror, nor geometric figure. Where is your pentacle, and your dimensions, now? your Mayfiere, your varrins,

Your task, your sword, your dagger, and your position,
Your gun, your muson, your dragoon, your sling,
Your Lute, Harp, Cornet, Flute, Clarinet,
With all your tricks, your mortars, your catapults,
Would have a man to make?—"

Ah! now Ben Jonson! long pass to thy ashes for a sample of the quacks of thy day!—who expected to see them write as our own?"

The career of the adept to the Antiquary's trials we must defer to our next chapter.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

Clara.—You now shall have the long o' the legges' interest —
 You—see however you shall find your business
 They could see not, for if I live I'll be you.

THE DANCER'S SON.

THE GERMAN, determined, it would seem, to assert the advantage gained on which the discovery had placed him, replied with great pomp and staidness to the attack of the Antiquary.

"Master Oldenback, all the way be very witty and comely, but I have nothing to say—nothing at all—to people that will not believe their own eyesights. It is very true that I am not any of the things of the art, and it makes me more wonder what I have done the day. But I would ask of you, mine honoured and good and generous patron, to put your hand into your right-hand waistcoat pocket, and show me what you shall find there."

By Arthur steeped his direction, and pulled out the small plate of silver which he had used under the adept's auspices upon the former occasion. "It is very true," said Sir Arthur, looking gravely at the Antiquary; "this is the grubbied and calculated sign by which Mr. Dunsenwerd and I regulated our first discovery."

"Pshaw! pshaw! my dear friend," said Oldback, "you are too wise to believe in the influence of a tawdry ivory-plate, least not this, and a parcel of nonsense upon it. I tell thee, Sir Arthur, that if Dunsenwerd had known where to get this treasure himself, you would not have been lord of the least share of it."

"In truth, please your honour," said Edie, who put in his word on all occasions, "I think, since Mr. Dunsenwerd has had one crackle crack in discovering o' the gear, the least ye can do is to give him that o' the's left behind for his labour; for doubtless he that found where to find one crackle will have one difficulty to find more."

Dunsenwerd's brow grew very dark at this proposal of leaving him to his "ain pishness," as Oldbree expressed it; but the beggar, drawing him aside, whispered a word or two in his ear, to which he seemed to give serious attention.

Meanwhile Sir Arthur, his heart warm with his good fortune, said aloud, "Never mind our friend Monkhorne, Mr. Docton—waited, but come to the Castle to-morrow; and I'll warrant you that I am not ungrateful for the hints you have given me about this matter—and the fifty Farquet-dirty notes, as you call them, are heartily at your service. Come, my lady, get the cover of this precious chest fastened up again."

But the cover had in the confusion fallen aside among the rubbish, or the loose earth which had been removed from the grave—in short, it was not to be seen.

"Never mind, my good lady, 'tis the turpentine over it, and get it away to the carriage.—Monkhorne, will you walk! I must go back your way to take up Miss Worsley."

"And, I hope, to take up your dinner also, Sir Arthur, and drink a glass of wine for joy of our happy adventure. Besides, you should write about the business to the Exchange, in case of any hindrance on the part of the Crown. As you are lord of the manor, it will be easy to get a deed of gift, should they make any claim. We must talk about it, though."

"And I particularly recommend silence to all who are present," said Sir Arthur, looking round. All bowed and professed themselves dumb.

"Why, as to that," said Monkhorne, "recommending secrecy where a dozen of people are acquainted with the circumstances to be concealed, is only putting the truth in metaphors, for the story will be divulged under twenty different shapes. But never mind—we will state the true one to the Baron, and that is all that is necessary."

"I incline to send off an express to-night," said the Baronet.

"I can recommend your honour to a wiser head," said Othello too. "Little David Malhotter, and the butcher's rivaling poetry."

"We will talk over the matter as we go to Monkhorne," said Sir Arthur. "My lady (to the work-people), 'come with me to the Four Horse-shoes, that I may take down all your names.—Docton—waited, I won't ask you to go down to Monkhorne, as the lord and you differ so widely in opinion; but do not fail to come to see me to-morrow."

Docton—waited growled out an answer, in which the words, "duty,"—"a wise honoured patron,"—and "wait upon Sir Arthur,"—were close distinguished, and after the Baronet and his friend had left the ruins, followed by the servants and

workmen, who, in hope of reward and whisky, joyfully attended their leader, the sloop remained in a barren study by the side of the open grave.

"Who was it as could have thought that?" he speculated unconsciously. "Many things! I have heard of such things, and often spoken of such things—but, supposition! I never, thought to see them! And if I had gone but two or three feet deeper down in the earth—main blessed! it had been all mine even—as much more as I have been meddling about to get from this folk's men."

Here the German ceased his soliloquy, for, rising his eyes, he encountered those of Elias Oehlstrom, who had not followed the rest of the company, but, resting as usual on his pipe-staff, had planted himself on the other side of the grave. The features of the old man, naturally shrewd and expressive almost to an appearance of knavery, seemed in this instance so kindly knowing, that even the assurance of Doustermyer, though a professed adventurer, sunk beneath their glance. But he saw the necessity of an éclaircissement, and, rallying his spirits, hastily began to sound the marchion on the occurrence of the day. "Good Minister Elias Oehlstrom!"

"Elias Oehlstrom, our minister—your pair bedchamber and the king's," answered the Hans-German.

"Awei! der, good Elias, what do you think of all dat?"

"I was just thinking it was very kind (for I daroon my very simple) o' your honour to gie them two rich gentles, who has lands and lordships, and silver without end, this grand pile o' silver and treasure (these wares tried in the fire, as the Scripture expresses it), that might has made yourself and my two or three honest beddie beds, as happy and content as the day was long."

"Indeed, Elias, mine honest friends, dat is very true; only I did not know, dat is, I was not sure, where to find the gift myself."

"What! was it not by your honour's advice and counsel that Montehorn and the Knight of Knockwinnock came here then?"

"Aha—yes; but it was by another circumstance. I did not know dat day would have found da treasure, mine friend; though I did guess, by such a circumstance, and cough, and sneeze, and groan, among da spirit one other night here, dat there might be treasure and bulkins hereabout. Achi, mine blessed! the spirit will hone and groan over his gift, as if he were a Dutch Begg-master counting his dollars after a great dinner at the Stadthaus."

"And do you really believe the lies o' that, Mr. Dunderberg?—a shoddy man like you—don't he?"

"Man friend," answered the adept, forced by circumstances to speak something nearer the truth than he generally used to do, "I believed it no more than you and no man at all, till I did hear them here and there and grown myself on de silver night, and till I did this day see de silver, which was an great chest all full of de pure silver from Mexico—and what would you are no think den?"

"And what wad ye go to my use," said Edie, "that wad help ye to de another batch o' silver?"

"Give I—no! I want I—no great big quarter of it."

"Now if the secret were mine," said the merchant, "I wad stand out for a half, for you see, though I am but a pale ragged body, and couldn carry silver or gold to sell for fear o' being taken up, yet I could find many folk would pay it even for me at once worth a better profit than ye're thinking on."

"Ach, I want I—dein grod friend, what was it I said?—I did mean to say you should have de two quarters for your half, and de one quarter to be my fair half."

"No, no, Mr. Dunderberg, we will divide equally what we find, like brother and brother. Now, look at thisboard that I just bang into the dark side out o' the way, while Mackburn was glowering over o' the silver yonder. He's a sharp chiel, Mackburn—I was glad to keep the like o' this out o' his sight. Ye'll maybe see read the character better than me—I am not that back-boned, at least I'm no that much in practice."

With this modest declaration of ignorance, Ochiltree brought forth from behind a pillar the cover of the box or chest of treasure, which, when saved from its hiding, had been secretly hung aside during the seizure of curiosity to ascertain the contents which it concealed, and had been afterwards, as it were, inserted by the merchant. There was a word and a number upon the plate, and the beggar made them more distinct by sitting upon his ragged blue handkerchief, and rubbing off the clay by which the inscription was obscured. It was in the ordinary black letter,

"Can ye read ought o' it?" said Edie to the adept.

"N," said the philosopher, like a child getting his lesson in the primer—"B, T, A, B, G, H,—char!—dat is what de wuman-washen put into de merchant's, and de silver collar."

"Search!" echoed Ochiltree; "no, no, Mr. Donatowood, ye are made of a conjurer than a clerk—it's search, man, search—See, there's the P's clear and distinct."

"Aha! I see it now—it is search—number one. Main hundred! then there must be a number two, main post friend! for search is what you call to seek and dig, and this is but number one! Mine word, there is one great big price in de wheel for us, good Master Ochiltree."

"Aye, it may be so, but we canna hae's for's mair—we hae our chafes, for they hae taken them a' awa—and it's like some o' them will be sent back to fling the earth into the hole, and mak a' things trig again. But as ye'll sit down wif us a while in the wood, I'll satisfy your honour that ye hae just lighted on the only man in the country that could hae taked about Malcolm Hewart and his hidden treasure—But first we'll rub out the letters on this board, for that it tell tales."

And, by the assistance of his knife, the beggar erased and defaced the characters so as to make them quite unintelligible, and then dashed the board with clay so as to obliterate all traces of the erasure.

Donatowood stared at him in ambiguous silence. There was an intelligence and shrewdness about all the old man's movements, which indicated a person that could not be easily overreached, and yet (for even rogues acknowledge in some degree the spirit of precedence) our adept felt the disgrace of playing a secondary part, and dividing winnings with so mean an associate. His appetite for gain, however, was sufficiently sharp to overcome his abashed pride, and though far more an experimenter than a digger, he was not without a certain degree of personal faith even in the gross expeditions by means of which he imposed upon others.

Still, being accustomed to act as a leader on such occasions, he felt humiliated at finding himself in the situation of a vulture marshalled to his prey by a currier-crow—"Let me, however, hear this story to an end," thought Donatowood, "and it will be hard if I do not make mine account in it better as Master Elze Ochiltree makes propos."

The adept, thus transformed into a pupil from a teacher of the mystic art, followed Ochiltree in passive acquiescence to the Deir's Oak—a spot, as the reader may remember, at a short distance from the ruins, where the German sat down, and in silence waited the old man's communication.

"Master Dunderbrikel," said the parson, "it's an even while now I heard this business treated about,—for the like's of Knockwinnock, neither Sir Arthur, nor his father, nor his grandfather—and I asked a wee bit about them a'—lied to hear it spoken about, nor they think like it yet—but nae matter; ye may be sure it was clattered about in the kitchen, like anything else in a great house, though it were forbidden in the hall—and nae I has heard the circumstance rehearsed by arid servants in the family; and in this present days, when strange o' that wold-world sort some liegit in mind proud winter kin-edges as they used to be, I question if there's anybody in the country can tell the tale but myself—aye out-taken the hard though, for there's a parchment book about it, as I have heard, in the charter-room at Knockwinnock Castle."

"Well, all that is very well—but get you on with your stories, unless you mind," said Dunderbrikel.

"Aweel, ye see," continued the merchant, "this was a job in the wold times o' ragging and riving through the hule country, when it was illen ane for himself, and God for us a'—when man wou'd waste property if he had strength to take it, or had it longer than he had power to keep it. It was just he over her, and she over him, whistler could win against, a' through the west country here, and was doult through the rest o' Scotland in the self and same manner."

"Nae in these days Sir Richard Warden came into the land, and that was the first o' the name ever was in this country. There's been many o' them sin' aye; and the maist, like him they call Red-in-Barrow, and the rest o' them, are sleeping down in yon mine. They were a proud deer set o' men, but men have, and aye stood up for the weel o' the country, God wile them a'—there's no make paper in that wile. They call them the Norman Warriors, though they was fine the south to this country. So this Sir Richard, that they call Redhead, drew up wi' the wold Knockwinnock o' that day—for them they were Knockwinnocks o' that ilk—and wed his savy for only daughter, that was to have the castle and the land. Leila, leila was the lass—jy'd Knockwinnock they call her that wold use the tale's—leila, leila was she to go into the match, for she had fides a wee over thick wi' a couple o' her men that her father had some ill-will to, and nae it was, that after she had been married to Sir Richard jay four months—

for marry him she mean, it's like—ye'll no hinder her giving them a present o' a bonny kane burn. Then there was some a co'thing, as the like was never seen; and she's be hant, and he's be slain, was the best words o' their mouths. But it was a' considered up again some gill, and the burn was sent awa, and bred up near the Highlands, and grew up to be a fine wale fellow, like many are that comes o' the wrong side o' the blackst; and Sir Richard wi' the Red-hand, he had a fair offspring o' his ain, and a' was found and quiet till his head was laid in the ground. But then down came Malcolm Macleod—(Sir Arthur says it should be Malisey, but they are a'd him Malisey that spite o' lang years)—down came then Malcolm, the love-begot, frae Glen-lis, wi' a string o' limp-legged Highlanders at his heels, that's aw ready for anybody's mischief, and he threaps the mule and lands aw his ain as his mother's eldest son, and turns a' the Wardour out to the hill. There was a sort o' fighting and blood-spilling about it, for the gentles took different sides, but Malcolm had the uppermost for a lang time, and kept the Castle of Kacchewinock, and strengthened it, and built that muckle tower that they ca' Macleod's tower to this day."

"Hae great mind, old Mr. Elio Odellree," interrupted the German, "doo is all as wee Elio do lang histories o' a house o' castles quarters in some countries; but I would as rather hear o' do silver and gold."

"Why, ye see," continued the scoundrel, "this Malcolm was weel helped by an uncle, a brother o' his father's, that was Prior o' St. Ruth here; and muckle treasure they gathered between them, to secure the succession o' their house in the lands o' Kacchewinock. Folk said that the monks in that day had the art o' multiplying mule—at any rate, they were very rich. At last it came to this, that the young Wardour, that was Red-hand's son, challenged Macleod to fight with him in the lists as they ca'd them—there's no fire or tailor's mule and saddle o' chair, but a jester-thing they set up for them to fight in like game-cocks. Aweel, Macleod was beaten, and at his brother's mercy—but he wadna touch his life, for the blood o' Kacchewinock that was in both their veins; so Malcolm was compelled to turn a monk, and he died soon after in the priory, of pure despoth and vanition. Nobody ever know'd where his uncle the prior carried him, or what he did

w' his good, and silver, for he stood on the right o' holm kirk, and wad gie me account to anybody. But the prophecy got abroad in the country, that whenever Minkot's grave was find out, the estate of Knodsvinack should be lost and won."

"Ach! mine good old friend, Master Edin, and dat is not so very unlikely, if the Archers will quarrel w' his good friends to please Mr. Oldenbuck—And so you do think dat the golds and silver belonged to good Mr. Malcom Minkdugan?"

"Truth do I, Mr. Donatserweid."

"And you do believe dat dere is more o' dat wata behind?"

"By my sworn do I—How can it be otherwise?—dureh—*Nu, I*—dat is as much as to say, search and y'll find number ten. Besides, you kist is only silver, and I yot heard that Master's pen had much yeller good i't."

"Dow, mine good friend," said the adept, jumping up hastily, "why do we not set about our little job directly?"

"For two, good reason," answered the hogget, who quickly kept his sitting posture;—"first, because, as I wad believe, we have nothing to dig w', for they has torn awa the pines and shales; and, secondly, because there wad be a wiser lile gowks staying in glower at the hole so long as it is daylight, and maybe the bird may wad somebody to fill it up—and my way we wad be catched. But if you will meet me on this place at twal o'clock w' a dark lantern, I'll be there ready, and we'll gang quietly about our job our two wils, and nobody the wiser for't."

"Ho—ho—but, mine good friend," said Donatserweid, from whose recollection his former nocturnal adventure was not to be altogether erased, even by the splendid hopes which Edin's narrative held forth, "it is not so good or so safe to be about good Master Minkdugan's grave at dat time o' night—you have thought how I told you de spirits did loose and move dere. I do assure you, dere is disturbance dere."

"If ye're afraid o' ghosts," answered the confident, coolly, "I'll do the job myself, and bring your share o' the silver to my place you like to appoint."

"No—no—mine excellent old Mr. Edin,—too much trouble for you—I will not have dat—I will mine myself—and it will be betterment; for, mine old friend, it was I, Herman Donatserweid, discoverd Master Minkdugan's grave when I was looking for a place as to put away some little treasury coins, just to

play me little trick on my dear friend Sir Arthur, for a little sport and pleasure. Yes, I did take some what you call rabbits, and did discover Master Mithelpoat's own monumentish—We like not he intent I should be his heir—as it would not be divinity in you not to come yourself for some substantiance."

"At twal o'clock, then," said the merchant, "we meet under this tree. I'll watch for a while, and see that nobody meddles w' the game—o's only saying the hawk's forbade it—then get my hot supper fire fling on the powder up by, and leave to sleep in his lair, and I'll dig out at eight, and w'e'll be w'at."

"Do so, mine good Master Lila, and I will meet you here on this very place, though all de spirits should meet and dance dew very late out."

So saying he shook hands with the old man, and with this mutual pledge of fidelity to their appointment, they separated for the present.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

————— She then shakes the bags
Of travelling debris; / apples imprisoned
But there at thirty —————
Felt, look, and smell, shall not drive me back,
If gold and silver hidden to discover —————

Kate Jew

THE night set in stormy, with wind and occasional showers of rain. "Eh, eh," said the old merchant, as he took his place on the sheltered side of the large entrance to wait for his associate—"Eh, eh, but human nature's a wild and wilful thing!—It is not as two loads o' gun wool bring this Doctor-dred out in a blast o' wind like this, at twal o'clock at night, to that wild poverty w'e'll—and seems I a bigger fool than I used to be! here waiting for him!"

Having made these sage reflections, he wraped himself close in his cloak, and fixed his eye on the moon as she waded amid the stormy and dusky clouds, which the wind from time to time drove across her path: The melancholy and mysterious gleams that she shot from between the passing shadows fell full upon the rifted crevices and shaded windows of the old building,

which were then for an instant made distinctly visible in their rainbow tints, and soon became again a dark, undistinguished, and shadowy mass. The little lake had its share of those transient beams of light, and showed its various bottom, whitened, and upturned under the passing storm, which, when the clouds swept over the scene, were only distinguished by their white and murmuring plash against the beach. The wooded glen repeated, in every successive gust that hurried through its narrow trough, the deep and various groan with which the trees replied to the whirlwind, and the sound sank again, as the blast passed away, into a faint and passing murmur, reminding the sight of an exhausted criminal after the first pang of his tortures are over. In those sounds, imagination might have found ample gratification for that state of mental torpor which she feels and yet loves. But such feelings made no part of Ophelia's composition. Her mind wandered back to the scenes of her youth.

"I have kept guard on the outposts both in Germany and America," he said to himself, "as long a weary night then this, and when I boud there was naught a dream of their release in the distance before me. But I was up gleg at my duty—nobody ever noticed Edla sleeping."

As he muttered thus to himself, he instinctively shouldered his trusty pik-staff, assumed the port of a sentinel on duty, and, as a step advanced towards the tree, called, with a tone sounding better with his military reminiscences than his present state—"Stand! who goes there?"

"Do dumb, good Edla," answered Donatweird, "why does you speak as loud as a troubadour, or what you call a lutenary—I mean a sentinel?"

"Just because I thought I was a sentinel at that moment," answered the monkhood. "Here's an evenin' night! Has ye brought the lantern and a peck for the altar?"

"Ay—ay, mine good friend," said the German, "here it is—my pair of what you call snuff-box; one side will be for you, mistake for me,—I will put down on my knee to save you de trouble, as you are old man."

"Have you a horse here, then?" asked Edla Ophelia.

"O yes, mine friend—find yonder by de stile," responded the sleep.

"Well, I has just as word to the bargain—there will none of my poor gang on your boss's back."

"What was it as you would be afraid of?" said the stranger.

"Only of losing sight of home, man, and money," again replied the gambler.

"Does you know dat you make one gentleman out to be one great rogue?"

"Many gentlemen," replied Oshillee, "can make that out for themselves—But what's the sense of quarrelling?—If ye want to gang on, gang on—If no—I'll get back to the gale at-once at Rongus Ashwood's barn, that I left wif right at will at-hue, and I'll get back the pick and shide whar I got them."

Dansterweird deliberated a moment, whether, by suffering Edie to depart, he might not secure the whole of the expected wealth for his own exclusive use. But the want of digging implements, the uncertainty whether, if he had them, he could clear out the grave to a sufficient depth without assistance, and, above all, the reluctance which he felt, owing to the experience of the former night, to venture alone on the borders of Minkoot's grave, weighed him the attempt would be hazardous. Endeavouring, therefore, to assume his usual smiling tone, though internally amazed, he begged "his good friend Master Edie Oshillee would lead the way, and secured him of his acquaintance as all such an excellent friend could propose."

"Awed, awed, then," said Edie, "tak gale care of your feet among the long grass and the loose stones. I wish we may get the right height in sight, wif this fierce wind—but there's a blink o' moonlight at times."

Thus saying, old Edie, closely accompanied by the adept, led the way towards the ruins, but presently made a full halt in front of them.

"Ye're a learned man, Mr. Dansterweird, and has made o' the marvellous works o' nature—Now, will ye tell me as thing?—D'ye believe in ghosts and spirits that walk the earth?—D'ye believe in them, ay or no?"

"Now, good Mr. Edie," whispered Dansterweird, in an expectatory tone of voice, "is this a time or a place for such a question?"

"Indeed is it, both the time and the place, Mr. Dansterweird; for I mean fairly tell ye, there's reports that wild Minkoot walks. Now this wud be an uneasy night to meet

him in, and who knew if he wad be over wud pleased w' our purpose of visiting his poor f'?"

"Ails gude Sister"—uttered the adept, the rest of the conjuration being lost in a transient murmur of his voice,—“I do desire you not to speak on, Mr. Edie; for, thou all I heard dat our other sight, I do much believe!”—

“Now I,” said Obedience, entering the chamber, and flinging shroud his arm with an air of defiance, “I wadna gie the crack o’ my thank for him were he to appear at this moment: he’s but a discomfited spirit, as we are embodied men.”

“For the love of heaven,” said Donatowood, “say nothing at all neither about sombodies or nobodies!”

“Awso!” said the beggar (expanding the shade of the lantern), “here’s the stone, and, spirit or no spirit, I’ve be a wee bit deeper in the grave,” and he jumped into the place from which the precious chest had that morning been removed. After springing a few strokes, he tumbled, or affected to tumble, and said to his companion, “I’ve sold and failed now, and canna keep at it—time shouds fur play, neighbour, ye micht get so and tak the shade a bit, and shade out the loose earth, and then I’ll tak turn about w’ you.”

Donatowood accordingly took the place which the beggar had vacated, and toiled with all the zeal that unwhimpered exertion, mingled with the ardour which to finish the undertaking and leave the place as soon as possible, could inspire in a wretch at once greedy, suspicious, and timorous.

Edie, standing much at his ease by the side of the hole, contented himself with exhorting his associate to labour hard. “My word! he ever wrought for almost a day’s wage, as it be but—say the tenth part o’ the size o’ the first, Mr. I., it will double its value, being filled w’ good instead o’ silver. Od, ye work as if ye had been bid to pick and stake—ye could win your round half-crown this day. Tak care o’ your back w’ that stone!” giving a kick to a large one which the adept had heaved out with difficulty, and which Edie pushed back again to the great annoyance of his associate’s shins.

Thus exhorted by the nonchalant, Donatowood struggled and laboured among the stones and stiff clay, toiling like a horse, and internally blaspheming in German. When such an uncalculated syllable escaped his lips, Edie changed his battery upon him.

"O diens swear ! diens swear ! W'm here wh'ch's listening ! — Eh ! gude guide us, what's you ! — Hout, it's just a bunch of ivy fightin'g awa' frae the w'f, when the moon was in, it look'd rase like a dead man's arm w' a taper in't— I thought it was M'istress himself. But never mind, work ye awa'—fling the earth weel up by oot o' the gate—Och, if ye're no an' close a wu'cher as a gaur as Will Winst' himself ! What gae ye stop now !—ye're just at the very bet for a chance."

"Stop !" said the German, in a tone of anger and disappointment, "why, I am down at de rocks dat de cursed natus (God forgive me !) is founded upon."

"Wad," said the beggar, "that's the fiddest bit o' my. It will be bet a crackle through-stane laid down to kiser the gred—tak the pick tiff, and pit mair strength, man—as gude down-right darrel will split it, I'm warraint ye—Ay, that will do !—Och, he comes on w' Walker's shanks !"

In fact, the adept, moved by Edie's exhortations, stooped two or three desperate blows, and succeeded in knocking not indeed that against which he struck, which, as he had already conjectured, was the solid rock, but the implement which he wielded, jarring at the same time his arms up to the shoulder-blades.

"Horra, boys !—there goes Ragner's pick-axe !" cried Edie : "it's a shame o' the Fairport folk to sell seven fad' gear. Try the shank—at it again, Mr. Dunderberril."

The adept, without reply, scrambled out of the pit, which was now about six feet deep, and addressed his associates in a voice that trembled with anger. "Does you know, Mr. Elias Quid-tron, who it is you put off your glee and your jacks upon ?"

"Briefly, Mr. Dunderberril—howdy do I kin ye, and has done mair a day ; but there's nae jating in the case, for I am wearying to see o' our treasure ; we should has had both ends o' the pickman'sy flid by this time—I hope it's brack enough to land o' the gear !"

"Look you, you have did pence," said the increased philosopher, "if you do get another jolt upon me, I will cleave your skull-plate with this shank !"

"And where wad my hands and my pick-staff be o' the time !" replied Edie, in a tone that indicated no apprehension. "Hous, noot, Master Dunderberril, I have lived aw lang in the world neither, to be skaled out o' that gate. What ails ye to be unthured, man, w' your friends ! I'd wager I'd find out the

treasure in a minute," and he jumped into the pit, and took up the spoils.

"I do answer to you," said the adept, whose questions were now fully asked, "that if you have played me one long trick, I will give you one big beating, Mr. Edith."

"Hear tell him now!" said Goldilocks, "he knows how to get folk find out the gear—Oh, I'm thinking he's been drilled that way himself some day."

At these remarks, which alluded obviously to the former scene between himself and Sir Arthur, the philosopher lost the slender remnant of patience he had left, and being of violent passions, heared up the truncheon of the broken maddock to discharge it upon the old man's head. The blow would in all probability have been fatal, had not he at whom it was aimed exclaimed in a stern and firm voice, "Shame to ye, man!—do ye think Heaven or earth will suffer ye to murder an old man that might be your father!—Look behind ye, man!"

Doubtless he turned instinctively, and behold, to his utter astonishment, a tall dark figure standing close behind him. The exclamation gave him no time to proceed by evasion or otherwise, but having instantly recourse to the way he felt, took measure of the adept's shoulders three or four times with blows so substantial, that he fell under the weight of them, and remained motionless for some minutes between fear and stupefaction. When he came to himself, he was alone in the ruined chamber, lying upon the soft and damp earth which had been thrown out of Mialcock's grave. He raised himself with a confused sensation of anger, pain, and terror, and it was not until he had got upright for some minutes, that he could arrange his ideas sufficiently to recollect how he came there, or with what purpose. As his recollection returned, he could have little doubt that the hint held out to him by Goldilocks, to bring him to that solitary spot, the means by which he had procured him into a quarrel, and the ready assistance which he had at hand for executing it in the manner in which it had ended, were all parts of a concerted plan to bring disgrace and damage on Harcourt Dunsenwired. He could hardly suppose that he was indebted for the fatigue, anxiety, and beating which he had undergone, purely to the malice of Edith Goldilocks singly, but concluded that the mischief had acted a part assigned to him by some person of greater importance. His suspicions hovered

between Oldback and Sir Arthur Warburton. The former had been at no pains to conceal a marked dislike of him—but the latter he had deeply injured; and although he judged that Sir Arthur did not know the extent of his wrongs towards him, yet it was easy to suppose he had gathered enough of the truth to make him desirous of revenge. Oldback had attended to at least one circumstance which the adept had every reason to suppose was private between Sir Arthur and himself, and therefore must have been learned from the former. The language of Oldback also attested a corruption of his memory, which Sir Arthur heard without making any animated defense. Lastly, the way in which Donatowetral supposed the Baronet to have executed his revenge, was not inconsistent with the practice of other assassins with which the adept was better acquainted than with those of North Britain. With him, as with many bad men, to suspect an injury, and to cherish the purpose of revenge, was one and the same movement. And before Donatowetral had fairly recovered his legs, he had mentally sworn the oath of his benefactor, which, unfortunately, he possessed too much the power of remembering.

But although a purpose of revenge floated through his brain, it was so close to indulge such speculations. The hour, the place, his own situation, and perhaps the presence or near neighbourhood of his assistants, made self-preservation the adept's first object. The lantern had been thrown down and extinguished in the scuffle. The wind, which formerly howled so loudly through the sides of the roof, had now greatly fallen, lulled by the rain, which was descending very fast. The moon, from the same cause, was totally obscured, and though Donatowetral had some experience of the rains, and knew that he must endeavour to regain the custom door of the church, yet the confusion of his mind was such, that he hesitated for some time ere he could ascertain in what direction he was to seek it. In this perplexity, the suggestions of superstition, taking the advantage of darkness and his evil conscience, began again to present themselves to his distracted imagination. "But hark!" quoth he vigorously to himself, "it is all nonsense—all one part of its damn big trick and imposture. Doodle! that one thick-skulled Scotch Baronet, as I have led by the nose for five years, should doubt Herman Donatowetral!"

As he had come to this conclusion, an incident occurred

which tended greatly to shake the grounds on which he had adopted it. Amid the unobscured sweep of the dying wind, and the plash of the rain-drops on leaves and stones, arose, and apparently at no great distance from the listener, a strain of vocal music so sad and solemn, as if the departed spirits of the churchmen who had once inhabited these deserted rooms were murmuring the psalms and litanies to which their hallowed precincts had been abandoned. Doubtemorel, who had now got upon his feet, and was groping around the wall of the church, stood rooted to the ground on the occurrence of this new phenomenon. Each faculty of his soul seemed for the moment concentrated in the sense of hearing, and all rushed back with the unambiguous information, that the deep, wild, and prolonged chant which he now heard, was the appropriate music of one of the most solemn days of the Church of Rome. Why performed in such a solitude, and by what class of chorists, were questions which the terrified imagination of the subject, stirred with all the German superstitions of ghosts, evil-kings, wer-wolves, hobgoblins, black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, dared not even attempt to solve.

Another of his senses was soon engaged in the investigation. At the extremity of one of the transepts of the church, at the bottom of a few descending steps, was a small iron-grated door, opening, as far as he recollected, to a sort of low vault or apse. As he cast his eye in the direction of the sound, he observed a strong reflection of red light glimmering through these bars, and against the steps which descended to them. Doubtemorel stood a moment uncertain what to do; then, suddenly forming a desperate resolution, he moved down the side to the place from which the light proceeded.

Fortified with the sign of the cross, and as many exorcisms as his memory could recover, he advanced to the grate, from which, unseen, he could see what passed in the interior of the vault. As he approached with timid and uncertain steps, the chant, after one or two wild and prolonged cadences, died away into profound silence. The grate, when he reached it, presented a singular spectacle to the interior of the sanctuary. An open grave, with four tall fluted columns, each about six feet high, placed at the four corners—a bier, having a canopy in its centre, the arms folded upon the breast, rested upon benches at one side of the grave, as if ready to be interred—a priest, dressed in his

cofs and stals, held open the service book—another chorister in his vestments bore a holy-water sprinkler, and two boys in white surplices held censers with incense—a man, of a figure once tall and commanding, but now bent with age or infirmity, stood alone and nearest to the coffin, bowed in deep mourning—such were the most prominent figures of the group. At a little distance were two or three persons of both sexes, attired in long mourning hoods and cloaks; and five or six others in the same lugubrious dress, still farther removed from the body, around the walls of the vault, stood ranged in motionless order, each bearing in his hand a large torch of black wax. The steady light from so many flambeaux, by the red and indolent atmosphere which it spread around, gave a hazy, dubious, and as it were phantom-like appearance to the outlines of this singular assemblage. The voice of the priest—loud, clear, and sonorous—now raised, from the lectern which he held in his hand, those solemn words which the ritual of the Catholic church has consecrated to the rendering of dust to dust. Meanwhile, Donatourville, the priest, the host, and the surprise considered, still remained uncertain whether what he saw was substantial, or an unworthy representation of the rites to which in former times those walls were familiar, but which are now rarely practised in Protestant countries, and almost never in Scotland. He was uncertain whether to elude the conclusion of the ceremony, or to endeavor to regain the channel, when a change in his position made him visible through the grate to one of the attendant mourners. The person who first copied him indicated his discovery to the individual who stood apart and nearest the coffin, by a sign, and upon his making a sign in reply, two of the group detached themselves, and, gliding along with noiseless steps, as if fearing to disturb the service, unlocked and opened the grate which separated them from the sleep. Each took him by an arm, and exerting a degree of force, which he would have been incapable of resisting had his fear permitted him to attempt opposition, they placed him on the ground in the channel, and sat down, one on each side of him, as if to detain him. Realized he was in the power of mortals like himself, the adept would have put some questions to them, but while one pointed to the vault, from which the sound of the priest's voice was distinctly heard, the other placed his finger upon his lips in token of silence, a hint which the

German thought it most prudent to obey. And then they detained him until a loud Alldiins, peeling through the deserted arches of St. Bath, closed the singular ceremony which it had been his fortune to witness.

When the hymn had died away with all its echoes, the voice of one of the noble personages under whose guard the adept had remained, said, in a familiar tone and dialect, "Dear son, Mr. Donatenswired, is this you? could not ye have let us hear as ye had wished till hee been present at the ceremony?—My lord desires tak it weel your coming blinking and peaking in, in that fashion."

"In de name of all dat is godless, tell me what you are!" interrupted the German in his turn.

"What I am? why, who should I be but Ragnar Arkwood, the Hunsdrammick politician!—and what are ye doing here at this time o' night, unless ye were come to attend the lady's burial?"

"I do declare to you, mine good Politiker Arkwood," said the German, raising himself up, "that I have been there my nights murdered, robbed, and put in fear of my life."

"Robbed? who wad do dis a deed here?—Murdered? ed ye speak pretty like for a murdered man—Put in fear? what put you in fear, Mr. Donatenswired?"

"I will tell you, Minister Politiker Arkwood Ragnar, just dat old miscreant dog villain Mungrove, as you call Edie Ooldstee."

"I'll ne'er believe that," answered Ragnar;—"Edie was kin'd to me, and my father before me, for a true, loyal, and south-east man; and, made by token, he's sleeping up yonder in our barn, and has been since ten at a'm—See look ye who that, Mr. Donatenswired, and whether oughty to be feared ye or no, I'm sure Edie's no thief."

"Minister Ragnar Arkwood Politiker, I do not know what you call nothings,—but let alone all de mule and de moot dat you say he has, and I will tell you I was de night robbed of fifty pounds by your old and rusty friend, Edie Ooldstee; and he is no more in your barn now nor dat I ever shall be in de Kingdom of Leaden."

"Weel, sir, if ye will gasp up wif me, as the hapid company has dispersed, w'en mak ye down a bed at the lodge, and w'e'll see if Edie's at the barn. There was two wild-looking chaps left the cold kirk when we were coming up wif the corpse, that's an-

tax; and the priest, who knew full that any location should look on at our church members, sent two of the riding men to offer them; we will hear of about it from them."

Thus speaking, the kindly apparition, with the assistance of the main personage, who was his son, disembodied himself of his cloak, and prepared to escort Donatowood to the place of that rest which the adept so much needed.

"I will apply to the magistrates to-morrow," said the adept; "also, I will have de law put in force against all the poples."

While he thus muttered vengeance against the cause of his injury, he tottered from among the ruins, supporting himself on Hugo and his son, whose assistance his state of weakness rendered very necessary.

When they were clear of the priory, and had gained the little meadow in which it stood, Donatowood could perceive the torches which had caused him so much alarm issuing in irregular procession from the ruins, and glancing their light, like that of the spirit fires, on the banks of the lake. After moving along the path for some short space with a fluctuating and irregular motion, the lights were at once extinguished.

"We are put out the torches at the Hall-crook Well on six occasions," said the hermit to his guest. And accordingly no further visible sign of the procession offered itself to Donatowood, although his ear could catch the distant and decreasing noise of horses' hoofs in the direction towards which the mourners had bent their course.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

O woe may the heathen see
And better may the aged,
And woe may the heathen see
That were the heathen's head!
The heathen sees, the heathen sees,
The heathen sees his' woe,
And lightness to their life that bear
The woe and the woe!

THE POET.

We must now introduce our reader to the interior of the fisher's cottage mentioned in chapter eleventh of this edifying history.

I wish I could say that its inside was well arranged, decently furnished, or tolerably clean. On the contrary, I am compelled to admit, there was confusion,—there was dilapidation,—there was dirt good store. Yet, with all this, there was about the inmates, Louisa Blacklock and her family, an appearance of ease, plenty, and comfort, that seemed to warrant their old Scottish proverb, “*The dearer the mair*.” A huge fire, though the season was summer, occupied the hearth, and served at once for affording light, heat, and the means of preparing food. The sitting had been successful, and the family, with customary superciliousness, had, since valuing the corpse, continued an unintermitting operation of broiling and drying that part of the produce reserved for home-consumption, and the bones and fragments lay on the wicker benches, mingled with morsels of broken bread and shattered mugs of half-drunk beer. The stout and stolid form of Maggie herself, broiling here and there among a pack of half-grown girls and younger children, of whom she checked one now here and another now there, with an exclamation of “*Get out o’ the gate, ye little scurvy!*” was strongly contrasted with the passive and half-stagnated look and manner of her husband’s mother, a woman advanced to the last stage of human life, who was seated in her wicker chair close by the fire, the warmth of which she coveted, yet hardly seemed to be sensible of—now muttering to herself, now smiling vacantly to the children as they pulled the strings of her toy or drew up, or twitched her blue checked apron. With her distaff in her bosom, and her spindle in her hand, she plied busily and mechanically the old-fashioned Scottish thrift, according to the old-fashioned Scottish custom. The younger children, cowering among the feet of the elder, watched the progress of grandma’s spindle as it twisted, and now and then ventured to interrupt its progress as it danced upon the floor in those vapours which the more regulated spinning-wheel has now so universally superseded, than even the fatal Pinpoint in the fairy tale might roam through all Scotland without the risk of piercing her hand with a spindle, and dying of the wound. Late as the hour was (and it was long past midnight), the whole family were still on foot, and far from preparing to go to bed; the dame was still busy broiling one-oken on the griddle, and the eldest girl, the half-naked scrawny daughter-in-law, was preparing a pile of Pinpoint haddock (that is, haddock smoked with green wood), to be eaten along with these relishing provisions.

While they were thus employed, a slight tap at the door, accompanied with the question, "Are ye up yet, sis?" announced a visitor. The answer, "Ay, ay,—come your ways ben, binty," announced the lifting of the latch, and Jenny Hetherwick, the female domestic of our Antiquary, made her appearance.

"Ay, ay," exclaimed the mistress of the family—"Hegh, sis! can this be you, Jenny!—a night o' your gait for our own, ha!"

"O woman, we've been aw tak'n up w' Captain Hector's wound up by, that I scarce had my fit out over the door this fortnight, but he's better now, and said Orono sleep in his room in case he wanted anything. But, as soon as our wild folk good to bed, I've scolded my head up a bit, and left the house-door on the latch, in case anybody should be wanting in or out while I was aw, and just ran down the gate to see an there was any orders among ye."

"Ay, ay," answered Luckie Mucklebackit, "I see you has gotten a' your house on; ye're looking about for Orono now—but he's no at hame the night; and ye'll no do for Orono, ha!—a fiddles thing like you's to fit to maintain a man."

"Orono will no do for me," retorted Jenny, with a toss of her head that might have become a higher-born dame; "I mean has a man that can maintain his wif."

"Ou ay, binty—dash your headwad and barren-born notions. My wifie!—fisherwives has better—they keep the man, and keep the house, and keep the wifie too, ha!"

"A wheen poor drudges ye are," answered the nymph of the land to the nymph of the sea. "As soon as the heel o' the cobble touches the sand, dail a bit mair will the lary fisher men work, but the wive men lift their coats, and wade into the surf to tak the fish ashore. And then the man rests aff the wad and gets on the dry, and sits down w' his pipe and his gill-stump amid the logs, like my auld bonnie, and w'er a turn will he do aff the cobble about again! And the wif she mair get the scull on her back, and awn w' the fish to the next burrows-town, and would and ha' w' the wif that will wauld and ha' w' her till life mair—and that's the gait fisherwives live, gait sharing bodies."

"Hear!—ye w', ha!—at the head o' the house dave's! little ye has about it, ha! Show me a word my Saunders daer speak, or a turn he daer do about the house, without it be just to tak his meat, and his drink, and his discretion, like any o'

the women. He has made more than he can do anything about the tugging his sin, from the roof-tree down to a crackit trencher on the bunk. He has made enough who finds him, and stroke him, and keeps a' tight, thank and rage, when his collar is jutting over as the Fort's, just follow. Na, no, here I—them that sell the goods grade the purse—them that grade the purse rule the house. Show me one o' yir lads o' former-bodice that wad let their wife drive the stock to the market, and on' in the debts. Na, na."

"Awa, awa, Maggie, His hand has its sin back—But wha's the guidman the night, when it's come and gone! And wha's the guidman?"

"I has gotten the guidman to his bed, for he was o'er air dookin, and Storie's son out about some horse-breaking wi' the said guidman, Edie Goldstone: they'll be in some, and ye can sit down."

"Truth, guidman" (taking a seat), "I know that trouble time to stop—but I mean tell ye about the news. Ye'll have heard o' the trouble list o' goods that Sir Arthur has find down by at St. Ruth's! He'll be grander than ever now—he'll no can hand down his hand to success, for fear o' seeing his shame."

"On up—the country's heard o' that, but wad Edie says that they on' it ten times mair than ever was o', and he saw them work it up. Oo, it wad be lang o' a pair body that needit it put in a wad!"

"Na, that's sure enough.—And ye'll have heard o' the Countess o' Glenafin being dead and lying in state, and how she's to be buried at St. Ruth's on this night fit, of seven light; and o' the papist servants, and Ringan Aldwood, that's a papist too, are to be there, and it will be the grandest show ever was seen."

"Truth, hony," answered the Storie, "if they let anybody but papists come there, it'll no be trouble o' a show in the country, for the said baron, as knowst Mr. Blathergroat on's bar, has how that dink o' her crop o' achievements in this corner o' our chosen lands.—But what are all them to bury the said countess (a ruling wife she was) in the night-time!—I dare say our guidmanther will see."

Here she cracked her vales, and exclaimed twice or thrice, "Godmanther! guidmanther!" but, lost in the apathy of age

* Miss G. Gynnsay.

and deafness, the aged sibyl she addressed continued plying her spindle without understanding the appeal made to her.

"Speak to your grandmother, Jenny—Oh, I and rather had the coble half a mile off, and the nor west wind whistling again in my teeth."

"Grannie," said the little mermaid, in a voice to which the old woman was better accustomed, "winda wants to kin what for the Glenallan folk are hury by candle-light in the robes of St. Hugh?"

The old woman paused in the act of twisting the spindle, turned round to the rest of the party, lifted her withered, trembling, and clay-coloured hand, raised up her advanced and wrinkled face, which the quick motion of two lightning eyes chiefly distinguished from the things of a corpse, and, as if catching at any touch of association with the living world, answered, "What gars the Glenallan family take their dead by to-night, and the bairns?—Is there a Glenallan dead o' an aw?"

"We might be a' dead and buried too," said Maggie, "for anything ye wad ken about it;"—and then, raising her voice to the stench of her mother-in-law's comprehension, she added, "It's the auld Countess, palanquiner."

"And is she a' dead then, at last?" said the old woman, in a voice that seemed to be agitated with much more feeling than belonged to her extreme old age, and the general indifference and apathy of her manner—"is she then called to her last account after her lang race o' pride and power?—O God, forgive her!"

"But winda was asking ye," resumed the lesser quairist, "what for the Glenallan family are hury their dead by to-night?"

"They has awt done ane," said the grandmother, "since the time the Great Earl fell in the air beside o' the Hallow, when they say the coronach was cried in an day from the mouth of the Tay to the Rock of the Oldcath, that ye wad hae heard ane other sound but that of lamentation for the great folk that had been fighting against Donald of the Isles. But the Great Earl's miller was living—they were a daughty and a dour crew, the women o' the house o' Glenallan—and she wad hae ane coronach cried for her son, but had him laid in the silence o' midnight in his place o' rest, without either dranking the dirge,

or crying the loudest. She said he had killed more fish day he died, for the widows and daughters of the Hightons he had slain to cry the wrensch for them they had lost, and for her own too; and now she had him in his grave wif dry eyes, and without a groan or a wail. And it was thought a good wail of the family, and they eye stuck by it—and the maid in the latter time, because in the night-time they had more freedom to perform their popish ceremonies by darkness and in secrecy than in the daylight—at least that was the case in my time; they wou' have been disturbed in the day-time both by the law and the conscience of Fairport—they may be over-looked now, as I have heard: the world's changed—I wotter hardly know whether I am standing or sitting, or dead or living."

And looking round the fire, as it is a state of unconscious uncertainty of which she complained, old Elspeth slipped into her habitual and mechanical occupation of twirling the spindle.

"Eh, she!" said Jenny Hawthorn, under her breath to her gossip, "it's curious to hear your gudefather break out in that gem—it's like the dead speaking to the living."

"Ye're no short for wrong, lass; she stands nothing o' what passes the day—but set her on solid tales, and she can speak like a great lake. She knows more about the Glenelg, finally than most folk—the gudeman's father was their fisher many a day. Ye mean how the popish make a great point o' eating fish—tho' we had part o' their religion that, wherever the root is—I could get well the best o' fish at the best o' prices for the Goudies's an' fells, gave to wif her! especially on a Friday—But now as our gudefather's hands and legs are gangling—now it's working in her head like harn—she'll speak enough the night. Wotter she'll no speak a word in a week, unless it be to the like o' hurns."

"Eh, Mrs. Macchiblack, she's an awsome wif!" said Jenny in reply. "Dye think she's a'together right? Folk say she loves gang to the kirk, or speak to the minister, and that she was once a popist; but since her gudeman's been dead, nobody knows what she is. Dye think yourself that she's no mousing?"

"Gang, ye silly twerp! think ye an' said wif's less many than neither! unless it be Abbot Broke—I really wotter be conversative wiser for her; I have heard the bones she set him wif parsons, when"—

"Which, which, Maggie," whispered Jimmy—"your gale-mither's gone to speak again?"

"Wanna there some one o' ye add," asked the old slyp, "or did I dream, or was it revealed to me, that Jockied, Lady Glenlister, is dead, an' buried this night?"

"Ye, gale-mither," screamed the daughter-in-law, "it's e'en me."

"And e'en we let it be," said old Elspeth; "she's made every a mile heart in her day—ay, e'en her ain son's—in her living yet?"

"Ay, he's living yet; but how lang he'll live—however, there ye read his coming and asking after you in the spring, and leaving after!"

"It may be so, Maggie—I dream mind it—but a handsome gentleman he was, and his father before him. Eh! if his father had lived, they might have been happy folk! But he was gone, and the lady carried it in-over and out-over wif her son, and gae'd him trow the thing he never said he troved, and do the thing he has repented o' his life, and will repent still, were his life as lang as this lang and wearisome one o' mine."

"O what was it, gairns?"—and "What was it, gale-mither?"—and "What was it, Luckie Elspeth?" asked the children, the mother, and the visitor, in one breath.

"Never ask what it was," answered the old slyp, "but pray to God that ye never left to the pride and willfulness o' your ain hearts: they may be as powerful in a cabin as in a castle—I can bear a mid witness to that. O that weary and fearful night! will it never gang out o' my auld head!—Eh! to see her lying on the floor wif her lang hair drooping wif the auld water!—Heaven will avenge us o' that had to do wi't. There! is my son out wif the cabin this windy e'en?"

"Na, na, mother—the cabin can keep the sea this wind; he's sleeping in his bed out-over yonder about the hallen."

"Is Steenie out at sea then?"

"Ye, gairns!—Steenie's awa out wif auld Eile Oskilree, the gale-mither; maybe they'll be gone to see the burial."

"That mair be," said the mother of the family; "we keep something o't till Jock Road cum in, and tould us the Aikwoods had warning to attend—they keep these things under private—and they were to bring the corpse o' the way frae the Castle, ten miles off, under cloud o' night. She has him to state the

ten days at Gooden House, in a grand chamber o' hang w'f black, and lighted w'f wax candles."

"Oed goodness her!" ejaculated old Elsie, her head apparently still occupied by the event of the Countess's death; "she was a hard-hearted woman, but she's gae to account for it a', and the misery is infinite—Oed good! she may find it so!" And she relapsed into silence, which she did not break again during the rest of the evening.

"I wonder what that wild daft beggar calls and our son Steven's can be doing out in so a night as this," said Maggie Mackleskirk; and her expression of surprise was raised by her visitor. "Gang awa, awa o' ye, bladders, up to the lough head, and gie them a cry as can they're within hearing, the cat-skin will be burst to a shiver."

The lady's mistress departed, but in a few minutes came returning back with the loud exclamation, "Ho, murther! oh, goodness! there's a white hagle chasing two black ones down the lough."

A noise of footsteps followed this singular announcement, and young Steven Mackleskirk, closely followed by Edie Ochiltree, leaped into the hall. They were panting and out of breath. The first thing Steven did was to look for the box of the dunn, which his mother reminded him had been broken up for discarded in the hard winter three years ago; "for what use," she said, "had the like o' them for here?"

"Tane's gashies chasing us," said the beggar, after he had taken his breath; "we're aye like the wicked, that the wien so me yonmair."

"Tooth, but we were chased," said Steven, "by a spirit or something like better."

"It was a man in white on horseback," said Edie, "for the soft ground that makes hear the hoofs, thung him about, I wat that wat; but I dinna think my wild legs could have brought me off as fast; I can wade as fast as if I had been at Finsbury."

"How, ye daft gaird?" said Luckie Mackleskirk, "it will be her own sense o' the riches at the Countess's burial."

"What?" said Edie, "in the wild Countess's hand the sight at St. Ruth's? Oo, that wat be the lights and the noise that

[* This refers to the flight of the government forces at the battle of Finsbury, 1741.]

would no awe ; I wish I had heard—I wud has stole them, and no left the man yonder—but they'll take care o' him. Ye strike over hard, Steenie—I don't ye fustified the child."

"Nefar a bit," said Steenie, laughing ; "he has been bread elsewhere, and I just took measure o' them w' the string. Od, if I hadna been something short w' him, he wud has knotted your auld hame out, bel."

"Well, an I win clear o' this scrape," said Edie, "I've tempt Providence ane mair. But I canna think it an unfors'it thing to put a bit trick on sic a handloping scoundrel, that just lives by sucking honest folk."

"But what are we to do with this ?" said Steenie, producing a pocket-book.

"Od guide us, man," said Edie in great alarm, "what gair'd ye touch the gear ! a very leaf o' that pocket-book wud be enough to hang us both."

"I durns him," said Steenie ; "the book had fa'en out o' his pocket, I thairp, for I fand it among my feet when I was groping about to set him on his legs again, and I just put it in my pouch to keep it safe, and then came the tramp o' hame, and you cried, 'Hie, hie,' and I had nae mair thought o' the book."

"We mair get it back to the laird some gait or other ; ye had better take it yourself, I think, w' peep o' light, up to Hagar Alfreco's. I wudna for a hundred pounds it was find in our hands."

Steenie undertook to do as he was directed.

"A bonny night ye has made o't, Mr. Steenie," said Jerry Rutherford, who, impatient of remaining so long undisturbed, now presented himself to the young fisherman—"A bonny night ye has made o't, tramping about w' galestomies, and getting yourself heated w' warrum, when ye wud be sleeping in your bed, like your father, honest man."

This attack called forth a suitable response of rusticillery from the young fisherman. An attack was now commenced upon the car-cases and cracked shb, and sustained with great perseverance by assistance of a hicker or two of troopany ale and a bottle of gin. The menhous then retired to the straw of an out-house adjoining,—the children had one by one crept into their seats,—the old grandmother was deposited in her dock-bed,—Steenie, notwithstanding his preceding fatigue, had the gallantry to accompany Miss Rutherford to her own chamber,

and at what hour he returned the story with not,—and the masters of the family, having had the gathering-rail upon the fire, and put things in some sort of order, retired to rest the best of the family.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

— Many great ones
Would part with half their estates, to have the pin
And woe to beg in the best style.

Baron's Verse.

Old Zeke was stirring with the hatch, and his first inquiry was after Hamble and the pocket-book. The young fisherman had been under the necessity of attending his father before daybreak, to avail themselves of the tide, but he had promised that, immediately on his return, the pocket-book, with all its contents, carefully wrapped up in a piece of sail-cloth, should be delivered by him to Angus Ackwood, the Donatowierd, the owner.

The mother had prepared the morning meal for the family, and, shouldering her basket of fish, tramped steadily away towards Fairport. The children were idling round the door, for the day was fair and sun-shiny. The voracious grandsons, quite seated on her wicker-chair by the fire, had resumed their eternal spinster, wholly unmoved by the palling and unbecoming of the children, and the wailing of the mother, which had preceded the departure of the family. Edie had arranged the various bags, and was bound for the renewal of his wandering life, but first advanced with due courtesy to take his leave of the ancient cross.

"Oude day to ye, summer, and many ane o' them. I will be back about the first-end o' her'et, and I trust to find ye health hail and free."

"Pray that ye may find me in my quiet grave," said the old woman, in a hollow and squeaking voice, but without the agitation of a single feature.

"Ye're cold, summer, and me ane I agree; but we mairn skide the will—we'll no be forgotten in the good time."

"Nae our deels neither," said the cross. "what's done is the body mairn be answered in the spirit."

"I wot that's true; and I may well tak the tale home to myself, that has led a sheltered and saving life. But ye were aye a sunny wife. We're a' dead—but ye coud hae see muckle to haer ye down."

"Less than I might have had—but wair, O for mair, than wad mak the stoutest brig o'er sailed out o' Fairport harbour!—I dinna somebody say yestern—at least me it is borne in an my mind, but wald folk has weak fancies—did not somebody say that Janetted, Countess of Glenallan, was departed frae life?"

"They said the truth whae'er said it," answered old Edie; "she was buried yestern by torch-light at St. Ruth's, and I, like a fide, got a giff wi' seeing the lights and the riles."

"It was their fashion since the days of the Great Foul that was killed at Hadding;—they did it to show wemen that they should die and be buried like other mortals; the wives o' the house of Glenallan wadna see well for the husband, nor the sister for the brother,—that is she dinna cull to the lang account?"

"As mair," answered Edie, "as we mean o' a while it."

"Then I'll unbind my mind, come o't what will."

Thus she spoke with more clarity than usually attended her expressions, and accompanied her words with an attitude of the hand, as if throwing something from her. She then raised up her form, more tall, and still retaining the appearance of having been so, though bent with age and disipation, and stood before the hearer like a woman animated by some wandering spirit into a temporary resurrection. Her light-blue eyes wandered to and fro, as if she continually forgot and again remembered the purpose for which her long and withered hand was searching among the miscellaneous contents of an ample old-fashioned pocket. At length she pulled out a small oblong box, and opening it, took out a handsome ring, in which was set a head of hair, composed of two different colours, black and light brown, twisted together, mantled with brilliants of considerable value.

"Godness," she said to Cobaltine, "as ye wad o'er deserve money, ye coud gang my errand to the house of Glenallan, and ask for the Earl."

"The Earl of Glenallan, excuse me, he woud see any o' the people o' the country, and what likelihood is there that he wad see the like o' an old gablehouse?"

"Gang your ways and try;—and tell him that Elspeth o'

the Goughnoleys—let's mind our head by that name—sure are that as she be relieved from her long pilgrimage, and that she made him that ring in token of the business she had speak of."

Ochiltree looked on the ring with some admiration of its apparent value, and then carefully replacing it in the box, and wringing it in an old ragged handkerchief, he deposited the box in his bosom.

"Well, gudewife," he said, "I'm do your bidding, or it's no be my fault. But surely there was never sic a brow propine as this went to a peri by an wald faderth, and through the hands of a gubermans' bagges."

With this reflection, Elie took up his pilgrim-staff, put on his broad-brimmed bonnet, and set forth upon his pilgrimage. The old woman remained for some time standing in a fixed posture, her eyes directed to the door through which her ambassador had departed. The appearance of excitement, which the conversation had occasioned, gradually left her features; she sank down upon her accustomed seat, and resumed her mechanical labour of the distaff and spindle, with her wonted air of gravity.

Elie Ochiltree meanwhile advanced on his journey. The distance to Glenelg was ten miles, a march which the old soldier accomplished in about four hours. With the gravity belonging to his age, mode and assumed character, he tortured himself the whole way to consider what would be the meaning of this mysterious errand with which he was intrusted, or what connection the proud, wealthy, and powerful Earl of Glenelg could have with the crimes or penitence of an old dotting woman, whose rank in life did not greatly exceed that of her messenger. He endeavoured to call to memory all that he had ever known or heard of the Glenelg family, yet, having done so, remained altogether unable to form a conjecture on the subject. He knew that the whole extensive estate of this ancient and powerful family had descended to the Countess, lately deceased, who inherited, in a most considerable degree, the stern, firm, and unbending character which had distinguished the house of Glenelg since they first figured in Scottish annals. Like the rest of her ancestors, she adhered zealously to the Roman Catholic faith, and was married to an English gentleman of the same communion, and of large fortune, who did not survive

their union two years. The Countess was, therefore, left an early widow, with the uncontrolled management of the huge estates of her two sons. The elder, Lord Grendon, who was to succeed to the title and fortune of Glenelg, was totally dependent on his mother during her life. The second, when he came of age, assumed the name and arms of his father, and took possession of his estate, according to the provisions of the Countess's marriage-settlement. After this period, he chiefly resided in England, and paid very few and brief visits to his mother and brother; and these at length were altogether dispensed with, in consequence of his becoming a convert to the reformed religion.

But even before this mortal offence was given to his mother, his residence at Glenelg, offered few inducements to a gay young man like Edward Grendon Neville, though its gloom and seclusion seemed to suit the retired and melancholy habits of his elder brother. Lord Grendon, in the outset of life, had been a young man of accomplishment and hopes. Those who knew him upon his travels entertained the highest expectations of his future career. But such fair dreams are often strongly overcast. The young nobleman returned to Scotland, and after living about a year in his mother's society at Glenelg House, he seemed to have adopted all the stern gloom and melancholy of her character. Excluded from politics by the dissipation attached to those of his religion, and from all lighter recreations by choice, Lord Grendon led a life of the strictest retirement. His ordinary society was composed of the divines of his communion, who occasionally visited his mansion; and very rarely, upon stated occasions of high festival, one or two families who still professed the Catholic religion were formally entertained at Glenelg House. But this was all; their haughty neighbours knew nothing of the family whatever; and even the Catholics saw little more than the sumptuous entertainment and solemn pageants which was exhibited on those formal occasions, from which all returned without knowing whether next to wonder at the stern and stately demeanour of the Countess, or the deep and gloomy dejection which never ceased for a moment to cloud the features of her son. The late event had put him in possession of his fortune and title, and the neighbourhood had already begun to conjecture whether gusto would serve with independence, when those who had some occasional

acquaintance with the interior of the family spread abroad a report, that the Earl's constitution was undermined by religious asceticism, and that in all probability he would soon follow his mother to the grave. This event was the more probable, as his brother had died of a lingering complaint, which, in the latter years of his life, had affected at once his frame and his spirits, so that friends and gossip-mongers were already looking back into their accounts to discover the heir of this ill-fated family, and laymen were talking with gloomy anticipation, of the probability of a "great Gloucester case."

As Edie Colclough approached the front of Gloucester House,* an ancient building of great extent, the most modern part of which had been designed by the celebrated Inigo Jones, he began to consider in what way he should be most likely to gain access to the delivery of his message; and, after much consideration, resolved to send the letter to the Earl by one of the domestics. With this purpose he stopped at a cottage, where he obtained the means of making up the ring as a mailed packet into a petition, addressed, *For his honour the Earl of Gloucester—These*. But being aware that messengers delivered at the doors of great houses by such persons as himself, do not always make their way according to address, Edie determined, like an old soldier, to reconnoitre the ground before he made his final attack. As he approached the porter's lodge, he discovered, by the number of paces marked before it, some of them being indigent persons in the vicinity, and others disciples of his own begging profession,—that there was about to be a general sale or distribution of charity.

"A good turn," said Edie to himself, "never goes unrewarded.—I'll maybe get a good return that I won't have missed but for totting on this odd wife's ass!"

Accordingly, he ranked up with the rest of the ragged regiment, securing a station as near the front as possible,—a distinction due, as he considered, to his blue gown and badge, no less than to his years and experience; but he soon found there was another principle of precedence in the assembly, to which he had not adverted.

"Are ye a triple man, friend, that ye press forward me headly?—I'm thinking no, for there's two Catholics near that badge."

[* Supposed to represent Gloucester Castle, or Fortification, with which the Author was well acquainted.]

"Na, na, I am no a Roman," said Edie.

"Then shank yourself aw to the doctle folk, or singie folk, that's the Episcopale or Presbyterians yonder. It's a shame to see a bonnie lad as a lang white beard, that wou'd do credit to a hermit."

Calderon, then rejected from the society of the Catholic mendicants, or those who called themselves such, went to station himself with the paupers of the communion of the church of England, to whom the noble donor allotted a double portion of his charity. But never was a poor occasional communicant more roughly rejected by a High-church congregation, even when that matter was furiously agitated in the days of good Queen Anne.

"See to him w' his badge!" they said;—"he bears one o' the king's Presbyterian chaplains enough wot a sermon on the morning of every birth-day, and now he wou'd pass himself for one o' the Episcopal church! Na, na!—we'll take care o' that."

Edie, then rejected by Rome and Ptolemy, was fain to shelter himself from the laughter of his brethren among the thin group of Presbyterians, who had either declined to dispute their religious opinions for the sake of an augmented dole, or perhaps knew they could not attempt the imposition without a certainty of detection.

The same degree of precision was observed in the mode of distributing the charity, which consisted in bread, beef, and a pence of money, to each individual of all the three classes. The almsman, an enthusiastic of grave appearance and demeanour, expatiated in person the accommodation of the Catholic mendicants, asking a question or two of each as he delivered the charity, and recommending to their prayers the soul of Jacobus, his Countess of Glenelg, mother of their benefactor. The porter, distinguished by his long staff headed with silver, and by the black gown tufted with lace of the same colour, which he had slung upon the ground according to the family, overlooked the distribution of the dole among the protestants. The less-favoured kirk-folk were committed to the charge of an aged domestic.

As this last deceased some disputed point with the porter, his name, as it chanced to be occasionally mentioned, and then his features, stout Calderon, and weathered countenance of former times. The rest of the assembly were now retiring, when the

domestic, again approaching the place where Edie still lingered, said, in a strong Aberdonian accent, "Put in the cold feet-body dooin', that he canna gang awy, now that he's gotten houth meen and ailler!"

"Francis Marver," answered Edie Ochiltree, "d'ye no mind Fosterer, and 'keep thegither front and rear!'"

"Och! och!" cried Francis, with a true north-country yell of recognition, "nobody could hae said that word but my auld front-rank man, Edie Ochiltree! But I'm sorry to see ye in sic a poor state, man."

"He can't ill as ye may think, Francis. But I'm laith to leave this place without a crack w' ye, and I know when I may see ye again, for your kilt does mak Protestants welcome, and that's as reason that I hae never been here before."

"Tush, tush," said Francis, "let that fine stick o' the wi'—when the dirls dry it will rub out;—and come ye awa w' me, and I'll gie ye something better than that beef bone, man."

Having then spoke a confidential word with the porter (probably to request his services), and having waited until the chamber had returned into the house with slow and solemn steps, Francis Marver introduced his old comrade into the court of Glenelg House, the gloomy gateway of which was ornamented by a huge staircase, to which the household undertaker had, mingled, as usual, the cushions of luxury, pride and of human sottiness,—the Countess's hereditary coat-of-arms, with all its numerous quarterings, disposed in a lozenge, and surrounded by the separate shields of her paternal and maternal ancestry, interspersed with sceptres, bear gloves, shields, and other symbols of that mortality which levels all distinctions. Conducting his friend as speedily as possible along the large paved court, Marver led the way through a side-door to a small apartment near the servants' hall, which, in virtue of his personal attendance upon the Earl of Glenelg, he was entitled to call his own. To produce cold meat of various kinds, strong beer, and even a glass of spirits, was no difficulty to a person of Francis's importance, who had not lost, in his sense of conscious dignity, the born northern pride which recommended a good understanding with the butler. Our merchant snug drank ale, and talked over old stories with his ushers, until, no other topic of conversation occurring, he resolved to take up the theme of his industry, which had for some time occupied his memory.

"He had a petition to present to the Earl," he said,—for he judged it prudent to say nothing of the ring, not knowing, as he afterwards observed, how far the manners of a single soldier might have been corrupted by service in a great house.

"Hoist, trust, man," said Francis, "the Earl will look at me petitions—but I can get to the chamber."

"But it relates to some secret, that maybe my lord wad like best to see't himself."

"I'm judging that's the very reason that the chamber will be for seeing it the first and foremost."

"But I have come o' this way on purpose to deliver it, Francis, and ye really must help me at a pinch."

"Nae'er speak thus if I daurna," answered the Aberdeenshire man: "let them be as comforted as they like, they can but terrae me awa, and I was just thinking to ask my discharge, and gang doon to end my days at Inverurie."

With this dogmatic resolution of serving his friend at all ventures, since none was to be encountered which could reach inconvenience himself, Francis Mavorie left the apartment. It was long before he returned, and when he did, his manner indicated wonder and agitation.

"I am awa awa glae ye be Ebbie Ochiltree o' Currier's company in the Forty-two, or glae ye be the dail in his likeness?"

"And what makes ye speak in that gait?" demanded the astonished merchant.

"Because my lord has been in sic a distress and surprise as I nader saw a man in my life. But he'll see ye—I got that job coo'dit. He was like a man awa true himself for many minutes, and I thought he wad hae ever't a'thagither,—and den he cam to himself, he asked me brought the packet—and the awer ye I said!"

"An awer saige," says Ebbie—"that does likeliest at a gentle's door, at a farmer's it's best to say ye're an awd soldier, if ye need any quarters, for maybe the gairden will hae something to soothe."

"But I said na'er awa o' the twa," answered Francis; "my lord cares as little about the twa as the twa—for he's best to them that can soothe up awa sin. Den I e'en said the bit paper was brought by an awd man w' a long life beard—he might be a capercle there for he I ken'd, for he was dressed

* A single soldier means, in Scotch, a private soldier.

like an odd pointer. But ye'll be sent up for answer, he can find justice to her ye."

"I wish I was wed through this business," thought Edie to himself, "mossy folk warran that the laird's no very right in the judgment, and wha can say how far he may be offended wi' me for taking upon me ane mantle?"

But there was awa no room for reticence—a bell sounded from a distant part of the mansion, and Maister said, with a smothered accent, as if already in his master's presence, "That's my lord's bell!—follow me, and step lightly and cleanly, Edie."

Edie followed his guide, who seemed to tread as if afraid of being overheard, through a long passage, and up a back stair, which admitted them into the family apartments. They were simple and extensive, furnished at such cost as showed the ancient importance and splendour of the family. But all the ornaments were in the taste of a former and distant period, and one would have almost supposed himself traversing the halls of a Scottish nobleman before the close of the seven. The late Countess, partly from a haughty contempt of the times in which she lived, partly from her sense of family pride, had not permitted the furniture to be altered or modernised during her residence at Glenelg House. The most magnificent part of the decorations was a valuable collection of pictures by the best masters, whose masterly hands were somewhat tarnished by time. In this particular also the gloomy taste of the family seemed to predominate. There were some fine family portraits by Van Dyke and other masters of eminence; but the collection was deficient in the Saints and Martyrdoms of Dutchmen, Yemassee, and Elsie, and other subjects of the same kind, which had been selected in preference to landscapes or historical pieces. The manner in which these awful, and sometimes disgusting, subjects were represented, harmonised with the gloomy state of the apartments,—a circumstance which was not altogether lost on the old man, as he traversed them under the guidance of his quondam fellow-soldier. He was about to express some sentiment of this kind, but Francis imposed silence on him by signs, and opening a door at the end of the long picture-gallery, ushered him into a small antechamber hung with black. Here they found the almoner, with his ear turned to a door opposite that by which they entered, in the attitude of one who

listens with attention, but is at the same time afraid of being detected in the act.

The old domestic and churchman started when they perceived each other. But the dinner first recovered his recollection, and advancing towards Maurice, and, under his breath, but with an authoritative tone, "How dare you approach the Earl's apartment without knocking? and who is that stranger, or what has he to do here?—Retire to the gallery, and wait for me there."

"It's impossible just now to attend your reverence," answered Maurice, raising his voice so as to be heard in the next room, being conscious that the priest would not willingly, the alternative without hearing of his pains,—“the Earl's bell has rung.”

He had scarce uttered the words, when it was rung again with greater violence than before; and the ecclesiastic, perceiving farther expostulation impossible, lifted his finger at Maurice, with a menacing attitude, as he left the apartment.

"I told ye so," said the Abbot's man in a whisper to Eda, and then proceeded to open the door near which they had observed the chaplain stationed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

—————This ring —

This little ring, with secret smiled face,
Has raised the ghost of pleasure on my face,
Conjured the name of pleasure and of love
Into each shape, they fright us from myself.

THE PRINCE MAINTWART.

THE ancient forms of mourning were observed in Glendale House, notwithstanding the obduracy with which the members of the family were popularly supposed to refuse to the dead the usual tribute of lamentation. It was remarked, that when she received the fatal letter announcing the death of her second, and, as was once believed, her favourite son, the head of the Countess did not shake, nor her eyelid tremble, any more than upon perusal of a letter of ordinary business. Heaven only knows whether the suppression of maternal sorrow, which her pride commanded, might not have some effect in hastening her

own death. It was at least generally supposed that the apoplectic stroke, which so soon afterwards terminated her existence, was, as it were, the vengeance of outraged Nature for the restraint to which her feelings had been subjected. But although Lady Glenelg forbore the usual external signs of grief, she had caused many of the apartments, amongst others her own and that of the Earl, to be hung with the richest hangings of wool.

The Earl of Glenelg was therefore seated in an apartment hung with black cloth, which waved in dusky folds along the lofty walls. A screen, also covered with black baize, placed beneath the high and narrow window, interrupted much of the broken light which found its way through the stained glass, that ornamented, with much skill as the fourteenth century possessed, the life and scenes of the prophet Jeremiah. The table at which the Earl was seated was lighted with two lamps wrought in silver, shedding that unpleasant and doubtful light which comes from the juggling of artificial heat with that of natural daylight. The same table displayed a silver crucifix, and one or two deep-set parchment books. A large picture, carefully painted by Spagnoletto, represented the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and was the only ornament of the apartment.

The inhabitant and lord of this diabolical chamber was a man not past the prime of life, yet so broken down with disease and mental misery, so gaunt and ghastly, that he appeared but a wreck of manhood, and when he hastily arose and advanced towards his visitor, the exertion seemed almost to overpower his emaciated frame. As they met in the midst of the apartment, the contrast they exhibited was very striking. The hale clerk, firm step, erect stature, and undimmed presence and bearing of the old manhood, indicated patience and content in the equanimity of age, and in the lowest condition to which humanity can sink; while the sunken eye, pallid cheek, and tottering form of the nobleman, with whom he was confronted, showed how little wealth, power, and even the advantages of youth, have to do with that which gives repose to the mind, and firmness to the frame.

The Earl met the old man in the middle of the room, and having commanded his attendant to withdraw into the gallery, and suffer no one to enter the study-chamber till he rung the bell, seated, with forced yet fearful impatience, until he heard that

the door of his apartment, and then that of the antechamber, shut and fastened by the spring-bolt. When he was attacked with the security against being overheard, Lord Glenalban came close up to the merchant, whom he probably mistook, for some person of a religious order in disguise, and said, in a hoarse yet faltering tone, "In the name of all our religion holds most holy, tell me, reverend father, what am I to expect from a communication opened by a token connected with such horrible recollections?"

The old man, appalled by a manner so different from what he had expected from the proud and powerful noblemen, was at a loss how to answer, and in what manner to rebuke him. "Tell me," continued the Earl, in a tone of increasing trepidation and agony—"tell me, do you come to say that all that has been done to expiate guilt so horrible, has been too little and too trivial for the offence, and to point out now and more efficacious modes of severe penance?—I will not flinch from it, father—let me suffer the pains of my crime here in the body, rather than hereafter in the spirit!"

Edie had now resolution enough to perceive, that if he did not interrupt the weakness of Lord Glenalban's admissions, he was likely to become the confidant of more than might be safe for him to know. He therefore uttered with a hoarse and trembling voice—"Your lordship's honour is mistaken—I am not of your persuasion, nor a clergyman, but, with all reverence, only your Edie Gellatree, the king's beloveman and your honour's."

This explanation he accompanied by a profound bow after his manner, and then, drawing himself up erect, rested his arms on his staff, threw back his long white hair, and fixed his eyes upon the Earl, as he waited for an answer.

"And you are not then," said Lord Glenalban, after a pause of surprise—"You are not then a Catholic priest?"

"God forbid!" said Edie, forgetting in his confusion to whom he was speaking; "I am only the king's beloveman and your honour's, as I said before."

The Earl turned hastily away, and passed the room twice or thrice, as if to remove the effects of his mistake, and then, coming close up to the merchant, he demanded, in a stern and commanding tone, what he meant by intruding himself on his privacy, and from whence he had got the ring which he had

thought proper to send him. Edie, a man of much spirit, was less startled at this mode of interrogation than he had been caused by the tone of confidence in which the Earl had opened their conversation. To the reiterated question from whom he had obtained the ring, he answered composedly, "From one who was better known to the Earl than to him."

"Better known to me, fellow?" said Lord Glenelg: "what is your meaning?—explain yourself instantly, or you shall experience the consequence of breaking in upon the house of family doctors."

"It was said Elspeth Macdougall that sent me here," said the lawyer, "in order to say"—

"You dole, did you?" said the Earl; "I never heard the name—but this dreadful token reminds me"—

"I mind none, my lord," said Grahame, "she told me your lordship would be more familiar wth her, if I told her Elspeth of the Cruthards—she had that name when she lived on your honour's land, that is, your honour's worshipful mother's that was there—Grace in wth her?"

"Ay," said the appalled nobleman, in his countenance sunk, and his cheeks assumed a hue yet more cadaverous; "that name is indeed written in the most tragic page of a deplorable history. But what can she desire of me? Is she dead or living?"

"Living, my lord; and anxious to see your lordship before she dies, for she has something to communicate that hangs upon her very soul, and she says she cannot sit in prison until she sees you."

"Not until she sees me!—what can that mean? But she is dealing with age and infirmity. I tell thee, friend, I walked at her cottage myself, and a twelve-month since, from a report that she was in chains, and she did not even know my face or voice."

"If your honour would permit me," said Edie, in whose the length of the conference restored a part of his professional elasticity and native vivacity—"if your honour would but permit me, I would say, under correction of your lordship's better judgment, that such Elspeth's like some of the ancient ruined strongholds and castles that are now among the hills. There are many parts of her mind that appear, as I may say, laid waste and despoiled, but then there's parts that look the sturveys, and

the stronger, and the grander, because they are rising just like to fragments among the ruins of the rest. She's an odd woman."

"She always was so," said the Earl, almost unconsciously echoing the observation of the merchant; "she always was different from other women—different perhaps to her who is now no more, in her temper and turn of mind.—She wishes to see me, does she?"

"Before she dies," said Edith, "she earnestly attracts that pleasure."

"It will be a pleasure to neither of us," said the Earl, sternly, "yet she shall be gratified. She lives, I think, on the sea-shore to the southward of Fairport?"

"Just between Monkham and Knockinock Castle, but nearer to Monkham. Your lordship's honour will see the kind and Sir Arthur, doubtless?"

A stare, as if he did not comprehend the question, was Lord Glenelg's answer. His own his mind was elsewhere, and did not venture to repeat a query which was so little germane to the matter.

"Are you a Catholic, old man?" demanded the Earl.

"No, my lord," said Edith sternly; for the remembrance of the unexpressed division of the dots rose in his mind at the moment; "I thank Heaven I am a good Protestant."

"He who can conscientiously call himself good, has indeed reason to thank Heaven, be his form of Christianity what it will.—But who is he that shall dare to do so?"

"Not I," said Edith; "I trust to beware of the sin of presumption."

"What was your trade in your youth?" continued the Earl.

"A soldier, my lord, and many a mile day's bumping I've seen. I was to have been made a sergeant, but"—

"A soldier! then you have slain and burnt, and sacked and spoiled?"

"I witness my," replied Edith, "that I have been better than my neighbours;—it's a rough trade—was sweet to them that never tried it."

"And you are now old and miserable, asking from piousness charity the food which in your youth you tore from the hand of the poor perished?"

"I am a beggar, it is true, my lord; but I am now just one

valuable neither. For my sin, I has had grace to repent of them, if I might say so, and to lay them where they may be better borne than by me; and for my food, nobody greeves as well man a bit and a drink—See I live as I can, and am contented to die when I am old upon.”

“And then, then, with little to look back upon that is pleasant or painsworthy in your past life—with less to look forward to as this rule of eternity, you are contented to drag out the rest of your existence? Go, begone! and in your age and poverty and weakness, never envy the lot of such a monster as this, either in his sleeping or waking moments—Here is something for thee.”

The Earl put into the old man's hand five or six guineas. Kite would perhaps have stated his acceptance, as upon other occasions, to the amount of the benefaction, but the tone of Lord Glenelg was too absolute to admit of either answer or dispute. The Earl then called his servant—“See this old man safe from the castle—let no one ask him any questions—and you, friend, begone, and forget the road that leads to my house.”

“That would be difficult for me,” said Kite, looking at the gold which he still held in his hand, “that would be *des* difficult, since your honour has given me such good cause to remember it.”

Lord Glenelg stared, as hardly comprehending the old man's boldness in daring to bandy words with him, and, with his hand, made him another signal of departure, which the mendicant instantly obeyed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH

For he was one to all their ills sport,
And like a monarch, ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he turned, the flying ball,
The bat, the wheel, were his before all.

CHILTON'S PRIMER.

FRANCIS MARSH, agreeably to the commands of his master, attended the merchant, in order to see him fairly out of the castle, without permitting him to have conversation, or intercourse, with any of the Earl's dependants or domestics. But,

"There was little dash about it, man," replied Macrow; "he took the young lady, and said her married her, but his mother said it was, and then she did good o'er Jack Webster. At last, the poor lass eloped herself o'er the water at the Congregation into the sea, and there was an end o't."

"An end o't w' the poor lady," said the musician, "but, as I reckon, was end o't w' the yard."

"She said o't till her life makes an end," answered the Aberdeener.

"But what for did the said Countess forfeit the mortgage?" continued the persevering quaker.

"Put for!—she maybe didna wed him for fat herself, for she ga'd a' how in her bidding, right or wrong.—But it was her'd the young lady was inclined to some o' the barones of the country—either by school, she was sib to him senior than our Church's rule allows of. See the lady was driven to the desperate act, and the poor lass never mair held her head up like a man."

"Wad away!" replied Ochiltree:—"it's e'en queer I ne'er heard this tale afore."

"It's e'en queer that ye heard it now, for doll too o' the servants about her spoken o't had the said Countess been living. Eh, man, Edie! but she was a trimmer—it wad hae turn a steady man to her squared w' her!—But she's in her grave, and we may loose our tongues a bit sin we meet a friend.—But here ye wad, Edie—I mean be back to the evening service. Ah! ye come to Inverurie maybe een month's time, dinna forget to seek after Francis Macrow."

What was likely promised, the other as freely promised; and the friends having thus parted, with every testimony of mutual regard, the domestic of Lord Glenallan took his road back to the seat of his master, leaving Ochiltree to trace onward his habitual pilgrimages.

It was a fine summer evening, and the world—that is, the little circle which was all in all to the individual by whom it was trodden, lay before Edie Ochiltree, for the closing of his night's quarters. When he had passed the less hospitable domains of Glenallan, he had in his option so many places of refuge for the evening, that he was able, and even fondling as the choice. Alas! Edie's politics was on the road-side about a mile before him, but there would be a good of young fellows

them on the Saturday night, and that was a lot to civil conversation. Other "gulewens and gulewens," as the farmers and their dames are termed in Scotland, successively presented themselves to his imagination. But one was dead, and could not hear him; another toothless, and could not make him hear; a third had a cross temper; and a fourth an ill-natured humbug. At Monkburn or Kerebrumack he was sure of a favourable and hospitable reception, but they lay too distant to be conveniently reached that night.

"I dines here here it is," said the old man, "but I am sorry about my quarters this night than ever I could having been in my life. I think, having seen o' the better yeaster, and finding out me may be happier without them, has made me proud o' my ain lot—But I wae it looks me gude, for gude gude before destruction. At my ous, the waeest here o' the men, by as weel be a pleasantier chield than Giammas House, wi' a' the pictures and black wifes, and other lumpy-waikes belonging to it—But I'll rae settle at ous, and put in for Ailie than's."

As the old man descended the hill above the little hamlet to which he was lending his course, the sitting men had retired to their houses from their labour, and the young men, availing themselves of the fine evening, were engaged in the sport of longbow on a patch of common, while the women and others looked on. The short, the long, the undulations of wigwags and bows, rose in blended chorus up the path which Octave was descending, and awakened in his recollection the days when he himself had been a keen competitor, and frequently victor, in games of strength and agility. Those remembrances seldom fail to excite a sigh, even when the evening of life is cheered by brighter prospects than those of our poor childhood. "At that time of day," was his natural reflection, "I would have thought a little about my auld palmering body that was coming down the edge of Eblaythement, as any o' these stalwart young chields does down about auld Bile Octave."

He was, however, pleasantly checked, by finding that more importance was attached to his arrival than his modesty had anticipated. A disputed coat had occurred between the hands of players, and as the granger favoured the one party, and the schoolmaster the other, the matter might be said to be taken up by the higher powers. The miller and smith, also, had espoused different sides, and, considering the vicinity of two

such disputes, there was reason to doubt whether the strife might be amably terminated. But the first person who caught a sight of the marvellous costume, "Ah! here comes old Kile, this looks the robes of a country gentleman better than any man that ever drove a horse, or threw an axe-head, or pulled a stone either;—but he's not quarrelling, folks!—we'll stand by a old Kile's judgment."

Kile was accordingly welcomed, and installed as umpire, with a general shout of gratulation. With all the modesty of a Bishop to whom the nation is preferred, or of a new Speaker called to the chair, the old man declined the high trust and responsibility with which it was proposed to invest him, and, in reply to his self-denial and humility, had the pleasure of receiving the reiterated assurances of young, old, and middle-aged, that he was deeply the best qualified person for the office of arbiter "in the hild country-side." Thus encouraged, he proceeded guardy to the execution of his duty, and, strictly forbidding all aggravating expressions on either side, he heard the oath and prayer on our side, the rather and schoolmaster on the other, in prayer and answer concert. Kile's great, however, was fully made up on the subject before the pleading began; like that of many a judge, who must nevertheless go through all the forms, and make up in its full extent the eloquence and argumentation of the Bar. For when all had been said on both sides, and much of it said over often more than once, our voices, being well and deeply advised, pronounced the verdicts and leading judgment, that the disputed coat was a drove man, and should therefore go to another party. This judgment declared restored us to the field of play; they began now to arrange their match and their bets, with the clamorous north wind on each shoulder of village sport, and the more eager were already stripping their jackets, and committing them, with their coloured handkerchiefs, to the care of wives, sisters, and waitresses. But their mirth was singularly interrupted.

On the outside of the group of players began to arise sounds of a description very different from those of sport,—that sort of suppressed sigh and exclamation, with which the first news of calamity is received by the hearers, began to be heard distinctly. A buzz went about among the women of "Eh, are! are! young and we wadn't becommed!"—It then extended itself among the men, and allowed the sounds of sportive mirth.

All understood at once that some disaster had happened in the country, and each required the cause at his neighbour, who knew as little as the parrot. At length the rumour reached, in a distinct shape, the ears of Edie Odellton, who was in the very centre of the assembly. The boat of Mackintosh, the fisherman whom we have so often mentioned, had been wrecked at sea, and four men had perished, it was affirmed, including Mackintosh and his son. Rumour had in this, however, as in other cases, gone beyond the truth. The boat had indeed been wrecked; but Stephen, or, as he was called, Steenie Mackintosh, was the only man who had been drowned. Although the place of his residence and his mode of life removed the young man from the society of the country folk, yet they failed not to pause in their rustic scruple to pay that tribute to sudden calamity which it seldom fails to receive in case of infrequent occurrence. To Odellton, in particular, the news came like a knell, the rather that he had so lately engaged this young man's assistance in an affair of sportive mischief; and though neither loss nor injury was designed to the German adept, yet the work was not precisely one in which the latter hours of life ought to be occupied.

Mackintosh never came alone. While Odellton, positively leaning upon his staff, added his regrets to those of the landlord which bewailed the young man's sudden death, and internally blamed himself for the transaction in which he had so lately engaged him, the old man's collar was seized by a police officer, who displayed his baton in his right hand, and exclaimed, "In the king's name."

The gauger and schoolmaster united their rhetoric, to prove to the constable and his assistant that he had no right to arrest the king's liegeman as a vagrant, and the mute eloquence of the collar and smith, which was voted in their despatch note, was proposed to give Highland bail for their offender; his blue gown, they said, was his warrant for travelling the country.

"But his blue gown," answered the officer, "is no protection for assault, robbery, and murder; and my warrant is against him for these crimes."

"Murder!" said Edie, "murder! who did I ever murder?"

"Mr German Doctordierl, the agent at Glas-Withendies ulang-wela."

"*Maxim Dostoumoff!*—back, he's living, and life-like, man."

"*Now thanks to you if he be; he had a nice struggle for his life, if a' he were he tells, and ye must answer for't at the bidding of the law."*

The defenders of the murdered shrunk back at hearing the strictness of the charges against him, but none then could bind that throat west and west and press upon Edie, to maintain him in the prison, to which the officers were about to conduct him.

"*Thanks to ye! God bless ye a', hallow!—I've gotten out o' many a scare when I was near dawning o' deliverance—I shall escape into a land from the lawless. Play out your play, and never mind me—I am more grieved for the poor lad than ye are, than for aught they can do to me."*

Accordingly, the surviving prisoner was led off, while he mechanically accepted and stored in his vallets the clue which poured in on every hand, and ere he left the hands, was as disciplined as a government rascal. The labour of hearing this quarrelling business was, however, abridged, by the officer procuring a cart and horse to convey the old man to a magistrate, in order to his examination and commitment.

The disaster of Skanda, and the arrest of Edie, put a stop to the sports of the village, the passive inhabitants of which began to speculate upon the vicissitudes of human affairs, who had so suddenly consigned one of their comrades to the grave, and placed their master of the revels in some danger of being hanged. The character of Dostoumoff being pretty generally known, which was in his case equivalent to being pretty generally detested, there were many speculations upon the probability of the accusation being malicious. But all agreed, that if Edie Ochiltree behaved in all events to suffer upon this occasion, it was a great pity he had not better married his dice by killing Dostoumoff outright.

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

Who is he?—One that for the look of land
 Shall fight, upon the water—be both challenged
 Properly the great whale; and by his like
 Of Leviathan, belongeth, not at length.
 He lived with a secret fish—Marry, no;
 The appetite had the best—the opponent
 Shall yield our champion's knock.

OLD PLAY.

"Just the poor young fellow, Steven Macklebackit, is to be buried this morning," said our old friend the Antiquary, as he exchanged his quilted night-gown for an old-fashioned black coat in line of the small-coloured vestment which he ordinarily wore, "and, I presume, it is expected that I should attend the funeral!"

"Oo, ay," answered the faithful Canon, officiously brushing the white threads and specks from his patron's habit. "The body, God help us! was one broken against the rocks that they're this to bury the body. The son's a little mad, as I tell my daughter, poor thing, when I want her to get up her spirits; the son, says I, Jessy, is as uncertain a sailing!"

"As the sailing of an old privateer-ship, that's robbed of his business by rascals and the providence. Canon, thy topics of consolation are as ill chosen as they are foreign to the present purpose. Could such men *console*? What have I to do with thy romantic, who have enough and to spare of mine own?—I pray of you again, am I expected by these poor people to attend the funeral of their son?"

"Oo, doubtless, your house is expected," answered Canon; "and I wot ye are expected. Ye ken, in this country the gentleman is wused to be as civil as to see the corpse of his grandee; ye neither gang higher than the high-land—it's an expected your house wud leave the land; it's just a Kisco convey, a step and a half over the doorstone."

"A Kisco convey?" echoed the impatient Antiquary; "and why a Kisco convey more than any other?"

"Dear sir," answered Canon, "how should I ken? It's just a by-word."

"Cuzco," answered Oldbuck, "there art a ware, pottery-maker—Had I asked Calistot the question, he would have had a legend ready made to my hand."

"My business," replied Cuzco, with more education than he commonly displayed, "is with the outside of your honour's head, as ye are accustomed to say."

"True, Cuzco, true; and it is no reproach to a scholar that he is not an upholsterer."

He then took out his memorandum-book and wrote down—"Kabo curvy—said to be a step and a half over the threshold. Authority—Cuzco.—Query—Whence derived? Mm. To write to Dr. Greydon upon the subject."

Having made this entry, he resumed—"And truly, as to this custom of the husband attending the body of the peasant, I approve it, Cuzco. It comes from ancient times, and was founded deep in the notions of mutual aid and dependence between the lord and cultivator of the soil. And hence I must say, the feudal system—(as also in its country towards us)—was founded, in which it excelled!—hence, I say, the feudal usage mitigated and softened the sternness of classical times. Ye men, Cuzco, ever heard of a Spartan attending the funeral of a Helot—yet I dare be sworn that John of the Guard—ye have heard of him, Cuzco?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Cuzco; "nobody can live long in your honour's company without hearing of that gentleman."

"Well," continued the Antiquary, "I would let a trifle there was not a left leg, or bondman, or peasant, norpise slave, died upon the noble's territories down here, but John of the Guard saw them fairly and decently interred."

"Ay, but if it like your honour, they say he had more to do wif the birthe than the burials. Ha! ha! ha!" with a gleeful chuckle.

"Good, Cuzco, very good!—why, you shine this morning."

"And besides," added Cuzco, slyly, encouraged by his patron's approbation, "they say, too, that the Catholic priests in these times get something for gawping about to burials."

"Right, Cuzco! right as my glove! By the by, I fancy that phrase comes from the custom of plodging a glove as the sign of irrefragable faith—right, I say, as my glove, Cuzco—but we of the Protestant academy have the more mark in

doing that duty for nothing, which cost money in the reign of that excess of superstition, when Spenser, Canon, turned to his allegorical phrases,

—The daughter of that woman killed,
 Above, daughter of Canon died—

But why talk I of these things to thee?—my poor Lovell has spoiled me, and taught me to speak about what it is much the same as speaking to myself. Where's my nephew, Hector M'Intyre?

"He's in the parlour, sir, w' the ladies."

"Very well," said the Antiquary, "I will trouble no thither."

"Now, Montbarrow," said his sister, on his entering the parlour, "ye seem to be angry."

"My dear uncle!" began Miss M'Intyre.

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Oldstock, in alarm of some impending bad news, and arguing upon the supplanting tone of the ladies, as a fortress apprehends an attack from the very last flourish of the trumpet which announces the summons—"what's all this?—what do you bespeak my patience for?"

"No particular matter, I should hope, sir," said Hector, who, with his son, in a ding, was seated at the breakfast table;—"however, whatever it may amount to I am answerable for it, as I am far much more trouble than I have occasioned, and for which I have little more than thanks to offer."

"No, no! heartily welcome, heartily welcome—only let it be a warning to you," said the Antiquary, "against your fits of anger, which is a short madness—I've fewer friends—but what is this new disaster?"

"My dog, sir, has unfortunately thrown down"—

"If it please Heaven, not the hockmatrony from Clockmaker?" interrupted Oldstock.

"Indeed, uncle," said the young lady, "I am afraid—it was that which stood upon the sideboard—the poor thing only went to eat the pot of fresh butter."

"In which she has fully succeeded, I presume, for I see that on the table is edited. But that is nothing—my hockmatrony, the main pillar of my theory on which I relied to show, in despite of the ignominious discovery of Mac-Crilly, that the Romans had passed the *dolom* of these mountains, and left behind them traces of their arts and arms, is gone—annihilated

—ordered to seek fragments as might be the shreds of a broken—flowerpot!

———— Hector, I love thee,
But never more be thou of me."

"Why, really, sir, I am afraid I should make a bad figure in a regiment of your readings."

"At least, Hector, I would have you despatch your camp train, and taxed expelling, or relative expeditious. You cannot conceive how I am annoyed by this beast—she commits burglary, I believe, for I found her charged with breaking into the kitchen after all the doors were locked, and eating up a shoulder of mutton."—(Our readers, if they choose to remember *Jenny Hawthorn's* prosecution of leaving the door open when she went down to the fisher's cottage, will probably accept poor *Jane* of that aggravation of guilt which the lawyers call a *domestic front*, and which makes the distinction between burglary and privately stealing.)

"I am truly sorry, sir," said Hector, "that *Jane* has committed so much disorder, but Jack Hildbrand, the butcher, was never able to bring her under command. She has never tasted there any flesh I ever knew, but"—

"Then, Hector, I wish the bitch would travel herself out of my grounds."

"We will both of us retreat to-morrow, or to-day, but I would not willingly part from my mother's brother in unknownness about a pultry pigskin."

"O brother! brother!" ejaculated Miss Wlatyne, in utter despair at this vituperative epithet.

"Why, what would you have me call it?" continued Hector; "it was just such a thing as they use in Egypt to cool wine, or claret, or water;—I bought home a pair of them—I might have brought home twenty."

"What?" said Oldbuck, "shaped such as that your dog threw down?"

"Yes, sir, much such a sort of earthen jar as that which was on the island. They use in my lodgings at Fairport; we brought a parcel of them to cool our wine on the passage—they answer wonderfully well. If I could think they would in any degree repay your loss, or rather that they could afford you pleasure, I am sure I should be much honoured by your accepting them."

"Indeed, my dear boy, I should be highly gratified by possessing them. To trace the character of nations by their weapons, and the similarity of the implements which they employ, has been long my favourite study. Everything that can illustrate such connections is most valuable to me."

"Well, sir, I shall be much gratified by your acceptance of them, and a few trifles of the same kind. And now, as I to hope you have forgiven me?"

"Oh, my dear boy, you are only thoughtless and foolish."

"But Jane—she is only thoughtless, too, I assure you—the landlady tells me she has no vice or stubbornness."

"Well, I grant Jane also a free pardon—conditioned, that you will tolerate her in avoiding vice and stubbornness, and that henceforward she banish herself forth of Blackburne parlour."

"Then, uncle," said the soldier, "I should have been very sorry and ashamed to propose to you anything in the way of expiation of my own sins, or those of my follower, that I thought worth your acceptance, but now, as all is forgiven, will you permit the orphan-mothers, to whom you have been a father, to offer you a trink, which I have been assured is really curious, and which only the cross accident of my wound has prevented my delivering to you before? I got it from a French peasant, to whom I rendered some service after the Alexandria affair."

The captain put a small ring-case into the Antiquary's hands, which, when opened, was found to contain an antique ring of massive gold, with a cameo, most beautifully executed, bearing a head of Cleopatra. The Antiquary broke forth into unexpressed ecstasy, shook his nephew cordially by the hand, thanked him as hundred times, and showed the ring to his sister and niece, the latter of whom had the tact to give it sufficient admiration; but Miss Griefs (though she had the same affection for her nephew) had not address enough to follow the lead.

"It's a honey thing," she said, "Martha, and, I dare say, a valuable; but it's out of my way—po-hoo I am, no judge of the matters."

"There spoke all Fairport in one voice!" exclaimed Oldback; "it is the very spirit of the borough has actuated us all; I think I have smelt the smoke these two days, that the wind has stuck, like a reverse, in the north-east—and its perfidious fly farther than its vapours. Follow me, my dear Hector, were I to walk up the High Street of Fairport, displaying the most-

make gas in the eyes of each one I met, no human creature, from the poorest to the town-crier, would stop to ask me its history. But if I carried a hole of linen cloth under my arm, I could not penetrate to the Home-market, as I should be overwhelmed with queries about its precise texture and price. Oh, one might parody their brutal ignorance in the words of Gray:

Where the way and where the road,
The winding sheet of wit and sense,
Dell garment of delusion paid,
"Guent all that death and gader goes."

The most remarkable proof of this pose-offering being quite acceptable was, that while the *Antiquary* was in full discussion, Jeno, who held him in awe, according to the remarkable incident by which dogs instantly discover those who like or dislike them, had peeped several times into the room, and encountering nothing very forbidding in his aspect, had at length presumed to introduce her full person, and finally, becoming bold by acquiescence, she actually ate up Mr. Oldham's toast, as, looking first at one then at another of his audience, he repeated, with self-complacency,

"Where the way and where the road,——"

You remember the passage in the *Fatal Sisters*, which, by the way, is not so fine as in the original—*Not, hey-day! my toast has vanished!*—[I see which way—Ah, those type of women-kind! no wonder they take offence at the generic appellation!"—(So saying, he shook his fist at Jeno, who scowled out of the picture).—] However, as Jupiter, according to Homer, could not rule Jeno in heaven, and as Jack Blackhead, according to Hector McIntyre, has been equally unsuccessful on earth, I suppose the most have *her own way*. And this will ensure the brother and sister justly accounted a full portion for Jeno's efforts, and sets down well pleased to the morning meal.

When breakfast was over, the *Antiquary* proposed to his nephew to go down with him to attend the funeral. The soldier plucked the waist of a mourning habit,

"O, that does not signify—your presence is all that is requisite. I assure you, you will see something that will interest—no, that's an improper phrase—but that will interest you, from the reminiscences which I will point out between popular customs on such occasions and those of the ancients."

" Heaven forgive me ! " thought M'Alpin ;—" I shall certainly remember, and lose all the credit I have so lately and accidentally gained."

When they set out, schooled as he was by the warning and entreating looks of his sister, the soldier made his resolution strong to give no offence by evincing hesitation or impotence. But our best resolutions are frail, when opposed to our predominant inclinations. Our *Antiquary*,—to leave nothing unexplained, had commenced with the funeral rites of the ancient Scandinavians, when his nephew interrupted him, in a discourse upon the "age of balls," to remark that a large winged, which fitted around them, had come twice within shot. This error being acknowledged and pardoned, Oldback resumed his dissertation.

" These are circumstances you ought to attend to and be familiar with, my dear Hector ; for, in the strange contingencies of the present war which agitates every corner of Europe, there is no knowing where you may be called upon to serve. If in Norway, for example, or Denmark, or any part of the ancient Scandinavia, or Scandinavia, as we term it, what could be more convenient than to have at your finger's end the history and antiquities of that ancient country, the off-spring nation, the mother of modern Europe, the nursery of those heroes,

Him to follow, and station to follow,
Who called to death !——"

How interesting, for example, at the conclusion of a weary march, to find yourself in the vicinity of a Roman monument, and discover that you have pitched your tent beside the tomb of a hero !

" I am afraid, sir, our news would be better supplied if it chanced to be in the neighbourhood of a good packing-yard."

" Alas, that you should say so ! No wonder the days of Cressy and Agincourt are no more, when respect for ancient valour has died away in the breasts of the British soldiery."

" By no means, sir—by no manner of means. I dare say that Edward and Henry, and the rest of those heroes, thought of their dinner, however, before they thought of ascending an old tombstone. But I assure you, we are by no means insensible to the memory of our fathers' fame ; I used often of an evening to get old Rory M'Alpin to sing us songs out of Ossian

about the battles of Flodden and Lannan Moor, and Magnus and the Spear of Maerewath."

"And did you believe," asked the aroused Antiquary, "did you absolutely believe that stuff of Macpherson's to be really ancient, you simple boy?"

"Believe it, sir!—how could I but believe it, when I have heard the songs sung from my infancy?"

"But not the same as Macpherson's *English Ossian*—you're not absurd enough to say that, I hope!" said the Antiquary, his brow darkening with wrath.

But Hector slowly shook the storm; his sunny & sturdy Celt, he imagined the honour of his country and native language connected with the authenticity of those popular poems, and would have fought knee-deep, or forfeited life and land, rather than have given up a line of them. He therefore spontaneously maintained, that Mary McAlpin could repeat the whole book from one end to another,—and it was only upon cross-examination that he expressed an assertion so general, by saying "At least, if he was allowed whisky enough, he could repeat as long as anybody would listen to him."

"Ay, ay," said the Antiquary; "and that, I suppose, was not very long."

"Why, we had our duty, sir, to attend to, and could not sit listening all night to a pipe."

"But do you recollect, now," said Oldhead, setting his teeth firmly together, and speaking without opening them, which was his custom when contumacious—"Do you recollect, now, any of those verses you thought so beautiful and interesting—being a capital judge, no doubt, of such things?"

"I don't pretend to much skill, now; but it's not *very* reasonable to be angry with me for admiring the antiquities of my own country more than those of the Harleids, Harthorns, and Haves you see so fond of."

"Why, come, sir—these mighty and unaccompanied Goths—were your ancestors? The bone-breasted Celts whom they subdued, and suffered only to exist, like a fearful people, in the corners of the rocks, were but their Macalpins and Sells?"

Hector's brow now grew red in his turn. "Sir," he said, "I don't understand the meaning of Macalpin and Sells, but I conceive that such names are very improperly applied to Scotch Highlanders, no man but my mother's brother dared to have

and such language in my presence; and I pray you will observe, that I consider it as neither hospitable, handsome, kind, nor generous usage towards your guest and your known My ancestor, Mr. Oldbuck"—

"Woe great and gallant chiefs, I dare say, Hector, and really I did not mean to give you such needless offence as trusting a point of remote antiquity, a subject on which I always am myself cool, deliberate, and unimpassioned. But you are so hot and hasty, as if you were Hector and Achilles, and Agamemnon to boot."

"I am sorry I expressed myself so hastily, uncle, especially to you, who have been so generous and good. But my ancestors"—

"No more about it, lad; I meant them no affront—none."

"I'm glad of it, sir; for the house of M'Intyre"—

"Peace be with them all, every man of them," said the Antiquary. "But to return to our subject—Do you recollect, I say, any of those poems which afforded you such amusement?"

"Very hard this," thought M'Intyre, "that he will speak with such ease of everything which is ancient, excepting my family."—Then, after some efforts at recollection, he added aloud, "Yes, sir,—I think I do remember some lines, but you do not understand the Gaelic language."

"And will readily excuse hearing it. But you can give me some idea of the sense in our own vernacular idiom?"

"I shall prove a wretched interpreter," said M'Intyre, rummaging over the original, well garnished with *aphs*, *aphs*, and *aphs*, and similar patterings, and then coughing and hawking as if the translation stuck in his throat. At length, having promised that the poem was a dialogue between the poet Ossin, or Oshin, and Patrick, the Interior Saint of Ireland, and that it was difficult, if not impossible, to render the expressive felicity of the first two or three lines, he said the sense was to this purpose:

"Patrick the pious sage,
Since you will not listen to one of my stories,
Though you never heard it before,
I am sorry to tell you
You are little better than an ass!"—

"Good! good!" exclaimed the Antiquary; "but go on. Why, this is, after all, the most admirable feeling—I dare say the poet was very right. What says the Saint?"

"His replies in character," said M'Teigue: "but you should hear M'Alpin sing the original. The speeches of Osean came in upon a strong deep bass—those of Patrick are upon a tenor key."

"Like M'Alpin's drums and small pipes, I suppose," said Oldbrack. "Well! Pray, go on."

"Well then, Patrick replies to Osean:

Upon my word, son of Pagan,
While I am watching the golden,
The clasp of your old mantle takes
Behind my devoted attention."

"Excellent!—why, this is better and better. I hope Saint Patrick sang better than Macpherson's poetaster, or it would be long-chaps between the poet and poetaster. But what I admire is the courtesy of those two ancient persons towards each other. It is a pity there should not be a word of this in Macpherson's translation."

"If you are sure of that," said M'Teigue, gravely, "he must have taken very unreasonable liberties with his original."

"It will go near to be thought so shortly—but pray proceed."

"Then," said M'Teigue, "this is the answer of Osean:

Have you compare your golden,
You son of a ————?"

"Son of a what?" exclaimed Oldbrack.

"It means, I think," said the young soldier, with some reluctance, "son of a female dog:

Do you compare your golden,
To the tail of the baron's's Poodle?"

"Are you sure you are translating that last ap'fist correctly, Hector?"

"Quite sure, sir," answered Hector, doggedly.

"Because I should have thought the ending might have been quoted as existing in a different part of the body."

Desiring to reply to this statement, Hector proceeded to his position:

"I shall think it no great harm
To bring your bold head from your shoulders——"

But what is that powder?" exclaimed Hector, interrupting himself.

"One of the herd of Porpoises," said the Antiquary—"a glen, or seal, lying asleep on the beach."

Upon which McIntyre, with the eagerness of a young sportsman, truthfully forgot both Owsen, Patrick, his uncle, and his wound, and exclaiming—"I shall have her! I shall have her!" snatched the walking-stick out of the hand of the astonished Antiquary, at some risk of throwing him down, and set off at full speed to get between the animal and the sea, in which element, having caught the alarm, she was rapidly retreating.

Not far off, when his master interrupted his account of the combats of Pantoopolis with the naked arm, to advance in person to the charge of the flock of sheep, stood more confounded than Ollivier at this sudden usurpation of his nephew.

"Is the devil in him," was his first exclamation, "to go to disturb the brain that was never thinking of him?"—Then clattering his voice, "Hector—nephew—fool—let alone the Plover—let alone the Plover!—they bite, I tell you, like tigers. He minks me no more than a post. There—there they are at it—God, the Plover has the best of it! I am glad to see it," said he, in the intervals of his breath, though really anxious for his nephew's safety—"I am glad to see it, with all my heart and spirit."

In truth, the seal, finding her retreat interrupted by the light-footed soldier, confronted him manfully, and having sustained a heavy blow without injury, she lashed her brows, as is the fashion of the animal when provoked, and making use at once of her fore-paws and her awfully strength, wrenched the weapon out of the assailant's hand, overturned him on the sands, and scuttled away into the sea, without doing him any further injury. Captain McIntyre, a good deal out of countenance at the issue of his exploit, just rose in time to receive the friendly congratulations of his uncle, upon a single combat worthy to be commemorated by Owsen himself, "since," said the Antiquary, "your magnanimous opponent was dead, though not upon eagle's wings, from the foe that was less—Egad, she wallowed away with all the grace of triumph, and has carried my stick off also, by way of spoils of war."

McIntyre had little to answer for himself, except that a Highlander could never pass a lion, a seal, or a salmon, where there was a possibility of having a trial of skill with them, and that he had forgot one of his arms was in a sling. He also

made his fall an apology for returning back to Blackburn, and thus escape the further rebuffs of his uncle, as well as his lamentations for his walking-stick.

"I cut it," he said, "in the classic woods of Hawthornden, when I did not expect always to have been a bachelor—I would not have given it for an ocean of seals—O Hester! Hester!—thy mamma was born to be the prop of Tom, and thou to be the plague of Blackburn!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

Tell me not of it, friend—when the evening wrap,
Thine arms are like warm home,—close your old eyes
Better lie down like ballad-makers of the North,
Gilding the borders of our withered stories,
Child of our legends, and hardened as our ballads—
There, as they tell, sleep night-time—sleep small,
Sleep the fair people, and blanket all below us.

OUR FURT.

THE *Antiquary*, being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by these various discussions, and the recreation which had ensued there, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Maudslough. They had now, in addition to their usual spindly and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The hoods were all drawn up on the bench, and, though the day was fine, and the season favourable, the chant, which is used by the sailors when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits mending her net by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-worn suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Macdibbald's cottage, waiting till "the body was lifted." As the Lord of Blackburn approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a room which our *Willie* alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his unobscured productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young father had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose ragged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revivifying his loss in his mind, with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remains in it, after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by made force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of securing the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was before in his recollection. His glance was directed steadily towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadily look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His marriage with, strange as she was, and almost witness of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the burden of her double sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate anxiety, employed the youngest and thinnest child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to put it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. "Y'e'll be a fine father, as ye be spared, Paddy,—but ye'd never—never can be—what he was to me!—He has stilled the noble wif me since he was ten years auld, and there wema the kin o' him dur e not believe this and Buchan-men.—They say false men's words—I will try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother—the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the

convulsive agitation of the bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her guests, ostensibly whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under immediate sufferings, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stifle the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the propensities they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of whistles, brand and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions ; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the surviving group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of spryly, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then instinctively to resume the motion of twisting her spindle, then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had seen it, and for the first time acquired sense to comprehend her unexpressed calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word—neither had she shed a tear—nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the unaccountable horrors around her. Thus she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being to whom the light of existence was already obscured by the surrounding shadows of death.

When Oldbeck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits and bread were offered round to the guests. Elaph, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by addressing to the person who bore them to

stop; then, taking a glass to her hand, she rose up, and, as the snide of detage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced, with a hollow and tremulous voice, "Wishing 't' your health, etc., and often may we have such merry meetings!"

All shrunk from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror, which will not surprise those who know how many superstitious are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old woman tasted the liquor, she suddenly exclaimed with a sort of shriek, "What's this?—this is wine—how should there be wine in my son's house?—Ay," she continued with a suppressed groan, "I tasted the sorrowful wine now," and, dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bowl in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and puffed hand.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. Mr. Blattergowl, though a dreadful power, particularly on the subject of vegetations, locusts, locusts, and overtures in that session of the General Assembly, to which, unfortunately for his auditors, he devoted one year to act as moderator, was nevertheless a good man, in the old Scottish Presbyterian phrase, God-wad and man-wad. No divine was more attentive in visiting the sick and afflicted, in catechising the youth, in instructing the ignorant, and in reporting the erring. And hence, notwithstanding impudence of his profligacy and profligacy, personal or professional, and notwithstanding meanness, a certain habitual contempt for his understanding, especially on affairs of genius and taste, on which Blattergowl was apt to be diffident, from his hope of one day fighting his way to a chair of rhetoric or belles lettres,—notwithstanding, I say, all the prejudices excited against him by those circumstances, our friend the Antiquary looked with great regard and respect on the said Blattergowl, though I own he could seldom, even by his sense of decency and the remonstrances of his woman-kind, be prevailed out, as he called it, to hear him preach. But he regularly took down to himself for his stance when Blattergowl came to Hookburn to dinner, to which he was always invited of a Sunday, a mode of testifying his respect which the proprietor probably thought fully as agreeable to the clergyman, and rather more congenial to his own habits.

To return from a digression which can only serve to introduce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers, Mr. Hattergood had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of confidence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor so slowly, silently, and gradually, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like earth on, break beneath his feet, or that the first note of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean slum. The terror of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, so, haltingly, by sobs suppressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she slowly answered at such pauses in his speech—"Yea, sir, yea!—Ye're very good—ye're very good!—Nae doubt, nae doubt!—It's our duty to submit!—But, oh dear! my poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was me handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookt on him!—Oh, my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what do ye then lying there!—and oh! what do ye an' I left to grieve for ye!"

There was no retarding with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldback had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to smother the tears which, despite his clanked and quartic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their benches to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. The clergyman, meanwhile, addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said, with the apathy of her usual remissness. But as, in pressing this theme, he approached so near to her ear that the sound of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and expressive cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body,

shook her head in a manner that showed at least hopelessness, if not scorn of his counsel, and waved her head slightly, but with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and decided rejection of the ghastly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled whisper went through them, indicating how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe, and even horror.

In the meantime, the funeral company was completed, by the arrival of one or two persons who had been expected from Fulport. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the drunk show of greeting was now interchanged. The graduate a second time took a glass in her hand, drank its contents, and exclaimed, with a sort of laugh,—“He! he! I have tasted wine twice in my day—When did I that before, thank ye, mamma!—Never since!”—and the transient glow vanishing from her countenance, she set the glass down, and sunk upon the settle from whence she had risen to snatch it.

As the general amusement subsided, Mr. Oldback, whose heart bled to witness what he considered as the struggle of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid child of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The crack of the screw-sails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being moved above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contrition, which we may be pardoned for ascribing narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, but they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer,

and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as they themselves, and who now is such as they must in their time become. But this decent and praiseworthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating, or at least, Mr. Oldenkov did not set upon it, and the ceremony proceeded without any devotional services.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon hand-spoons by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his head and his hand in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered that as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their requests, had not Oldenkov interposed between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the corrected opinion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the head, and old Alena Bruck, who was present among other behewmen, were almost dead, "The honest Monkhouse should never want any way of support in the grave" (of which felt he was understood to be fond), "if she should gang to sea and dridge for them herself, in the darkest wind that ever blew." And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their custom, and respect for their person, Mr. Oldenkov gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed to the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the bodies, or staves, with their huttons,—unwearable-looking old men, following as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marching another, and dead, according to Scottish phrase, with their hands black as ink, and hawking-eyes decorated with rusty rings. Monkhouse would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by undertaking to perform the office of chief

moment. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ornaments, which once distinguished the greatness of the English so much, that a summary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the churchyard, at about half-a-mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions,—the body was consigned to its parent earth,—and when the labour of the gravediggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with their soil, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in melancholy silence, and with that silence dispersed the mourners.

The deacons offered our Antiquary his company to walk homeward; but Mr. Oldbuck had been so much struck with the deportment of the fisherman and his mother, that, moved by compassion, and perhaps also, in some degree, by that curiosity which induces us to seek out even what gives us pain to witness, he preferred a solitary walk by the coast, for the purpose of again visiting the cottage as he passed.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

What is this novel tale, this untold tale,
That art conceal'd within, nor passion shows?
————— For angels told they place;
For cherubim, nor form'd to sing them,
No softer feeling, and no softer lip.—

MILTON'S MORN.

The coffin had been borne from the place where it rested. The mourners, in regular gradation, according to their rank or

their relationship to the deceased, had filed from the cottage, while the younger male children were led along to toll for the loss of their father, and to view with wonder a circumstance which they could hardly comprehend. The female groups next rose to depart, and, with consideration for the situation of the parents, carried along with them the girls of the family, to give the unhappy pair time and opportunity to open their hearts to each other and soften their grief by communicating it. But their kind intention was without effect. The last of them had darkened the entrance of the cottage, as she went out, and drawn the door softly behind her, when the father, first mortified by a hasty glance that no stranger remained, started up, clasped his hands wildly above his head, uttered a cry of the despair which he had hitherto repressed, and, in all the impotent eagerness of grief, half rushed half staggered forward to the bed on which the coffin had been deposited, threw himself down upon it, and smothering, as it were, his head among the bed-clothes, gave vent to the full passion of his sorrow. It was in vain that the wretched mother, terrified by the vehemence of her husband's affliction—affliction still more fearful as agitating a mass of hurried movements and a robust frame—suppressed her own sobs and tears, and, passing him by the skirts of his coat, implored him to rise and remember, that, though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came at too early a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent, that they shook the bed and partition against which it rested, by clenched hands which grasped the bed-clothes, and by the vehement and convulsive motion of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.

"O, what a day is this! what a day is this!" said the poor mother, her womanish affection already exhausted by sobs and tears, and now almost lost in terror for the state in which she beheld her husband—"O, what an hour is this! and nobody to help a poor lone woman—O, goodness! could ye not speak a word to him?—and ye not bid him be comforted?"

To her astonishment, and even to the increase of her fear, her husband's mother heard and answered the appeal. She rose and walked across the floor without support, and without much apparent solicitude, and standing by the bed on which

her son had extended himself, she said, "Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin and sorrow and temptation. Sorrow is for those that remain in this vale of sorrow and sadness—I, who, divine sorrow, and who cannot sorrow for any one, has must need that ye should s' sorrow for me."

The voice of his mother, not heard for years as taking part in the active duties of life, or offering advice or consolation, produced its effect upon her son. He assumed a sitting posture on the side of the bed, and his appearance, attitude, and features, changed from those of angry despair to deep grief and dejection. The grandmother retired to her work, the mother mechanically took in her hand her tattered Bible, and seemed to read, though her eyes were drowned with tears.

They were thus occupied, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Hush, sire!" said the poor mother, "what is that can be coming in that gate s'now?—They cannot have heard o' our misfortune, I'm sure."

The knock being repeated, she rose and opened the door, saying questioningly, "Whar's gate's that to disturb a sorrowful house?"

A tall man in black stood before her, whom she instantly recognised to be Lord Glenalva. "Is there not," he said, "an old woman lodging in this or one of the neighbouring cottages, called Elapha, who was long resident at Craighurst of Glenalva?"

"It's my grandmother, my lord," said Margaret; "but she cannot see nobody s'now—Oho! we're drawing a sair weird—we has had a heavy dispensation!"

"God forbid," said Lord Glenalva, "that I should on light occasion disturb your sorrow;—but my days are numbered—your mother-in-law is in the extremity of age, and, if I see her not to-day, we may never meet on this side of time."

"And what," answered the desolate mother, "will ye see at an old woman, broken down wi' age and sorrow and heartbreak? Gentle or simple shall not darken my door the day my bairn's been carried out a corpse."

While she spoke thus, indulging the natural instability of disposition and profession, which began to mingle itself with her grief when its first uncontrolled bursts were gone by, she laid the door about one-third part open, and placed herself in

the gap, as if to render the visitor's entrance impossible. But the voice of her husband was heard from within—"What's that, Maggie! what for are ye sticking there out!—let them come in; it doona signify an' auld respected wae come in or wae come out o' this house frae this time forward."

The woman stood aside at her husband's command, and permitted Lord Glenalva to enter the hut. The dejection exhibited in his broken frame and agitated countenance, formed a strong contrast with the effects of grief, as they were displayed in the rude and weatherbeaten visage of the fisherman, and the masculine features of his wife. He approached the old woman as she was seated on her usual settle, and asked her, in a tone as cordial as his robes could make it, "Are you Elspeth of the Christenmant of Glenalva?"

"What is it that asks about the unlabeled residence of that wae woman?" was the answer returned to his query.

"The unhappy Earl of Glenalva."

"Earl!—Earl of Glenalva!"

"He who was called William Lord Glenalva," said the Earl; "and whom his mother's death has made Earl of Glenalva."

"Open the hute," said the old woman firmly and hastily to her daughter-in-law, "open the hute w' speed, that I may see if this be the right Lord Glenalva—the son of my mistress—him that I received in my arms within the hour after he was born—him that has come to curse me that I didna smother him before the hour was past!"

The window, which had been shut in order that a gloomy twilight might add to the solemnity of the funeral meeting, was opened as she commanded, and threw a sudden and strong light through the smoky and misty atmosphere of the stifling cabin. Felling in a stream upon the chimney, the rays illuminated, in the way that Rembrandt would have chosen, the features of the unfortunate nobleman, and those of the old wight, who now, standing upon her feet, and holding him by one hand, peered curiously at his features with her light-blue eyes, and holding her long and withered fore-finger within a small distance of his face, moved it slowly as if to trace the outline and resemble what she contemplated with that she now beheld. As she fastened her scrutiny, she said, with a deep sigh, "It's a sair-sair change; and wha's fault is it!—but that's written down

where it will be remembered.—It's written on tablets of brass with a pen of steel, where all is recorded that is done in the flesh.—And what," she said after a pause, "what is Lord Grenville coming from a poor cold creature like me, that's dead already, and only belongs as far to the living that she knew yet lived in the world?"

"Nay," answered Lord Grenville, "in the name of Heaven, why was it that you requested so eagerly to see me?—and why did you back your request by sending a token which you knew well I dared not refuse?"

As he spoke thus, he took from his purse the ring which Edith Osbourn had delivered to him at Grenville House. The sight of this token produced a strange and instantaneous effect upon the old woman. The paler of fear was immediately added to that of age, and she began instantly to search her pockets with the tremulous and hasty agitation of one who becomes first apprehensive of having lost something of great importance,—then, as if convinced of the reality of her fears, she turned to the Earl, and demanded, "And how came ye by it then?—how came ye by it? I thought I had kept it as securely—what will the Countess say?"

"You know," said the Earl, "at least you must have heard, that my mother is dead."

"Dead! are ye so imposing upon me! has she left it at last, lands and lordship and lineage?"

"All, all," said the Earl, "as mortals must leave all human vanities."

"I mind now," answered Elspeth—"I heard of it before; but there has been no distress in our house since, and my memory is no muscle impaired.—But ye are sure your mother, the Lady Countess, is gone home?"

The Earl again assured her that her former mistress was no more.

"Then," said Elspeth, "it shall hardly my mind run longer!—When she lived, who dared to speak what it would have displeased her to have had noised abroad? But she's gone—and I will console all."

Then turning to her son and daughter-in-law, she commanded them imperatively to quit the house, and leave Lord Grenville (for so she still called him) alone with her. But Maggie Muskettschiff, her last burst of grief being over, was by no

never deposed in her own house to pay passive obedience to the supremacy of her mother-in-law, an authority which is peculiarly dangerous to persons in her rank of life, and which she was the more determined to hearing severed, when it seemed to have been so long relinquished and forgotten.

"It was an easy thing," she said, in a grumbling tone of voice,—for the rank of Lord Glendale was somewhat imposing—"it was an easy thing to bid a mother leave her own house wth the tear in her eye, the moment her eldest son had been carried a corpse out at the door of."

The fisherman, in a staid and solemn tone, added to the same purpose. "This is new day for your child-maid stories, mother. My lord, if he be a lord, say o^r some other day—or he may speak out what he has gotten, to say if he likes it; there's none here will think it worth their while to listen to him or you either. But neither for lord or love, gentle or simple, will I leave my ain house to pleasure anybody on the very day my poor"—

Here his voice choked, and he could proceed no further; but as he had seen when Lord Glendale came in, and had alone remained standing, he now threw himself doggedly upon a seat, and resumed in the staid posture of one who was determined to keep his word.

But the old woman, when this crisis seemed to represent in all those powers of mental superiority with which she had once been amply gifted, arose, and advancing towards him, said, with a solemn voice, "My son, as ye wad shew hearing of your mother's shame—as ye wad not willingly be a witness of her grief—as ye wad deserve her blessing and avert her curse, I charge ye, by the body that bore and that nursed ye, to leave me at freedom to speak with Lord Glendale, what use mortal ears but his ain ears listen to. Obe^y my words, that when ye lay the mauls on my head—and, oh, that the day were come!—ye may remember this hour without the reproach of having disobeyed the last earthly command that ever your mother voiced on you."

The terms of this solemn charge reviv'd in the fisherman's heart the habit of instinctive obedience in which his mother had trained him up, and to which he had submitted implicitly while her powers of exacting it remained entire. The resolution mingled also with the prevailing passion of the moment;

for, glancing his eye at the bed on which the dead body had been laid, he muttered to himself, "He never deceived me, in reason or out of reason, and what for should I war her?" Then, taking his reluctant spouse by the arm, he led her gently out of the cottage, and locked the door behind them as he left it.

As the unhappy parents withdrew, Lord Glenelg, to prevent the old woman from relapsing into her lethargy, again pressed her on the subject of the communication which she proposed to make to him.

"Ye will have it some enough," she replied:—"my mind's clear enough now, and there is not—I think there is not—a chance of my forgetting what I have to say. My dwelling at Cragburnfoot is better my eye, as it were present to reality:—the green bank, with its edwidge, just where the burn met w' the sea—the two little bushes, w' their sails furled, lying in the natural cove which it formed—the high cliff that joined it with the pleasure-grounds of the house of Glenelg, and hung right over the stream—ah! ye—I may forget that I had a husband and have lost him—that I have but one alive of our four fair ones—that misfortune upon misfortune has devoured our delightsome wealth—that they carried the ashes of my son's distant-born from the house this morning—But I never can forget the days I spent at bonny Cragburnfoot!"

"You were a favourite of my mother," said Lord Glenelg, desirous to bring her back to the point, from which she was wandering.

"I was, I was,—ye never mind me o' that. She brought me up above my station, and w' knowledge more than my deliverance—but, like the tempter of auld, w' the knowledge of guile she taught me the knowledge o' evil."

"For God's sake, Elspeth," said the astonished Earl, "proceed, if you can, to explain the dreadful hints you have thrown out! I well know you are confident to some dreadful secret, which should split this roof even to hear it named—but speak on further."

"I will," she said—"I will!—just bear w' me for a bittle,"—and again she seemed lost in recollection, but it was no longer tinged with indolence or apathy. She was now entering upon the topic which had long loaded her mind, and which doubtless often occupied her whole soul at times when she seemed dead to all around her. And I may add, as a remarkable

fact, that work was the intense operation of mental energy upon her physical powers and nervous system, that, notwithstanding her incapacity of doubtless, such work that Isaac Glasdale spoke during this remarkable conference, although in the lowest state of horror or agony, fell as full and distinct upon Elspeth's ear as it could have done at any period of her life. She spoke also herself clearly, distinctly, and directly, as if conscious that the intelligence she communicated should be fully understood; concisely at the same time, and with none of the verbiage or circumlocutory additions natural to those of her sex and condition. In short, her language bespoke a better education, as well as an uncommonly firm and resolved mind, and a character of that sort from which great virtues or great crimes may be naturally expected. The issue of her communication is discussed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE.

Down—she w/e'r' dapskies wae—

*A blaw-blast through—she trods our right step
Through the wild (elphinst) of yaffled brang,
Unbaird, yaffless, with all aye back toward us,
Then in our hair, when Time both stifled our joints,
And witheld our hope of mair, or of light,
We hear her deep-sounded lay, ascending all
Of wark, and we, and punishment that bides us.*

Old Flax.

"I NEED not tell you," said the old woman, addressing the Earl of Glasdale, "that I was the favourite and confidential attendant of Jacobus, Countess of Glasdale, whom God punish!"—(here she crossed herself)—"and I think further, ye may not have forgotten that I shared her regard for many years. I returned it by the most sincere attachment, but I fell into disgrace from a trifling act of disobedience, reported to your mother by one that thought, and she wasna wrong, that I was a spy upon her actions and words."

"I charge thee, woman," said the Earl, in a voice trembling with passion, "name not her name in my hearing!"

"I never," returned the patient firmly and calmly, "or have can you understand me?"

The Earl leaned upon one of the wooden chairs of the hall, drew his hat over his face, clench'd his hands together, set his teeth like one who summons up courage to undergo a painful operation, and made a signal to her to proceed.

"I say, then," she resumed, "that my disgrace with my mistress was chiefly owing to Miss Evelyn Neville, then bred up in Glenallan House as the daughter of a scotch-german and intimate friend of your father that was gone. There was much mystery in her history,—but who dared to inquire further than the Countess liked to tell?—All in Glenallan House loved Miss Neville—all but me, your mother and myself—we both hated her."

"God! for what reason, since a creature so mild, so gentle, so forced to inspire affection, never walked on this wretched world!"

"It may has been me," rejoined Elspeth, "but your mother hated a' that cove of your father's family—a' but herself. Her remote related to strife which fell between them soon after her marriage; the particulars are nothing to this purpose. But oh! deadly did she hate Evelyn Neville when she perceived that there was a growing kindness between you and that unfortunate young lady! Ye may mind that the Countess's dislike didna gang farther at first than just showing a' the usual shrewdness—at least it wassn seen farther; but at the lang run it brak out into such downright violence that Miss Neville was even fain to seek refuge at Knockrignock Castle with Sir Arthur's lady, who (God sail her!) was then w' the laird."

"You rend my heart by recalling these particulars—but go on,—and may my present agony be accepted as additional penance for the involuntary crime!"

"She had been absent some months," continued Elspeth, "when I was at night watching in my bed the return of my husband from fishing, and shuddering in private some bitter tears that my proud spirit wrung free me whenever I thought on my disgrace. The clock was drawn, and the Countess your mother entered my dwelling. I thought I had seen a specter, for even to the height of my terror, this was an honour she had never done me, and she looked as pale and ghastly as if she had risen from the grave. She sat down, and wrung the drops from her hair and cheek,—for the night was drizzling, and her walk had been through the plantations, that were a' loaded with dew. I

only mention those things that you may understand how real that sight lives in my memory,—and well it may. I was surprised to see her, but I don't speak that, more than if I had seen a phantom.—No, I don't see, my lord, I that have seen every sight of terror, and never shook at them. See, after a silence, she said, "Elspeth Chayne (for she always gave me my maiden name), are not ye the daughter of that Reginald Chayne who died to save his master, Lord Glenelg, on the field of Sheriffmuir?" And I answered her as proudly as herself nearly—"As sure as you are the daughter of that Earl of Glenelg whom my father saved that day by his own death."

Here she made a deep pause.

"And what followed?—what followed?—For Heaven's sake, good woman,—but why should I use that word?—You, good or bad, I command you to tell me."

"And Hilda I should value strictly command," answered Elspeth, "were there not a voice that has spoken to me sleeping and waking, that drives me forward to tell this sad tale. Alas, my Lord,—the Countess said to me, 'My son loves Evelyn Neville—they are agreed—they are pledged: should they have a son, my right over Glenelg ceases—I ask from thee payment from a Countess into a miserable stipendiary dowager, I who brought lands and vassals, and high blood and ancient fame, to my husband, I must cease to be mistress when my son has an heir-male. But I care not for that—and he married my last son of the hated Nevilles, I had been paid. But for them—that they and their descendants should enjoy the right and honour of my ancestors, goes through my heart like a two-edged dirk. And this girl—I detest her!'—And I answered, for my heart kindled at her words, that her hate was equalled by mine."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Earl, in spite of his determination to preserve silence—"wretched woman! what cause of hate could have arisen from a being so innocent and gentle?"

"I hated what my mistress hated, as was the use with the huge vassals of the house of Glenelg; for though, my Lord, I married under my degree, yet an ancestor of yours never went to the field of battle, but an ancestor of the first, degraded, cold, useless wretch who now speaks with you, carried his shield before him. But that was not all," continued the bottom, her earthy and evil passions unfolding as she became heated in

her sensation—"that was not *it* ; I hated Miss Evelyn Neville for her sin sake. I brought her from England, said, during our whole journey, she gushed and weened at my northern speech and habit, as her southern ladies and gentlemen had done at the boarding-school, as they said *it*—(and, strange as it may seem, she spoke of an affront offered by a headless school-girl without indignation, with a degree of levity which, at such a distance of time, a mortal offence would neither have entertained or excited in my well-constituted mind).—"Yes, she scorned and jested at me—but let them that were the tartest draw the dash."

She paused, and then went on—"But I deny not that I hated her more than she deserved. My mistress, the Countess, perceived and said, 'Elizabeth Chayne, this wretched boy will marry with the false English blood. Were days as they have been, I could throw her into the Mausepans* of Glasdon, and from him is the Key of Stratfordward. But those times are past, and the authority which the nobles of the land should exercise is delegated to quibbling lawyers and their base dependants. Hear me, Elizabeth Chayne! if you are your father's daughter as I am sure, I will find means that they shall not marry. She walks often to that cliff that overhangs your dwelling to look for her lover's boat—ye may remember the pleasure ye then took on the sea, my Lord!—let her find her forty fathoms lower than he expects!—Yes! ye may stare and frown and clutch your hand; but, so sure as I am to live the only thing I ever feared—and, ah that I had feared him more!—these were your mother's words. What avails it to me to live to you?—but I would consent to stain my hand with blood.—Then she said, 'By the religion of our holy Church they are over all thoughtless. But I expect nothing but that both will become justice as well as dishonest reproaches!—that was her addition to that argument. And then, as the food is over our hearth of brass his wife, that are subtle lawyers their men and justice, I was unhappily permitted to add—'That they might be brought to think themselves not still as no Christian law will permit their wickedness!'"

Here the Earl of Glasdon echoed her words, with a shrill

* *Mausepans*, an ancient name for a dungeon, derived from the Welsh language, perhaps as the hole as the time of the Countess.

so piercing as almost to rend the roof of the cottage—"Ah! then Eviline Neville was not the—the"—

"The daughter, ye would say, of your father?" continued Elaph. "No—be it a torment or be it a comfort to you—less the truth, she was not said a daughter of your father's house than I am."

"Woman, deserve me not to—make me not curse the memory of the parent I have so lately laid in the grave, for sharing in a plot the most cruel, the most infernal!"—

"Believe ye, my Lord Geraldine, are ye come the memory of a parent that's gone, or there none of the blood of Glenadale living, whose faults have led to this dreadful catastrophe?"

"Name you my brother!—he, too, is gone," said the Earl.

"No," replied the lady, "I name yourself, Lord Geraldine. Had you not transgressed the obedience of a son by wedding Eviline Neville in secret while a guest at Knockmaweh, our plot might have exposed you for a time, but would have left at least your enemies without resources to crush them. Did your sin conduct lead you poison in the weapons that we threw, and it pierced you with the war-darts because ye were seeking to meet it. Had your marriage been a proclaimed and acknowledged action, our stratagem to throw an obstacle into your way that would be got over, neither would nor could have been pointed against ye."

"Great Heaven!" said the unfortunate nobleman—"it is as if a film fell from my obscured eyes! Yes, I now well understand the dreadful bliss of conviction thrown out by my wretched mother, leading reflexively to impouch the evidence of the hours of which her arts had led me to believe myself guilty!"

"She could not speak more plainly," answered Elaph, "without smothering her sin's brand,—and she would have admitted to be torn by wild horses, rather than admit what she had done; and if she had still lived, as would I for her sake. They were about hearts the race of Glenadale, truth and knavery, and we were at that a cold times cried their gathering word of Clackadun—they stood shoulder to shoulder—was was parted from his chief for love or of gain, or of right or of wrong. The times are changed, I hear, now!"

The unfortunate nobleman was too much wrapped up in his own confused and distracted reflections, to notice the rude expressions of savage fidelity, in which, even in the latest ab-

of life, the unhappy author of his misfortunes seemed to find a stern and staidness scarce of consolation.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, "I am then free from a guilt the most horrible with which man can be stained, and the source of which, however involuntary, has wrecked my peace, destroyed my health, and bowed me down to an untimely grave. Accept," he fervently uttered, lifting his eyes upwards, "except my humble thanks! If I live miserable, at least I shall not die stained with that unstarred path!—And then—proceed if thou hast notes to tell—proceed, while thou hast voice to speak it, and I have power to listen."

"Yes," answered the bold one, "the hour when you shall hear, and I shall speak, is indeed passing rapidly away. Death has crossed your brow with his finger, and I feel his gray burning every day colder at my heart. Interrupt me now near with exclamations and groans and accusations, but hear my tale to an end! And then—if ye be indeed as a Lord of Glendhu as I have heard of in my day—make your merryman gather the thorn, and the briar, and the green hulla, till they leap them as high as the horse-riggie, and here! here! here! the cold witch Elspeth, and a' that can put ye in mind that sic a creature ever trodded upon the land!"

"Go on," said the Earl, "go on—I will not again interrupt you."

He spoke in a half-suffocated yet determined voice, resolved that no triflingness on his part should deprive him of this opportunity of acquiring proofs of the wonderful tale he then heard. But Elspeth had become exhausted by a continuous narration of such unusual length; the subsequent part of her story was more broken, and though still distinctly intelligible in most parts, had no longer the bold confidence which the first part of her narrative had displayed to such an astonishing degree. Lord Glendhu found it necessary, when she had made some attempts to continue her narrative without success, to prompt her memory by demanding—"What proofs she could propose to bring of the truth of a narrative so different from that which she had originally told?"

"The evidence," she replied, "of Evelyn Neville's real birth was in the Countess's possession, with reasons for its being for some time kept private;—they may yet be found, if she has not destroyed them, in the left hand drawer of the ebony cabinet

that stood in the dressing-room. There she meant to suppress for the time, until you went abroad again, when she trusted, before your return, to send Miss Neville back to her own country, or to get her settled in marriage."

"But did you not show me letters of my father's, which seemed to me, unless my senses altogether failed me in that horrible moment, to show his relationship to—to the unhappy?"

"We did, and, with my testimony, how could you doubt the fact, or how either! But we suppressed the true explanation of those letters, and that was, that your father thought it right the young lady should pass for his daughter for a while, on account of some family reasons that were among them."

"But whenever, when you learned our names, was this dreadful mistake pointed at?"

"It was," she replied, "till Lady Glenelg had communicated this false tale, that she suspected ye had actually made a marriage—not even then did you avow it nor as to signify her whether the ceremony had in reality passed between ye or no—But ye remember, O ye man, but remember well, what passed in that awful meeting!"

"Woman! ye avow upon the gospel to the fact which ye now disown."

"I did,—and I wad hae been a yet rank boly pledge on it, if there had been one—I wad not hae spared the blood of my boly, or the guilt of my soul, to serve the house of Glenelg."

"Wretch! do you call that horrid perjury, attended with consequences yet more dreadful—do you pretend that a service to the house of your benefactors?"

"I served her, who was then the head of Glenelg, as she required me to serve her. The cause was between God and her conscience—the manner between God and mine—She is gone to her account, and I mean follow. Have I told you a'?"

"No," answered Lord Glenelg—"you have yet more to tell—you have to tell me of the death of the angel whom your perjury drove to despair, stained, as she thought herself, with a crime so horrible. Speak truth—was that dreadful—was that horrible incident?"—he could scarcely articulate the words—"was it as reported? or was it an act of yet further, though not more atrocious cruelty, inflicted by others?"

"I understand you," said Elspeth. "Don't report-spoils trash;—our false witness was indeed the cause, but the deed was her sin distracted act. On that fearful disclosure, when ye rushed from the Countess's presence and scolded your horse, and left the castle like a fire-brught, the Countess looked yet discovered your private marriage; she looked find out that the union, which she had framed this wife's tale to prevent, had o're-taken place. Ye fled from the house as if the fire o' Heaven was about to fall upon it, and Miss Neville, across reason and the worst o't, was put under some work. But the ward sleep'd, and the prisoner wak'd—the window was open—the way was before her—there was the cliff, and there was the sea!—O, when will I forget that?"

"And thus died," said the Earl, "even so as was reported?"

"No, my lord. I had gone out to the coast—the tide was in, and it flowed, as ye'll remember, to the foot o' that cliff—it was a great convenience that for my husband's trade—Where am I wandering?—I saw a white object dart from the top o' the cliff like a sea-mew through the mist, and then a heavy flash and spittle of the waters showed me it was a human creature that had flung into the waves. I was bold and strong, and familiar with the tide. I rushed in and grasped her gown, and drew her out and carried her on my shoulders—I could have carried ten as then—carried her to my hut, and laid her on my bed. Neighbours ran and brought help, but the words she uttered in her raving, when she got back the use of speech, were such, that I was fain to send them awa, and put up word to Glenalban House. The Countess sent down her Spanish servant Teresa—if over there was a fiend on earth in human form, that woman was one. She and I were to watch the unhappy lady, and let no other person approach.—God knows what Teresa's part was to her then—she told it not to me—but Heaven took the conclusion in its ain hand. The poor lady! she took the pangs of travail before her time, bore a male child, and died in the arms of me—of her mortal enemy! Ay, ye may weep—she was a sightly creature to see to—but think ye, if I didna mean her then, that I can mean her now? Na, na, I left Teresa w' the dead corpse and new-born babe, till I gae up to take the Countess's commands what was to be done. Late as it was, I w'd her up, and she put me on' up your brother"——

"My brother?"

"Yes, Lord Glenkiln, *o'm* your brother, that some said she was wished to be her haly. At any rate, he was the person most concerned in the succession and brilliance of the house of Glenkiln."

"And is it possible to believe, then, that my brother, out of service to grieve at my inebriation, would lead himself to such a base and dreadful stratagem?"

"Your mother believed it," said the old woman with a fiendish laugh—"it was *nae* plot of my making; but what they did or and I will not say, because I did not hear. Long and aw they continued in the black walnut dressing-room, and when your brother passed through the room where I was waiting, it seemed to me (and I have often thought *ae* since) that the fire of hell was in his cheek and ear. But he had left some of it with his mother, at my side. She entered the room like a woman deranged, and the first words she spoke were, 'Elisbeth Glenkiln, did you ever pull a new-headed doer?' I answered, as ye may believe, that I often had. 'Then,' said she, 'ye will see the better how to blight the quarters and banished blossoms that has sprung forth this night to disgrace my father's noble house—the last;—(and she gave me a golden bodice)—nothing but gold went about the blood of Glenkiln. This child is already as one of the dead, and since thou and Terren alone know that he lives, let it be dealt upon as ye will answer to me!' and she turned away in her fury, and left me with the bodice in my hand.—Here it is; that and the ring of Miss Neville, *ae* a' I have preserved of my daughter's gear—for *nae* more was the gear I got. And wad has I kept the secret, but so for the good or gear either."

Her long and bony hand held out to Lord Glenkiln a gold bodice, down which as fast he saw the blood of his infant trickling.

"Wrooth I had you the heart?"

"I know if I could but had it or no. I returned to my cottage without feeling the ground that I trode on; but Terren and the child were *gane*—a' that was alive was *gane*—nothing left but the Elbowe *scapan*."

"And did you never learn my father's fate?"

"I could but guess. I have told ye your mother's purpose, and I ken Terren was a fiend. She was never mair seen in

Scotland, and I have heard that she returned to her old land. A dark curtain has fallen over the past, and the few that witnessed my part of it could only achieve something of reflection and amble. You yourself?"——

"I know—I know it all," answered the Earl.

"You indeed know all that I can say—And now, heir of Glenallan, can you forgive me?"

"Ask forgiveness of God, and not of man," said the Earl, turning away.

"And how shall I ask of the pure and unstained what is due to me by a sin as life itself? If I have sinned, has I not suffered?—Has I had a day's peace or an hour's rest since those long wet looks of hair first lay upon my pillow at Cuthbert's?—Has not my house been burned, wif my home in the middle?—Have not my boats been wrecked, when a' others weather'd the gale?—Have not a' that were near and dear to me do'd penance for my sin?—Has not the fire had its share o' them—the wind had their part—the sea had her part?—And oh!" she added, with a lengthened groan, looking first upwards towards Heaven, and then bending her eyes on the floor—"O that the earth would take her part, that's been lang lang wearying to be joined to it!"

Lord Glenallan had reached the door of the cottage, but the generosity of his nature did not permit him to leave the unhappy woman in this state of desperate exhortation. "May God forgive thee, wretched woman," he said, "as sincerely as I do!—Turn for mercy to Him who can alone grant mercy, and may your prayers be heard as if they were mine own!—I will send a religious man."

"Oa, no—no priest! no priest!" she shrieked; and the door of the cottage opening as she spoke, prevented her from proceeding.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

Still in the dust, head streaked round the stripes
 That mark his father's loam—often on the fish,
 Lapped off not held as grove, relation, they tell us,
 Springs sometimes with the instituted story,
 Whose curves are twining still in natural artifice.

OUR PLAY

THE *Antiquary*, as we informed the reader in the end of the thirty-first chapter, had shaken off the company of worthy Mr. Blathergood, although he offered to entertain him with an abstract of the oldest speech he had ever known in the total court, delivered by the provost for the church in the remarkable case of the parish of Gatharum. Following this temptation, our visitor proffered a solitary path, which again conducted him to the cottage of Knechtelbach. When he came in front of the fisherman's hut, he observed a man working intently, as if to repair a shattered boat which lay upon the beach, and going up to him was surprised to find it was Knechtelbach himself. "I am glad," he said in a tone of sympathy—"I am glad, therefore, that you did yourself able to make this exertion."

"And what would you have me to do," answered the fisher gruffly, "unless I wanted to see four children starve, because one is drowned? It's woe of you gentles, that can sit in the houses wif handkerchiefs at your own when ye lose a child; but the like of us moun is our work again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer."

Without taking more notice of Oldback, he proceeded to his labour; and the *Antiquary*, to whom the display of human nature under the influence of agonizing passion was never indifferent, stood beside him, in silent attention, as if watching the progress of the work. He observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual assemblage of a rude tone, humorous or whimsical;—and as often a slight twinkle of sarcastic expression showed, that ere the sound was uttered, a name for opposing it rained upon his mind. At length, when he had pecked a considerable nest, and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared

altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood which he was about to use as was at first too long; then he moved it off too short, then chose another equally ill adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed, "There is a curse either on me or on this wold black block of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and pitched and chouted me many years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, or be d—d to her!" and he thug his hammer against the bow, as if she had been the intentional cause of his misfortune. Then reflecting himself he added, "Yet what needs can be angry at her, that has neither soul nor sense!—though I am so that much better myself. She's but a rattle-o' wold rotten drake nailed together, and warped w' the wind and the sea—and I am a poor cark, battered by foul weather at sea and land, till I am rusted as rotten as herself. She must be mended though again the morning tide—that's a thing o' necessity."

Thus speaking, he went to gather together his instruments, and attempt to resume his labour,—but Oldback took him kindly by the arm. "Come, come," he said, "Satanstoe, there is no work for you this day—I'll send down Sharraps the carpenter to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into my account—and you had better not come out to-morrow, but stay to comfort your family under this deprivation, and the gardener will bring you some vegetables and meat from Monkthurne."

"I thank ye, Monkthurne," answered the poor father; "I am a plain-spoken man, and has little to say for myself; I might has learned fairer fashions from my mother long since, but I never saw muchlike gale they did her; however, I thank ye. Ye were eye kind and neighbourly, whatever folk says o' your being near and close; and I has often said, in those times when they were gangling to make up the pair folk against the gentles—I has often said, w'er a mate should steer a hair touching to Monkthurne while Steenie and I could wag a finger—and so said Steenie too. And, Monkthurne, when ye had his head in the grave (and many thanks for the respect), ye saw the monks laid on an honest bed that liked you well, though he made little phrase about it."

Oldback, beaten from the pride of his affected cynicism,

would not willingly have had any one by on that occasion, to quote to him his favourite maxims of the Stoic philosophy. The huge drops fell fast from his own eyes, as he begged the father, who was now melted at recollecting the beauty and generous sentiments of his son, to forgive his useless sorrow, and led him by the arm towards his own home, where another scene awaited our Antiquary.

As he entered, the first person whom he beheld was Lord Glenalban. Mutual surprise was in their countenances as they related each other—with haughty reserve on the part of Mr. Oldbuck, and embarrassment on that of the Earl.

"My Lord Glenalban, I think!" said Mr. Oldbuck.

"Yes—much changed from what he was when he knew Mr. Oldbuck."

"I do not mean," said the Antiquary, "to intrude upon your lordship—I only came to see this distressed family."

"And you have found one, sir, who has still greater claims on your compassion."

"My compassion! Lord Glenalban cannot need my compassion. If Lord Glenalban could need it, I think he would hardly ask it."

"Our former acquaintance," said the Earl—

"Is of such ancient date, my lord—was of such short duration, and was connected with circumstances so unpleasantly painful, that I think we may dispense with renewing it."

So saying, the Antiquary turned away, and left the two; but Lord Glenalban followed him into the open air, and, in spite of a hasty "Good morning, my lord," requested a few minutes' conversation, and the favour of his advice in an important matter.

"Your lordship will find many more capable to advise you, my lord, and by whom your interferences will be deemed an honour. For me, I am a man retired from business and the world, and not very fond of riving up the past events of my useless life,—and forgive me if I say, I have particular pain in traversing to that period of it when I acted like a fool, and your lordship like!"—— He stopped short.

"Take a villain, you would say," said Lord Glenalban,—"for such I must have appeared to you."

"My lord—my lord, I have no desire to hear your story," said the Antiquary.

"But, sir, if I can show you that I am once cleared against that sinning—that I have been a man miserable beyond the

power of description, and who looks forward at this moment to an outburst—give us to a haven of rest, you will not reduce the confidence which, accepting your appearance at this critical moment as a hint from Heaven, I venture thus to press on you."

"Assuredly, my lord, I shall share no longer the continuance of this extraordinary interview."

"I must then recall to you our combined meetings upwards of twenty years since at Knockwinock Castle,—and I need not remind you of a lady who was then a member of that family."

"The unfortunate Miss Evelyn Neville, my lord; I remember it well."

"Trevail whom you entertained sometimes?"—

"Very different from those with which I believe and since have regarded her act. Her gentleness, her docility, her pleasure in the studies which I pointed out to her, attracted my attention more than became my age—though that was not then much advanced—or the solicity of my character. But I need not remind your lordship of the various modes in which you indulged your curiosity at the expense of an awkward, and retired student, unharrassed by the expression of feelings so new to him, and I have no doubt that the young lady posed you in the well-deserved ridicule—it is the way of womankind. I have spoken at once to the painful circumstances of my addresser and their rejection, that your lordship may be satisfied everything is full in my memory, and may, as far as I am concerned, tell your story without scruple or needless delay."

"I will," said Lord Glenellan. "But first let me say, you do injustice to the memory of the gentlest and kindest, as well as to the most unhappy of women, to suppose she could make a jest of the honest affection of a man like you. Frequently did she blame me, Mr. Oldbuck, for indulging my lordly at your expense—may I now presume you will excuse the gay freedom which then offended you?—my state of mind has never since led me under the necessity of apologizing for the inadvertencies of a light and happy temper."

"My lord, you are fully pardoned," said Mr. Oldbuck. "You should be aware, that, like all others, I was ignorant at the time that I placed myself in competition with your lordship, and understood that Miss Neville was in a state of dependence which might make her prefer a competent independence and the kind

of an honest man.—But I am wasting time.—I would I could believe that the views entertained towards her by others were as fair and honest as mine!”

“Mr. Oldbuck, you judge hardly.”

“Not without cause, my lord. When I only, of all the magistrates of this county—living nobles, the sons of them, the honour to be connected with your powerful family—nor, like others, the means to fear it,—when I made some inquiry into the manner of Miss Neville’s death—I shake you, my lord, but I must be plain—I do own I had every reason to believe that she had met most noble death, and had either been imposed upon by a counterfeit marriage, or that very strong measures had been adopted to stifle and destroy the evidence of a real nation. And I cannot doubt in my own mind, that this cruelty on your lordship’s part, whether coming of your own free will, or proceeding from the influence of the late Countess, hurried the unfortunate young lady to the desperate act by which her life was terminated.”

“You are deceived, Mr. Oldbuck, into conclusions which are not just, however naturally they flow from the circumstances. Believe me, I respected you even when I was most embarrassed by your active attempts to investigate our family misdoings. You showed yourself more worthy of Miss Neville than I, by the spirit with which you persisted in vindicating her reputation even after her death. But the firm belief that your well-meant efforts could only serve to bring to light a story too horrible to be detailed, led me to join my unhappy mother in schemes to remove or destroy all evidence of the legal union which had taken place between Evelyn and myself. And now let us sit down on this bank,—for I feel unable to remain longer standing,—and have the goodness to listen to the extraordinary discovery which I have this day made.”

They sat down accordingly; and Lord Glenelg briefly narrated his unhappy family history—his concealed marriage—the horrible invention by which his mother had designed to render impossible that union which had already taken place. He detailed the arts by which the Countess, having all the documents relative to Miss Neville’s birth in her hands, had produced those only relating to a period during which, for family reasons, his father had consented to own that young lady as his natural daughter, and showed how impossible it was that he could

either suspect or detect the fraud put upon him by his mother, and revealed by the oaths of her attendants, Teresa and Elsie. "I left my paternal mansion," he concluded, "as if the forces of hell had driven me forth, and travelled with frantic velocity I know not whither. Nor have I the slightest recollection of what I did or whither I went, until I was discovered by my brother. I will not trouble you with an account of my sick-bed and recovery, or how, long afterwards, I ventured to inquire after the cause of my misfortune, and found that her despair had found a dreadful remedy for all the ills of life. The first thing that roused me to thought was hearing of your inquiries into this cruel business, and you will hardly wonder, that, beholding what I did before, I should join in those exhortations to stop your investigation, which my brother and mother had actively commenced. The information which I gave them concerning the circumstances and witnesses of our private marriage enabled them to baffle your soul. The clergymen, therefore, and witnesses, as persons who had acted in the matter only to please the powerful heir of Glenallan, were accessible to his promises and threats, and were so provided for, that they had no objection to leave this country for another. For myself, Mr. Olbuck," pursued this unhappy man, "from that moment I considered myself as blotted out of the book of the living, and as having nothing left to do with this world. My mother tried to reconcile me to life by every art—even by intonations which I can now interpret as calculated to produce a doubt of the horrible tale she herself had related. But I continued all she said as the fictions of maternal affection. I will forbear all reproach. She is no more—and, as her wretched associates said, she knew not how the fact was passed, or how deep it must sink, when she threw it from her hand. But, Mr. Olbuck, if ever, during those twenty years, there crawled upon earth a living being deserving of your pity, I have been that man. My food has not nourished me—my sleep has not refreshed me—my devotions have not comforted me—all that is cheering and necessary to man has been to me converted into poison. The rare and limited intercourse which I have held with others has been most odious to me. I felt as if I were bringing the contamination of carnal and irreparable guilt among the pious and the innocent. There have been moments when I had thoughts of another description—to plunge into the adventures of war, or to brave the dangers

of the traveller in deserts and barbarous climates—to mingle in political intrigues, or to return to the stern ascetics of the monasteries of our religion;—all these are thoughts which have alternately passed through my mind, but each required an energy, which was mine no longer, after the withering stroke I had received. I repented on as I could in the same spot—sleep, decay, judgment, and health, gradually decaying, like a tree whose bark has been destroyed,—when first the blossoms fade, then the boughs, until its state resembles the decayed and dying trunk that is now before you. Do you now pity and forgive me?"

"My lord," answered the Antiquary, much affected, "my pity—my forgiveness, you have not to ask, for your distant story is of itself not only an ample atonement for whatever appeared questionable in your conduct, but a narrative that might move your worst enemies (and I, my lord, was never of the number) to tears and to sympathy. But permit me to ask what you now mean to do, and why you have honoured me, whose opinion can be of little consequence, with your confidence on this occasion?"

"Mr. Oldbuck," answered the Earl, "as I could never have foreseen the nature of that confidence which I have heaped this day, I need not say that I had no formed plan of consulting you, or any one, upon affairs the tendency of which I could not even have suspected. But I am without friends, married to business, and, by long retirement, unacquainted since with the laws of the land and the habits of the living generation; and when, most respectfully, I had myself immersed in the studies of which I have been, I catch, like a drowning man, at the first support that offers. You are that support, Mr. Oldbuck. I have always heard you mentioned as a man of wisdom and intelligence—I have known you myself as a man of a resolute and independent spirit;—and there is one circumstance," said he, "which ought to combine us in some degree—our having paid tribute to the same excellence of character in poor Evelyn. You offered yourself to me in my need, and you were already acquainted with the beginning of my misfortunes. To you, therefore, I have recourse for advice, for sympathy, for support."

"You shall seek none of them in vain, my lord," said Oldbuck, "so far as my slender ability extends;—and I am honoured by the preference, whether it arises from choice, or is prompted by

chance. But this is a matter to be ripeely considered. May I ask what are your principal views at present?"

"To ascertain the fate of my child," said the Earl, "be the consequences what they may, and to do justice to the honour of Evelyn, which I have only permitted to be suspected to avoid discovery of the yet more horrible talent to which I was made to believe it liable."

"And the memory of your mother?"

"Must bear its own burden," answered the Earl with a sigh: "better that she were justly convicted of deceit, should that be found necessary, than that others should be unjustly accused of crimes so much more dreadful."

"Then, my lord," said Oldbuck, "our first business must be to put the information of the old woman, Elspeth, into a regular and authenticated form."

"That," said Lord Glenelg, "will be at present, I fear, impossible. She is exhausted herself, and surrounded by her distressed family. To-morrow, perhaps, when she is alone—and yet I doubt, from her imperfect sense of right and wrong, whether she would speak out in any man's presence but my own. I am too sorely fatigued."

"Then, my lord," said the Antiquary, when the interest of the moment elevated above points of expense and convenience, which had generally more than enough of weight with him, "I would propose to your lordship, instead of returning, fatigued as you are, so far as to Glenelg House, or taking the more uncomfortable alternative of going to a bad inn at Perth, to shun all the bustle of the town—I would propose, I say, that you should be my guest at Monkham for this night. By to-morrow these poor people will have renewed their out-of-door vociferousness—the snow will then afford no refuge from labour,—and we will visit the old woman Elspeth alone, and take down her examination."

After a forced apology for the encroachment, Lord Glenelg agreed to go with him, and underwent with patience in their return home the whole history of John of the Strand, a legend which Mr. Oldbuck was never known to spare any one who crossed his threshold.

The arrival of a stranger of such note, with two saddle-horses and a servant in black, which servant had holsters on his saddle-bow, and a carpet upon the holsters, excited a general commo-

tion in the house of Mordbarna. Jenny Metherell, scarce recovered from the hysterics which she had taken on hearing of poor Oswald's misfortune, chattered about the turkeys and poultry, chuckled and screamed louder than they did, and ended by killing one-half two ways. Miss Oswald made many wise reflections on the hot-headed wildness of her brother, who had occasioned such devastation, by suddenly bringing in upon them a popish soldierman. And she returned to Amanda in Mr. Hattogrove's name hint of the unusual slaughter which had taken place in the house, which brought the honest drayman to inquire how his friend Mordbarna had got home, and whether he was not the worse of being at the funeral, at a period so near the starting of the bull for dinner, that the Antiquary had no choice left but to invite him to stay and kiss the meat. Miss M'Intyre had on her part some anxiety to see this mighty peer, of whom all had heard, as an eastern caliph or sultan is heard of by his subjects, and felt some degree of timidity at the idea of encountering a person, of whose unusual habits and stern manners so many stories were told, that her fear kept at least pace with her curiosity. The aged housekeeper, who no less dandled and harried in obeying the numerous and contradictory commands of her mistress, concerning preserves, poultry and fruit, the mode of marshalling and docting the dinner, the necessity of not permitting the invited ladies to run to riot, and the danger of allowing Jane—who, though formally banished from the parlour, failed not to rumour about the out-stillings of the family—to enter the kitchen.

The only inmate of Mordbarna who remained entirely indifferent on this momentous occasion was Hector M'Intyre, who cared no more for an Earl than he did for a commoner, and who was only interested in the unexpected visit, as it might afford some protection against his uncle's displeasure, if he harboured any, for his not attending the funeral, and still more against his uncle upon the subject of his gallant but unsuccessful single combat with the plow, or reed.

To these, the murder of his household, Oldback presented the Earl of Glenelg, who underwent, with much and studied civility, the pressing speeches of the honest dray, and the long-drawn apologies of Miss Oswald Oldback, which her brother in vain endeavored to check. Before the dinner hour, Lord Glenelg requested permission to retire a while to his chamber.

Mr. Oldbuck accompanied his guest to the Green Room, which had been hastily prepared for his reception. He looked around with an air of painful recollection.

"I think," at length he observed, "I think, Mr. Oldbuck, that I have been in this apartment before."

"Yes, my lord," answered Oldbuck, "upon occasion of an excursion hither from Knocknoscote—and since we are upon a subject so melancholy, you may perhaps remember whose taste supplied those lines from *Clamart*, which now form the motto of the tapestry."

"I guess," said the Earl, "though I cannot recollect. She excelled me, indeed, in literary taste and information, as in everything else; and it is one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, Mr. Oldbuck, that a creature so excellent in mind and body should have been cut off in so miserable a manner, merely from her having formed a fatal attachment to such a wretch as I am."

Mr. Oldbuck did not attempt an answer to this burst of the grief which lay ever nearest to the heart of his guest, but, pressing Lord Glenelg's hand with one of his own, and drawing the other across his shaggy eyebrows, as if to brush away a mist that intercepted his sight, he left the Earl at liberty to arrange himself previous to dinner.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

—————— Like, with you,
Shine in the looks and dance in the arteries;
'Tis like the wine some jovian guest hath quaffed,
That glows the breast and drenches the brain;
Bliss is the pure residence of the soul,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only ending,
With its base drops, the vessel that contains it.

OLD PLAY.

"Now, only think what a man my brother is, Mr. Shattergowl, for a wise man and a learned man, to bring this Yed into our house without speaking a word to a body! And there's the distress of this Markishakate—we cannot get a far o' fair—and we have now time to send over to Farnport for beef, and the

master's but now killed.—and that silly Anthony, Jerry Rutherford, has torn the sides, and done nothing but laugh and grieve, the whole at the tail of the gallows, for two days successively—and now we mean ask that strange man, death as grand and as grave as the Yod himself, to stand at the stakeboard! and I mean gang into the kitchen to direct anything, for he's hovering there, making some password^{*} for my Lord, for he doesn't let the other folk neither.—And how to sort the strange servant man at dinner time—I am sure, Mr. Blatterpox, a' the-gather, it passes my judgment."

"Truly, Mrs. Gravelle," replied the divine, "Hochhausen was benevolent. He should have taken a day to see the mortification, as they do wth the Italian's consternation in the process of visitation and sale. But the great man could not have come on a sudden to my house in this parish where he could have been better served with where—what I meant up—and also that the stream from the kitchen is very gratifying to my nostrils,—and if ye have any household affairs to attend to, Mrs. Gravelle, never make a stranger of me—I can assure myself very well with the larger copy of Eschsch's Instaurator."

And taking down from the window-seat that morning folio, (the Spanish Colon upon Livingston), he opened it, as if instructively, at the south side of Book Second, "of Tyburn or Tyburn," and was presently deeply wrapped up in an elaborate discussion concerning the temporality of heaven.

The entertainment, about which Miss Oldbuck expressed so much anxiety, was at length placed upon the table; and the Earl of Glenelg, for the first time since the date of his calamity, sat at a stranger's board, surrounded by strangers. He seemed to himself like a man in a dream, or one whose brain was not fully recovered from the effects of an intoxicating potion. Battered, as he had that morning been, from the image of guilt which had so long haunted his imagination, he felt his nerves as a fighter and more tolerable kind, but was still unable to take any share in the conversation that passed around him. It was, indeed, of a most very different from that which he had been accustomed to. The bluntness of Oldbuck, the throned epigrammatic harangues of his sister, the pedantry of the divine, and the vivacity of the young soldier, which attracted much more of the company than of the court, were all new to a

^{*} *Parole d'ordre*.—Hochhausen's name.

soldiers who had lived in a retired and antiseptic state for so many years, that the manners of the world seemed to him equally strange and unpleasant. Miss McIntyre alone, from the natural politeness and unpretending simplicity of her manner, appeared to belong to that class of society to which he had been accustomed in his earlier and better days.

Nor did Lord Glenelgh's deportment lose surprise the company. Though a plain but excellent family-dinner was provided (for, as Mr. Bontegret had justly said, it was impossible to surprise Miss Grisaille when her larder was empty), and though the Antiquary hoarded his best pork, and accumulated it to the Palace of Horace, Lord Glenelgh was proud to the accompaniments of both. His servant placed before him a small dish of vegetables, that very dish, the cooking of which had amused Miss Grisaille, arranged with the most minute and scrupulous neatness. He ate sparingly of these provisions; and a glass of pure water, sparkling from the fountain-head, completed his repast. Each, his servant said, had been his kitchen's diet for very many years, unless upon the high festivals of the Church, or when company of the first rank were entertained at Glenelgh House, when he relaxed a little in the austerity of his diet, and permitted himself a glass or two of wine. But at Monkbarrow, no sachert could have made a more simple and scanty meal.

The Antiquary was a gentleman, as we have seen, in feeling, but blunt and careless in expression, from the habit of living with those before whom he had nothing to suppress. He attended his noble guest without scruple on the severity of his regimen.

"A few half-cold greens and potatoes—a glass of ice-cold water to wash them down—antiquary gives no warrant for it, my lord. This house used to be accounted a *loupeterie*, a place of retreat for Christians; but your kitchen's diet is that of a harden Pythagorean, or Indian Bramin—say, more severe than either, if you value those fine apples."

"I am a Catholic, you are a stranger," said Lord Glenelgh, wishing to escape from the discussion, "and you know that our church—"

"Lays down many rules of mortification," proceeded the careless Antiquary; "but I never heard that they were quite so rigorously practised—Dear witness my predecessor, John of

the Guard, or the jolly Abbot, who gave his name to this apple, my head."

And as he passed the Arch, in spite of his sister's "O Sir, Monksburn!" and the prolonged cough of the master, accompanied by a shake of his huge wig, the Antiquary proceeded to detail the pedigree which had given rise to the name of the abbot's apple with more digressions and circumstantiality than was at all necessary. His jest (as may readily be conceived) amused him, for this anecdote of conventual gallantry failed to produce the slightest smile on the visage of the Earl. Glendower then took up the subject of *Chacon*, *Macpherson*, and *Mac-Clack*; but Lord Glenelg had never so much as heard of any of the three, as little conversation had he been with modern literateurs. The conversation was now in some danger of flagging, or of falling into the hands of Mr. Hattergood, who had just pronounced the formidable word, "trans-lux," when the subject of the French Revolution was started—a political event on which Lord Glenelg looked with all the prejudiced horror of a bigoted Catholic and ardent aristocrat. Glendower was far from carrying his detestation of its principles to such a length.

"There were many men in the first Constituent Assembly," he said, "who held sound Whiggish doctrines, and were for sending the Constitution with a proper provision for the liberties of the people. And if a set of famous madmen were now in possession of the government, it was," he continued, "what often happened in great revolutions, where extreme measures are adopted in the fury of the moment, and the state resembles an agitated pendulum which swings from side to side for some time ere it can acquire its due and perpendicular station. Or it might be likened to a storm or hurricane, which, passing over a region, does great damage in its passage, yet always leaves elegant and comfortable repairs, and repairs, in future health and fertility, the tempestuous revolutions and ravages."

The Earl shook his head; but having nothing spirit nor inclination for debate, he suffered the argument to pass uncontroverted.

This discussion served to introduce the young noble's experiences; and he spoke of the actions in which he had been engaged, with modesty, and at the same time with an air of spirit and zeal which delighted the Earl, who had been bred

ing, like others of his house, in the opinion that the trade of arms was the first duty of man, and believed that to employ them against the French was a sort of holy warfare.

"What would I give," said he apart to Oldbuck, as they rose to join the ladies in the drawing-room, "what would I give to have a son of such spirit as that young gentleman!—He wants something of address and manners, something of polish, which nothing in good society would soon give him; but with what soul and animation he expresses himself—how fond of his profession—how loud in the praise of others—how modest when speaking of himself!"

"Hector is much obliged to you, my lord," replied his uncle, gratified, yet not so much so as to suppress his consciousness of his own mental superiority over the young soldier; "I believe in my heart nobody ever spoke half so much good of him before, except perhaps the argument of his company, when he was wheeling a Highland regiment to assist with him. He is a good lad notwithstanding, although he be not quite the hero your lordship supposes him, and although my commendations rather attest the kindness than the reality of his character. In fact, his high spirit is a sort of constitutional volubleness, which attends him in everything he sets about, and is often very inconvenient to his friends. I saw him to-day engaged in an animated contest with a plover, or snipe (snipe, our people were properly well done, retelling the Gothic gutters) *ph*, with as much volubleness as if he had fought against Desnoyrieux—Marry, my lord, the plover had the better, as the said Desnoyrieux had of some other fellow. And he'll talk with equal if not greater rapture of the good behaviour of a pointer bitch, as of the plan of a campaign."

"He shall have full permission to sport over my grounds," said the Earl, "if he be so fond of that exercise."

"You will bid him to join, my lord," said Blackburne, "body and soul: give him leave to crush all his landing-place at a poor covey of partridges or woodcock, and let's please be over—I will exhaust him by the intelligence. But O, my lord, that you could have seen my phœnix Lord!—the very prince and chief-tain of the youth of this age, and not destitute of spirit neither—I promise you he gave my bravest kinsman a good joust or two—a Bowland for his Oliver, as the vulgar say, alluding to the two celebrated Paladins of Chaucer's age."

After coffee, Lord Glenelg repeated a private interview with the Antiquary, and was referred to his library.

"I must withdraw you from your own amiable family," he said, "to involve you in the perplexities of an unhappy man. You are acquainted with the world, from which I have long been banished, for Glenelg House has been to me rather a prison than a dwelling, although a prison which I had neither fortitude nor spirit to break from."

"Let me first ask your lordship," said the Antiquary, "what are your own wishes and designs in this matter?"

"I wish most especially," answered Lord Glenelg, "to declare my broken marriage, and to vindicate the reputation of the unhappy Rosine—that is, if you see a possibility of doing so without making public the conduct of my mother."

"*Quæstio ardua tribuitur*," said the Antiquary; "do right to everyone. The misery of that unhappy young lady has too long suffered, and I think it might be cleared without further impeaching that of your mother, than by letting it be understood in general that she greatly disapproved and hotly opposed the match. All—deigns me, my lord—all who ever heard of the late Countess of Glenelg, will learn that without much surprise."

"But you forget one horrible circumstance, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Earl, in an agitated voice.

"I am not aware of it," replied the Antiquary.

"The fate of the infant—its disappearance with the confidential attendant of my mother, and the dreadful surmises which may be drawn from my conversation with Elsie."

"If you would have my free opinion, my lord," answered Mr. Oldbuck, "and will not catch too rapidly at it as matter of hope, I would say that it is very possible the child yet lives. For thus much I ascertained, by my former inquiries concerning the event of that deplorable evening, that a child and woman were carried that night from the cottage at the Cragsphoroch in a carriage and four by your brother Edward Grenville Neville, whose journey towards England with three companions I traced for several stages. I believed then it was a part of the family project to carry a child whom you meant to stigmatize with illegitimacy, out of that country where claims might have raised protection and proof of its rights. But I now think that your brother, having reason, like yourself, to believe the child stolen

with shame yet more hideous, had nevertheless withdrawn it, partly from regard to the honour of his house, partly from the risk to which it might have been exposed in the neighbourhood of the Lady Glenelg.

As he spoke, the Earl of Glenelg grew extremely pale, and had nearly fallen from his chair.—The alarmed Antiquary ran hither and thither looking for assistance; but his mansion, though sufficiently well filled with a vast variety of useful notions, contained nothing that could be serviceable on the present or any other occasion. As he posted out of the room to borrow his sister's aid, he could not help giving a constitutional grovel of disgust and wonder at the various incidents which had converted his mansion, first into an hospital for a wounded dragoon, and now into the sick chamber of a dying nobleman. "And yet," said he, "I have always kept aloof from the military and the pothouse. My ambition has only went to be made a lying-in hospital, and then, I trust, the transformation will be complete."

When he returned with the remedy, Lord Glenelg was much better. The new and unexpected light which Mr. Oldbuck had thrown upon the mysterious history of his family had almost overpowered him. "You think, then, Mr. Oldbuck—for you are capable of thinking, which I am not—you think, then, that it is possible—that is, not impossible—my child may yet live?"

"I think," said the Antiquary, "it is impossible that it could come to any violent harm through your brother's means. He was known to be a gay and dissipated man, but not cruel nor dishonourable, nor is it possible, that, if he had intended any foul play, he would have placed himself so forward in the charge of the infant, as I will prove to your lordship he did."

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck opened a drawer of the cabinet of his master Abbotford, and produced a bundle of papers tied with a black ribbon, and labelled,—*Reminiscences, &c.*, taken by Jonathan Oldbuck, J. P., upon the 18th of February, 17—; a little under was written, in a small hand, *Eliza Gordon?* The tears dropped fast from the Earl's eyes, as he scrutinized, in vain, to discover the knot which secured these documents.

"Your lordship," said Mr. Oldbuck, "had better not read these at present. Agitated as you are, and having much business before you, you must not exhaust your strength. Your

brother's succession is now, I presume, your own, and it will be easy for you to make inquiry among his servants and retainers, so as to learn where the child is, if, fortunately, it shall be still alive."

"I dare hardly hope it," said the Earl, with a deep sigh. "Why should my brother have been silent to me?"

"Nay, my lord, why should he have communicated to your lordship the existence of a being whom you must have supposed the offspring of?"—

"Most true—there is an obvious and a kind reason for his being silent. If anything, indeed, could have added to the horror of the ghastly dream that has haunted my whole existence, it must have been the knowledge that such a child of misery existed."

"Then," continued the Antiquary, "although it would be rash to conclude, at the distance of more than twenty years, that your own secret needs be still alive because he was not destroyed in infancy, I even I think you should instantly set on foot inquiry."

"It shall be done," replied Lord Glenelg, striking eagerly at the hope held out to him, the first he had nourished for many years;—"I will write to a faithful steward of my father, who acted in the same capacity under my brother Neville—But, Mr. Oldbuck, I am not my brother's heir."

"Indeed!—I am sorry for that, my lord—it is a noble estate, and the ruins of the old castle of Neville's-Borough alone, which are the most superb ruins of Anglo-Norman architecture in that part of the country, are a possession worth to be coveted. I thought your father had no other son or near relative."

"He had not, Mr. Oldbuck," replied Lord Glenelg; "but my brother adopted views in politics, and a turn of religion, since from those which had been always held by our house. Our tempers had long differed, nor did my unhappy mother always think him sufficiently obedient to her. In short, there was a deadly quarrel, and my brother, whose property was at his own free disposal, availed himself of the power vested in him to choose a stranger for his heir. It is a matter which never struck me as being of the least consequence—for if worldly possessions could alleviate misery, I have enough and to spare. But now I shall regret it, if it throws any difficulty in the way of our inquiries—and I believe me that it may; for in case of

my having a lawful son of my body, and my brother dying without heirs, my father's possessions stood centred upon my son. It is not therefore likely that this heir, be he who he may, will afford us assistance in making a discovery which may turn out so much to his own prejudice."

"And as all probability the steward your lordship mentions is also in his service," said the Antiquary.

"It is most likely; and the man being a Protestant—how far it is safe to entrust him?"

"I should hope, my lord," said Oldbuck gravely, "that a Protestant may be as trustworthy as a Catholic. I am deeply interested in the Protestant faith, my lord. My master, Aldobrand Oldbuck, printed the celebrated Confession of Augsburg, as I can shew by the original edition now in this house."

"I have not the least doubt of what you say, Mr. Oldbuck," replied the Earl, "nor do I speak out of bigotry or intolerance, but probably the Protestant steward will favour the Protestant heir rather than the Catholic—if, indeed, my son has been bred in his father's faith—or, else! if indeed he yet lives."

"We must look close into this," said Oldbuck, "before consulting ourselves. I have a literary friend at York, with whom I have long corresponded on the subject of the Baron here that is preserved in the Munster there; we interchanged letters for six years, and have only as yet been able to settle the last line of the inscription. I will write despatch to this gentleman, Dr. Deynselet, and he particular in my inquiries concerning the character, etc., of your brother's heir, of the gentleman employed in his estate, and what else may be likely to further your lordship's inquiries. In the meantime your lordship will collect the evidence of the marriage, which I hope can still be recovered!"

"Unquestionably," replied the Earl; "the witnesses, who were formerly witnesses to your research, are still living. My tutor, who solemnized the marriage, was provided for by a living in France, and has lately returned to this country as an emigrant, a victim of his zeal for liberty, legitimacy, and religion."

"That's one lucky consequence of the French revolution, my lord—you must allow that, at least," said Oldbuck; "but no offence; I will act as warmly in your affairs as if I were of your own faith in politics and religion. And take my advice—if

you treat an affair of consequence properly managed, put it into the hands of an antiquary; for as they are eternally consulting their genius and research upon trifles, it is impossible they can be baffled in affairs of importance;—we make perfect—and the coupe that is most frequently dished upon the parade, will be most prompt in its service upon the day of battle. And, talking upon that subject, I would willingly nod to your lordship, in order to pass away the time between and supper.”

“I beg I may not interfere with family arrangements,” said Lord Glenallen, “but I never taste anything after sunset.”

“Nor I either, my lord,” answered his host, “notwithstanding it is said to have been the custom of the ancients. But then I dine differently from your lordship, and therefore am better enabled to dispose with those elaborate entertainments which my recumbent (that is, my sister and niece, my lord) are apt to place on the table, for the display rather of their own house-wifery than the accommodation of our wants. However, a broiled fowl, or a roasted halibut, or a oyster, or a slice of broom, of our own string, with a toast and a biscuit—or something, or other of that sort, to clear the cradle of the stomach before going to bed, does not fall under my restriction, nor, I hope, under your lordship’s.”

“My oyster is served, Mr. Oldbuck; but I will attend you at your meal with pleasure.”

“Well, my lord,” replied the Antiquary, “I will endeavour to entertain your ears at least, should I cannot beguile your palate. What I am about to read to your lordship relates to the upland glens.”

Lord Glenallen, though he would rather have returned to the subject of his own uncertainties, was compelled to make a sign of tacit assent and acquiescence.

The Antiquary, therefore, took out his portfolio of loose sheets, and after perusing that the topographical details here laid down were designed to illustrate a slight essay upon metamorphosis, which had been read with indifference at several sessions of Antiquaries, he commenced as follows: “The subject, my lord, is the half-forest of Quarrington, with the site of which your lordship is doubtless familiar—it is upon your stone-farm of Montanor, in the barony of Glenheadon.”

“I think I have heard the name of these places,” said the Earl, in answer to the Antiquary’s appeal.

"Heard the name! and the time brings him six hundred
a-year—O Lord!"

Such was the name-rebbed speculation of the Antiquary. But his hospitality got the better of his surprise, and he proceeded to treat his guest with an amiable calm, in great place of having secured a patient, and, as he fondly hoped, an interested hearer.

"Quicksong-bog may at first seem to derive its name from the plant *Quicks*, by which, Scottish, we understand couch-grass, dog-grass, or the *Trisetum repens* of Linnaeus, and the common English monosyllable *Bog*, by which we mean, in popular language, a marsh or incense—in Latin, *Palaus*. But it may confound the rash adopters of the more obvious etymological derivations, to learn that the couch-grass or dog-grass, or, to speak unscientifically, the *Trisetum repens* of Linnaeus, does not grow within a quarter of a mile of this custom or hill-fog, whose tangles are uniformly clothed with short velvet turf, and that we must seek a *bog* or *palaus* at a still greater distance, the nearest being that of *Gird-the-moor*, a full half-mile distant. The last syllable, *bog*, is obviously, therefore, a mere corruption of the Saxon *Borþ*, which we find in the various transmutations of *Borþ*, *Burrow*, *Brough*, *Borff*, *Borl*, and *Borl*, which last approaches very near the sound in question—also, supposing the word to have been originally *borþ*, which is the genuine Saxon spelling, a slight change, such as modern copies too often make upon ancient records, will produce first *Borl*, and then, *borl* *M*, or compressing and striking the guttural, agreeable to the common vernacular practice, you have either *Borl* or *Bog* as it happens. The word *Quicksong* requires in like manner to be altered,—decomposed, as it were,—and reduced to its original and genuine sound, as we can discern its real meaning. By the ordinary exchange of the *q* for *u* into *W*, familiar to the reader *you* who has opened a book of old Scottish poetry, we gain either *Widdens*, or *Whithensburgh*—yet we may suppose, by way of question, as if those who imposed the name, struck with the extreme antiquity of the place, had expressed in it an interrogation, 'To whom did this fortune belong?—Or, it might be *Widdens-borþ*, from the Saxon *Widdens*, to strike with the head, as denoting the situation near a place of such important consequence must have legitimated such a derivation," &c. &c. &c.

I will be more careful to my readers than Oldback was to his guest; for, considering his opportunities of gaining patient attention from a person of such consequence as Lord Glenelg, were not many, he used, or rather abused, the present to the utmost.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

Coldest age and youth
 Cannot live together —
 Youth is full of pleasures,
 Age is full of cares,
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer lawn,
 Age like winter lawn.

SHAKESPEARE.

In the morning of the following day, the Antiquary, who was suffering of a daggert, was summoned from his bed a full hour earlier than his custom by Cress. "What's the matter now?" he exclaimed, yawning and stretching both his hand to the large gold repeater, which, bedded upon his India silk handkerchief, was laid out by his pillow—"what's the matter now, Cress?—it can't be eight o'clock yet."

"No, sir,—but my brother's maid brought me out, for he thinks me your honour's valley-de-sham,—and now I see, there's no doubt o't, half your honour's and the minister's—at least ye has me either that I has o'—and I gie a help to the Arther too, but that's nae in the way o' my profession."

"Well, well—never mind that," said the Antiquary—"happy is he that is his own valley-de-sham, as ye call it.—But why disturb my morning's rest?"

"Oo, sir, the great man's been up since pump o' day, and he's started the horse to get over an express to fetch his carriage, and it will be here directly, and he wad like to see your honour when he gae oop."

"Gadso!" ejaculated Oldback, "these great men use such horses and treat us if they were their own property. Well, it's nae our way. Has Jancy come to her senses yet, Cress?"

"Troth, sir, but just mending," replied the barter; "she's

been in a twitter about the people this morning, and was like to have tumbled it out into the shop-house, and drunk it herself in her confusion—but she's wiser ever wile, wif the help o' Miss McLeary."

"Then all my womankind are on foot and scrambling, and I must enjoy my quiet bed no longer, if I would have a well-regulated house—Lend me my gown. And what are the news at Fairport?"

"Oh, ma, what can they be about but this grand news o' my lord," answered the old man, "that haave been over the door-stone, they creep to me, for this twenty years—this grand news o' his coming to visit your honour!"

"Aha!" said Knocknose; "and what do they say of that, Quon?"

"Dead, sir, they has various opinions. These fellows, that are the democrats, as they call them, that are agin' the king and the law, and hairpowder and driving o' gentlemen's wags—a whole flock o' them—they say he's come down to speak wif your honour about bringing down his half-bro and Highland tenantry to break up the meetings of the Friends o' the People;—and when I said your honour never meddled wif the like o' sic things where there was like to be strife and bloodshed, they said, if ye didna, your wive did, and that he was well ha'd to be a kinsman that wad fight knee-deep, and that ye were the head and he was the hand, and that the Yarl was to bring out the man and the offer."

"Come," said the Antiquary, laughing—"I am glad the war is to cost me nothing but command."

"No, no," said Quon—"nobody thinks your honour wad either fight yourself, or gie any kick o' offer to any side o' the question."

"Ugh! well, that's the opinion of the democrats, as you call them—What say the rest o' Fairport?"

"In troth," said the muffled reporter, "I canna say it's much better. Captain Coquet, of the volunteers—that's him—that's to be the new collector,—and some of the other gentlemen of the Blue and o' Blue Club, are just saying it's no right to let people, that has as many French friends as the Yarl o' Glen-alua, gang through the country, and—but your honour w'd maybe be angry!"

"Not I, Ouzon," said Oldback; "fire away as if you were Captain Ouzon's whole platoon—I can stand it."

"Well then, they say, sir, that as ye didn't encourage the petition about the peace, and waken petition in favour of the new tax, and as you were agone' belaying in the journey at the usual rate, but just for settling the bill w' the constables—they say ye're as a gale bound to government; and that there sort o' messenge between us a powerful man as the Yed, and no a true man as you,—Oh they think they could be better after; and mean say ye should better be shuckt off all Edinburgh Castle."

"Oh my word," said the Antiquary, "I am infinitely obliged to my neighbours for their good opinion of me! And as I, that have never interfered with their bickerings, but to recommend quiet and moderate measures, am given up on both sides as a man very likely to consult high treason, either against King or People!—Give me my coat, Ouzon—give me my coat!—it's lucky I live not in their report. Have you heard anything of Taffin and his vessel?"

Ouzon's countenance fell.—"Eh, sir, and the wind has been high, and this is a fearful coast to cruise on in these stormy gales,—the headwinds run us far out, that a vessel's castled afore I could sleep a noon; and then there's an harbour or city of refuge as our coast—o' crugs and breakers!—a vessel that runs ashore w' us these wander like the proverb when I shake the plaid—and it's as ill to gather o'er o't again. I say tell my daughter these things when she grows wroth for a letter from Lieutenant Taffin—It's aye an apology for him. Ye waken blame him, says I, honey, for ye little ken what may have happened."

"Ay, ay, Ouzon, thou art as good a comforter as a velvet-drawings.—Give me a white stock, man,—Oye think I can go down with a handkerchief about my neck when I have one—may I?"

"Dear sir, the Captain says a three-necked handkerchief is the most fashionable evening, and that stoics belong to your honour and me that are sold wad' fill. I beg pardon for mentioning on two together, but it was what he said."

"The Captain's a poppy, and you are a goose, Ouzon."

"It's very Eh it may be me," replied the antiquary before; "I am sure your honour knows best."

Before breakfast, Lord Glenelgh, who appeared in better spirits than he had evinced in the former evening, went particularly through the various circumstances of evidence which the evidence of Oldbuck had formerly collected; and pointing out the means which he possessed of completing the proof of his marriage, expressed his resolution certainly to go through the painful task of collecting and restoring the evidence concerning the birth of Evelyn Neville, which Elspeth had stated to be in her mother's possession.

"And yet, Mr. Oldbuck," he said, "I feel like a man who secures important tidings on he is yet fully aware, and doubts whether they refer to actual life, or are not rather a continuation of his dream. This woman,—this Elspeth,—she is in the extremity of age, and approaching in many respects to decay. Have I not—it is a hollow question—have I not been led by the subtleties of her personal evidence, against that which she formerly gave me in a very—very different manner?"

Mr. Oldbuck passed a moment, and then answered with firmness—"No, my lord, I cannot think you have any reason to suspect the truth of what she has told you has, from no apparent impulse but the agency of conscience. Her confession was voluntary, disinterested, distinct, consistent with itself, and with all the other known circumstances of the case. I would lose no time, however, in examining and arranging the other documents to which she has referred, and I also think her own statement should be taken down, if possible in a formal manner. We thought of acting about this together. But it will be a relief to your lordship, and moreover have a more impartial appearance, were I to attempt the investigation alone in the capacity of a magistrate. I will do this—at least I will attempt it, so soon as I shall see her in a favourable state of mind to undergo an examination."

Lord Glenelgh, seeing the Antiquary's head in token of grateful acquiescence, "I cannot express to you," he said, "Mr. Oldbuck, how much your confidence and co-operation in this dark and most interesting business gives me relief and confidence. I cannot enough applaud myself for yielding to the sudden impulse which impelled me, as it were, to drag you into my confidence, and which arose from the experience I had formerly of your firmness in discharge of your duty as a magistrate, and as a friend to the memory of the unfortunate. Whatever

the apex of these gables may prove,—and I would like hope there is a dawn breaking on the fortunes of my house, though I shall not live to enjoy its light,—but whatever be the issue, you have laid my family and me under the most lasting obligation."

"My lord," answered the Antiquary, "I most sincerely have the greatest respect for your lordship's family, which I am well aware is one of the most ancient in Scotland, being certainly derived from Aymer de Glendin, who sat in parliament at Perth, in the reign of Alexander II., and who by the last tradition, yet plausible tradition of the country, is said to have been descended from the Marquis of Clackmann. Yet, with all my veneration for your ancient descent, I must acknowledge that I find myself still more bound to give your lordship what assistance is in my limited power, from shares sparingly with your services, and deterioration of the funds which have so long been profited upon you.—But, my lord, the matter must be, I see, very pressing.—I must see to show your lordship the way through the intricacies of my condition, which is rather a combination of cells, piled stilly together, and piled one upon the top of the other, than a regular house. I trust you will make yourself some account for the space lost of yesterday."

But this was no part of Lord Glendin's system. Having related the company with the grace and melancholy politeness which distinguished his manners, he served placed before him a dish of heated brand, with a glass of salt water, being the fare on which he usually broke his fast. While the marriage meal of the young soldier and the old Antiquary was despatched in such more substantial manner, the tales of which were heard.

"Your lordship's carriage, I believe," said Dalziel, stepping to the window. "On my word, a handsome creature,—the work, according to the best criterion, was the very epitome of the Farnese for a chariot wheel, like that of your lordship, was drawn by four horses."

"And I will venture to say," cried Rector, eagerly peering from the window, "that four handsmen or better-matched legs never were put to harness.—What fine individuals!—what capital designs they would make!—Might I ask if they are of your lordship's own breeding?"

"Look—rather believe so," said Lord Glendin; "but I have

born so negligent of my domestic matters, that I am ashamed to say I must apply to Calvert" (looking at the domestics).

"They are of your lordship's own breeding," said Calvert, "got by Mad Tom out of Janina and Yarrow, your lordship's hand mare."

"Are there more of the set?" said Lord Glenelg.

"Two, my lord,—one rising fast, the other fine off the grass, both very handsome."

"Then let Davidson bring them down to Marshburn to-morrow," said the Earl—"I hope Captain McIntyre will accept them, if they are at all fit for service."

Captain McIntyre's eyes sparkled, and he was pained to gratified acknowledgments, while Oldbuck, on the other hand, noting the Earl's share, endeavored to intercept a present which looked so good to his own chest and hip-belt.

"My lord—my lord—much obliged—much obliged—But Hector is a postillion, and never mounts on horseback in battle—he is a Highland soldier, moreover, and his dress ill adapted for cavalry service. Even Macpherson never mounted his steed on horseback, though he has the eagerness to talk of their being at home—and that, my lord, is what is wanting in Hector's head—it is the volubility, not the equestrian exercise, which he craves—

*Ecce equus curvicolis pectus Orpington
Collegium juvat.*

This saddle is hanging on a curio, which he has neither money to buy, nor skill to drive if he had it, and I assure your lordship, that the possession of two such quadrupeds would prove a greater scrape than any of his duds, whether with horses for or with my friend the place."

"You must command us all at present, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Earl politely; "but I trust you will not ultimately prevent my gratifying my young friend in some way that may afford him pleasure."

"Anything useful, my lord," said Oldbuck, "but no recreation—I protest he might as rationally propose to keep a panther at once—and now I think of it, what is that old post-chaise from Fairport come jingling here for?—I did not send for it."

"I do, sir," said Hector, rather sadly, for he was not much gratified by his uncle's interference to prevent the Earl's intended

generally, we particularly inclined to which either the dis-
paragement which he cast upon his skill as a chieftain, or the
mortifying silence to his bad success in the adventures of the
dual and the seal.

"You did, sir?" asked the Antiquary, in answer to his
casual information. "And pray, what may be your business
with a post-chaise? Is this splendid equipage—this dog, as I
may call it—to serve for an introduction to a post-chaise or a
servant?"

"Really, sir," replied the young soldier, "if it be necessary
to give you such a specific explanation, I am going to Edinburgh
on a little business."

"Will you permit me to inquire into the nature of that
business, Hector?" answered his uncle, who loved the exercise
of a wide brief authority over his relatives. "I should suppose
any regimental affairs might be transacted by your worthy
deputy the captain—an honest gentleman, who is as good as
to make Macbeth's his house since his arrival among us—I
should, I say, suppose that he may transact my business of
yours, without your spending a day's pay on two duplicates,
and such a combination of rotten wood, cracked glass, and
leather—such a dilution of a post-chaise, as that before the
door."

"It is not regimental business, sir, that calls me; and, above
you insist upon knowing, I must inform you Uncle has brought
word this morning that old Obedience, the beggar, is to be brought
up for examination to-day, previous to his being committed for
trial; and I'm going to see that the poor old fellow gets fair
play—that's all."

"Ay!—I heard something of this, but could not think it
serious. And pray, Captain Hector, who are so ready to be
every man's second on all occasions of state, civil or military,
by land, by water, or on the sea-board, what is your especial
concern with old Edie Obedience?"

"He was a soldier in my father's company, sir," replied
Hector, "and besides, when I was about to do a very foolish
thing one day, he interposed to prevent me, and gave me
about as much good advice, sir, as you could have done your-
self."

"And with the same good effect, I dare be sworn for it—oh,
Hector!—Come, caution it was thrown away."

"Indeed there, sir; but I am so much that my folly should make me less grateful for his intended kindness."

"Be sure, Hector! that's the most useless thing I ever heard you say. But always tell me your plans without reserve—why, I will go with you myself, man. I am sure the old fellow is not guilty, and I will assist him in such a scrape much more effectively than you can do. Besides, it will save thee hallo-guines, my lad—a consideration which I heartily pray you to have more frequently before your eyes."

Lord Glenallan's politeness had induced him to turn away and talk with the ladies, when the dispute between the uncle and nephew appeared to grow rather too animated to be fit for the ear of a stranger, but the Earl mingled again in the conversation when the plausible tone of the Antiquary expressed unity. Having received a brief account of the indictment, and of the accusation brought against him, which Oldback did not hesitate to ascribe to the malice of Dunstonsville, Lord Glenallan asked, whether the individual in question had not been a soldier formerly?—He was answered in the affirmative.

"Had he not," continued his Lordship, "a coarse blue coat, or gown, with a badge?—was he not a tall, striking-looking old man, with grey head and hair, who kept his body remarkably erect, and talked with an air of ease and independence, which formed a strong contrast to his profusion?"

"All this is an exact picture of the man," returned Oldback.

"Why, then," continued Lord Glenallan, "although I fear I can be of no use to him in his present condition, yet I owe him a debt of gratitude for being the first person who brought me some tidings of the utmost importance. I would willingly offer him a place of comfortable retirement, when he is extricated from his present situation."

"I fear, my lord," said Oldback, "he would have difficulty in reconciling his vagrant habits to the acceptance of your bounty, at least I know the experiment has been tried without effect. To beg from the public at large he considers as independence, in comparison to drawing his whole support from the bounty of an individual. He is as far a true philosopher, as to be a contemner of all ordinary rules of house and table. When he is hungry he eats; when thirsty he drinks; when weary he sleeps; and with such indifference with respect to the means and appliances about which we make a fuss, that I

suppose he was never at all cured or ill lodged in his life. Then he is, to a certain extent, the crutch of the district, through which he travels—their geologist, their revenues, their master of the revels, their doctor at a pinch, or their divine;—I presume you are too busy to do this, and in too anxious to perform them, to be easily bribed to abandon his calling. But I should be truly sorry if they sent the poor tight-hearted old man to his bed; he is a jail. I am convinced the confinement would break his heart."

Thus finished the conference. Lord Glenallan, having taken leave of the ladies, renewed his offer to Captain McIntyre of the disposal of his seasons for spring, which was joyously accepted. "I can only add," he said, "that if your sports are not liable to be changed by dull company, Glenallan House is at all times open to you. On two days of the week, Friday and Saturday, I keep my apartments, which will be rather a relief to you, as you will be left to enjoy the society of my domestic, Mr. Glendinning, who is a scholar and a man of the world."

Hence, his heart swelling at the thoughts of ranging through the premises of Glenallan House, and over the well-protected moors of Glenalshie—ay, joy at joy! the dear-brother of Strath-Pennal—made many acknowledgments of the honour and gratitude he felt. Mr. Glendinning was sensible of the Earl's attention to his nephew, Miss McIntyre was pleased because her brother was gratified, and Miss Glendinning Glendinning looked forward with glee to the putting of whole bags of powder and black-powder, of which Mr. Glendinning was a professed admirer. Thus,—which is always the case when a man of rank leaves a private family where he has studied to appear obliging,—all were ready to open in praise of the Earl as soon as he had taken his leave, and was whirled off in his chariot by the four adorned boys. But the party was not short, for Glendinning and his nephew deposited themselves in the Parkport hack, which, with one horse trotting, and the other urged to a snort, cracked, jangled, and hobbled towards that celebrated resort, in a manner that formed a strong contrast to the impidity and composure with which Lord Glenallan's equipage had seemed to vanish from their eyes.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

THE ! I have justice well—as well as you do—
 That shows the good doer's trial, she shall excuse me
 If time and reason bring, I prove that's,—
 The truth I utter now shall be my answer
 To take away from me my health in prison.

ONE YEAR.

By dint of charity from the town's-people in aid of the kind of provisions he had brought with him into durance, Edie Odellston had passed a day or two's confinement without much impatience, regretting his want of freedom the less, as the weather proved better and milder.

"The prison," he said, "wasn't one degree bad a place as it was said. Ye had aye a good roof over your head to find off the weather, and, if the windows weren't glazed, it was the most dry and pleasant for the summer season. And there were folk now to crack up, and he had bread enough to eat, and what need he fret himself about the rest o' it?"

The courage of our philosophical mendicant began, however, to shake, when the unobtrusive alone fell on the rusty bars of his grated cage-door, and a miserable knave, whose eyes some poor debtor had obtained permission to attach to the window, began to greet them with his whistle.

"Ye're in better spirits than I am," said Edie, addressing the bird, "for I see neither whistle nor sing for thinking o' the heavy burdens and green shaves that I should hae been discharging beside in weather like this. But hae—there's some cranks up, as ye are awa merry; and truth ye hae some reason to sing as ye hear it, for your cage comes by me fast o' your ain, and I may thank myself that I am closed up in the very place."

Odellston's soliloquy was disturbed by a police-officer, who came to summon him to attend the magistrate. So he set forth in woful procession between two poor creatures, neither of them so stout as he was himself, to be conducted into the presence of judicial justice. The people, as the aged prisoner was led along by his decrepit guards, exclaimed to each other, "Eh! see ye a grey-haired man as that is, to have committed a highway

robbery, w't as fit in the grave!"—And the children congratulated the officers, objects of their alternate dread and awe, Faggle Onock and Jack Onaskee, on having a prisoner as old as themselves.

Then marshalled forward, Edie was presented (by no means for the first time) before the worshipful Balle Latlophke, who, contrary to what his name expressed, was a tall portly magistrate, on whom supererogatory crests had not been conferred in vain. He was a solemn hyphenist of that solemn class, somewhat rigorous and peremptory in the execution of his duty, and a good deal inflated with the sense of his own power and importance;—otherwise an honest, well-meaning, and useful officer.

"Bring him in! bring him in!" he exclaimed. "Upon my word these are useful and unusual times! the very bedchambers and retinence of his Majesty are the first to break his laws. Here has been an old Blue-Gown committing robbery—I suppose the next will reveal the royal charity which supplies him with his garb, pension, and begging license, by engaging in high-treason, or sedition at least—that bring him in."

Edie made his obeisance, and then stood, as usual, firm and erect, with the side of his face turned a little upward, as if to catch every word which the magistrate might address to him. To the first general questions, which respected only his name and calling, the respondent answered with readiness and accuracy; but when the magistrate, having passed his clerk to take down these particulars, began to inquire whereabouts the mandamus was on the night when Doubtemired met with his misfortune, Edie demurred to the motion. "Can ye tell me now, Balle, you that understand the law, what gale will it do me to answer any of your questions?"

"Good!—as good certainly, my friend, except that giving a true account of yourself, if you are innocent, may enable me to set you at liberty."

"But it seems quite reasonable to me now, that you, Balle, or anybody that has anything to say against me, should prove my guilt, and so to be bidding me prove my innocence."

"I don't all here," answered the magistrate, "to dispute points of law with you. I ask you, if you choose to answer my question, whether you were at Blagoo Arkwood, the hunter's, upon the day I have specified?"

"Really, sir, I shall feel myself called on to remember," replied the courteous businessman.

"Or whether, in the course of that day or night," continued the magistrate, "you saw Slaves, or Stomies, Muckelbackal!—you know him, I suppose?"

"O, how do I know Slomio, your fellow," replied the yeoman;—"but I cannot confidential on any particular time I have seen him lately."

"Was you at the rules of St. Ruth any time in the course of that evening?"

"Boddy Littlejohn," said the merchant, "if it be your honour's pleasure, we'll cut a long tale short, and I'll just tell ye, I am so minded to answer any o' those questions—I'm ever odd a traveller to let my tongue bring me into trouble."

"Write down," said the magistrate, "that he declines to answer all interrogatories, in respect that by telling the truth he might be brought to trouble."

"No, no," said Ockilree, "I'll no less that set down as my part o' my answer—but I just meant to say, that in a my memory and practice, I never saw any guile come o' answering like questions."

"Write down," said the judge, "that, being acquainted with judicial interrogatories by long practice, and having sustained injury by answering questions put to him on such occasions, the defendant refuses"—

"No, no, Boddy," interposed Edie, "ye are no to come in on me that guid anther."

"Devote the answer yourself then, friend," said the magistrate, "and the clerk will take it down from your own mouth."

"Ay, ay," said Edie—"that's what I ca' fair play; I'm do that without loss o' time. See, neighbours, ye may just write down, that Edie Ockilree, the defendant, stands up for the liberty—no, I mean, say that neither—I am no liberty-boy—I have fought again' them in the state in Dublin—besides, I have ate the King's bread many a day. Say, let me see. Ay—write that Edie Ockilree, the Blue-Gown, stands up for the prerogative—(see that ye spell that word right—it's a lang aw) —for the prerogative of the subjects of the land, and wane answer a single word that will be asked at him this day, unless he sees a reason for't. Put down that, young man."

"Then, Edie," said the magistrate, "shall you will give me

no information on the subject, I must send you back to prison till you shall be delivered in due course of law."

"Aweel, sir, if it's Hisweish will and man's will, now doubt I mean submit," replied the merchant. "I hae nae great objections to the prison, only that a body caann' win out o't, and if it wad please you as weel, Baillie, I wad gie you my word to appear afore the Lords at the Council, or in any other court ye like, on any day ye are pleased to appoint."

"I rather think, my good friend," answered Baillie Littlejohn, "your word might be a slender security where your neck may be in some danger. I am apt to think you woud enter the pledge to be delisted. If you could give me sufficient security, instead"—

At this moment the Antiquary and Captain McIntyre entered the apartment.—"Good morning to you, gentlemen," said the magistrate; "you find me toiling in my usual vocation—looking after the interests of the people—labouring for the republic, Mr. Oldbuck—serving the King our master, Captain McIntyre,—for I suppose you know I have taken up the sword!"

"It is one of the emblems of justice, doubtless," answered the Antiquary;—"but I should have thought the scales would have suited you better, Baillie, especially as you have them ready in the wardrobe."

"Very good, Mr. Oldbuck—excellent! But I do not take the sword up as justice, but as a soldier—good! I should rather say the market and beyond—there they stand at the elbow of my gaiter sheet, for I am scarce fit for drill yet—a slight touch of our old acquaintance perhaps, I can keep my feet, however, while our youngest puts me through the manual. I should like to know, Captain McIntyre, if he follows the regulations correctly—he brings us but awkwardly to the ground." And he bobbed towards his weapon to illustrate his doubts and display his proficiency.

"I suppose we have such wondrous defences, Baillie," replied Mr. Oldbuck; "and I dare say Hector will gratify you by communicating his opinion on your progress in this new calling. Why, you rival the Herald of the ancients, my good sir—a merchant on the Mart, a magistrate in the Townhouse, a soldier on the Links—goddess ye put us! But my business is with the justice, so let commerce and war go shadow."

"Well, my good sir," said the Bells, "and what commands have you for me?"

"Why, here's an old acquaintance of mine, called Edie Oskilnes, whom some of your gentlemen have moved up in jail on account of an alleged assault on that fellow Demostrensky, of whose accusation I do not believe one word."

The magistrates have assumed a very grave countenance. "You ought to have been informed that he is accused of robbery, as well as assault—a very serious matter indeed; it is not often such criminals come under my cognizance."

"And," replied Oskilnes, "you are conscious of the opportunity of making the very most of such an error. But is this poor old man's case really so very bad?"

"It is rather out of rule," said the Bells—"but as you are in the commission, Monkthorne, I have no hesitation to show you Demostrensky's declaration, and the rest of the procuration." And he put the papers into the Attorney's hands, who scanned his spectacles, and sat down in a corner to peruse them.

The officers, in the meantime, had directions to remove their prisoner into another apartment; but before they could do so, McIntyre took an opportunity to greet old Edie, and to slip a guinea into his hand.

"Lord bless your honour!" said the old man; "it's a young soldier's gift, and it should surely thrive wif an auld man. I've no refuse it, though it's beyond my rules; for if they stick me up here, my friends are like enough to forget me—out o' sight out o' mind, is a true proverb; and it wou'd be profitable for me, that am the king's betwixman, and entitled to bag by word of mouth, to be fishing for hawbaws out at the jail window wif the fit o' a stocking and a string." As he made this observation he was conducted out of the apartment.

Mr. Demostrensky's declaration contained an exaggerated account of the violence he had sustained, and also of his loss.

"But what I should have liked to have asked him," said Monkthorne, "would have been his purpose in frequenting the ruins of St. Ruth, so lonely a place, at such an hour, and with such a companion as Edie Oskilnes. There is no road here that way, and I do not conceive a more possible for the postmen to carry the German thither in such a night of storm and

wind. Depend upon it, he has been about some robbery, and in all probability hath been caught in a trap of his own setting — *—for his partner will.*"

The magistrate allowed there was something mysterious in that circumstance, and apologized for not proving Donatistivini, as his declaration was voluntarily excited. But for the support of the main charge, he showed the declaration of the witnesses concerning the state in which Donatistivini was found, and establishing the important fact that the murderer had left the barn in which he was quartered, and did not return to it again. Two people belonging to the Fairport undertaker, who had that night been employed in attending the funeral of Lady Glenallan, had also given declarations, that, being sent to pursue two suspicious persons who left the ruins of St. Ruth as the funeral approached, and who, it was supposed, might have been pilfering some of the ornaments prepared for the ceremony, they had lost and regained eight of them more than once, owing to the nature of the ground, which was unfavourable for riding, but had at length partly helped them both to Mackintosh's cottage. And one of the men added, that "he, the declarant, having dismounted from his horse, and gone close up to the window of the hut, he saw the old Blue-Groves and young Steenie Mackintosh's, with others, sitting and drinking in the parlour, and also observed the said Steenie Mackintosh show a pocket-book to the others; — and declarant has no doubt that Colclitree and Steenie Mackintosh were the persons whom he and his comrades had pursued, as above mentioned." And being interrogated why he did not enter the said cottage, declares, "he had no warrant so to do, and that as Mackintosh and his family were understood to be rough-handed folk, he, the declarant, had no desire to meddle or make with their affairs, *Quoniam scilicet potest.* All which he declares to be truth," &c.

"What do you say to that body of evidence against your friend?" said the magistrate, when he had observed the antiquary had turned the last leaf.

"Why, were it in the case of any other person, I own I should say it looked, *prope forte*, a little ugly; but I cannot allow anybody to be in the wrong for beating Donatistivini — Had I been an hour younger, or had but one single dash of your virulent genius, Hullo, I should have done it myself long ago. He is whole salubrious, as impudent, fraudulent, unscrupulous

quack, that has cost me a hundred pounds by his regency, and my neighbour Sir Arthur, God knows how much. And besides, Dicks, I do not hold him to be a sound friend to Government."

"Indeed!" said Eolus Linsjohn; "if I thought that, it would alter the question considerably."

"Right—do, in testing him," observed Oldback, "the bodysman must have shown his gratitude to the king by thumping his money; and in robbing him, he would only have plundered an Egyptian, whose wealth it is lawful to spoil. Now, suppose this interview in the robes of St. Ruff had relation to politics,—and this story of hidden treasure, and so forth, was a bribe from the other side of the water for some great man, or the funds destined to maintain a sedition club?"

"My dear sir," said the magistrate, catching at the hint, "you let my very thoughts! How fortunate should I be if I could become the humble means of silencing such a matter to the bottom!—Don't you think we had better call out the volunteers, and put them on duty?"

"Not just yet, while *padgore* deprives them of an essential member of their body. But will you let me examine Geddwick?"

"Certainly, but you'll make nothing of him. He gave me distinctly to understand he knew the danger of a partial declaration on the part of an accused person, which, to say the truth, has hanged many an innocent man than he is."

"Well, but, Dicks," continued Oldback, "you have no objection to let me try him?"

"None in the world, Mr. Oldback. I hear the argument below—'I'll release the criminal in the meanwhile. Sober, carry my gun and bayonet down to the room below—it makes less noise there when we ground arms.' And so exit the martial magistrates, with his maid behind him bearing his weapons."

"A good snare that watch for a guilty disruption," observed Oldback—"Hector, my lad, look on, look on—Go with him, boy—keep him employed, man, for half-an-hour or so—better him with some warlike terms—praise his dress and address."

Captain McIntyre, who, like many of his profession, looked down with infinite scorn on those officers who had assumed arms without any professional title to bear them, rose with great reluctance, observing that he should not know what to say to Mr. Linsjohn; and that to see an old gentry shop-

keeper attempting the coardest and dullest of a private soldier, was really too ridiculous.

"It may be so, Hester," said the Antiquary, who seldom agreed with any person in the immediate proposition which was laid down—"It may possibly be so in this and some other instances; but at present the country resembles the editors in a small-claim court, where parties plead in person, for lack of costs to retain the professed barons of the law. I am sure in the one case we never regret the want of the softness and eloquence of the lawyers; and so, I hope, in the other, we may manage to make shift with our brains and muscles, though we shall lack some of the discipline of you martinetts."

"I have an objection, I am sure, sir, that the whole world should fight if they please, if they will but allow me to be quiet," said Hester, clung with dagger intentions.

"Yes, you are a very quiet personage indeed," said his uncle, "whose temper for quarrelling cannot pass so much as a poor place dropping upon the head!"

But Hester, who saw which way the conversation was tending, and hated all allusion to the toll he had sustained from the folk, made his escape before the Antiquary concluded the sentence.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHTH.

Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither death nor exile,
Sneaking I know all that you charge me with.
What though the hawk holds horns a moment's while,
And gives the wren the truth that have not he?
Yet this exchange was never robbery.
The last part loudly—

OUR PART.

THE Antiquary, in order to avoid himself of the permission given him to question the accused party, chose rather to go to the apartment in which Othello was detained, than to make the examination appear formal, by bringing him, agile into the magistrate's office. He found the old man seated by a window which looked out on the sea; and as he gazed on that prospect, large tears found their way, as if unseasonably, to his eye, and from thence trickled down his cheeks and white beard. His

features were, nevertheless, calm and composed, and his whole posture and even collected patience and resignation. Oldbuck had approached him without being observed, and started him out of his musing by saying briefly, "I am sorry, Edie, to see you so much out of doors about this weather."

The merchant started, dried his eyes very hastily with the sleeve of his gown, and endeavouring to assume his usual tone of indifference and fortitude, answered, but with a voice more tremulous than usual, "I might well have judged, Blackburne, it was you, or the like of you, was coming in to disturb me—for life as great advantages of prisons and courts of justice, that ye may grant your own case as ye like, and none of the folk that's concerned about them will ever ask you what it's for."

"Well, Edie," replied Oldbuck, "I hope your present course of distress is not so bad but it may be reversed."

"And I had hoped, Blackburne," answered the merchant, in a tone of reproach, "that ye had heard me better than to think that the best trifling trouble of my own was being there late my odd one, that has seen for different kind o' distress,—No, no!—but here's been the poor lass, Grace's daughter, seeking comfort, and has gotten worse little—there's been one quarrel of Tuffie's getting worse the last gale, and folk report on the key that a lang's ship had struck on the reef of Fartree, and a' lands here—God forbid! for as much as you live, Blackburne, the poor lass Lovel, that ye liked me well, must have perished."

"God forbid indeed!" echoed the Antiquary, looking pale—"I would rather Blackburne House were on fire. My poor dear friend and mediator! I will drive to the quay instantly."

"I'm sure ye'll have something more than I has tald ye, sir," said Oldbuck, "for the other folk here were very civil (that is, for the like o' them), and looked up at their letters and authorities, and could drive me right on't either as way or another."

"It can't be true! it shall not be true!" said the Antiquary, "And I won't believe it if it were!—Tuffie's an excellent man, and Lovel (my poor Lovel!) has all the qualities of a wife and pleasant companion by land or by sea—now, Edie, when, from the impetuosity of his disposition, I would choose, did I ever go a sea-voyage (which I never do, unless across the ferry), I prefer rather when pleasure, to be the

company of my risk, as one against whom the elements could scarcely be vindictive. No, Edie, it is not, and cannot be true—it is a fiction of the idle pale Rancour, whom I wish hanged with her tongue about her neck, that serves only with its scorching heat to fright honest folk out of their wits.—Let me know how you get into this scrape of your own."

"Are ye using me as a magistrate, Montbarns, or as a jail for your own satisfaction?"

"For my own satisfaction solely," replied the Antiquary.

"Put up your pocket-book and your hollyhock pen then, for I don't speak and on ye has writing materials in your hands—Edie's a snare to coloured folk like me—Oh, now if the clock in the next room will stop down, in black and white, as usual as we had long a man, before our time what he's saying."

Montbarns complied with the old man's demand, and put up his memorandum-book.

Edie then went with great frankness through the part of the story already known to the reader, informing the Antiquary of the scene which he had witnessed between Montbarns and his patron in the ruins of St. Barth, and frankly avowing that he could not resist the opportunity of decrying the adept even more to rail the work of Montbarns, with the purpose of taking a comic revenge upon him for his quackery. He had easily persuaded Thomas, who was a bold, thoughtless young fellow, to engage in the frolic along with him, and the jest had been inadvertently carried a great deal further than was designed. Concerning the pocket-book, he explained that he had expressed his surprise and sorrow as soon as he found it had been inadvertently brought off: and that publicly, before all the inmates of the cottage, Thomas had undertaken to return it the next day, and had only been prevented by his untimely fate.

The Antiquary paused a moment, and then said, "Your account seems very probable, Edie, and I believe it from what I know of the parties. But I think it likely that you know a great deal more than you have thought it proper to tell me, about this matter of the treasure here—I suspect you have asked the part of the *Las Fandols* in *Flinton*—a sort of *Florida*, Edie, to speak in your comprehension, who watched over hidden treasures.—I do believe me you were the first person we met when Sir Arthur made his successful attack upon Montbarns's grave, and also that when the labourers began to dig, you, Edie,

were again the first to leap into the trench, and to make the discovery of the treasure. Now you must explain all this to me, unless you would have me say you are ill as *Edie* does *Staple* in the *chubbin*."

"*Lordship, no*," replied the merchant, "what do I care about your *Howlewhols*?—it's made like a dog's language than a man's."

"You know, however, of the box of treasure being there?" continued *Oldbuck*.

"Dear sir," answered *Edie*, assuming a countenance of great simplicity, "what likelihood is there o' that? I've think me you an odd creature as me and has head o' air o' like thing without getting some gold out o' it—and ye wot wot I sought none and get none, like *Michael Scott's* men. What concern could I have w' it?"

"That's just what I want you to explain to me," said *Oldbuck*, "for I am positive you knew it was there."

"Your honour's a positive man, *Montbarn*—and, for a positive man, I must needs allow yers often in the right."

"You allow, then, *Edie*, that my belief is well founded?"

Edie nodded assent.

"Then please to explain to me the whole story from beginning to end," said the Antiquary.

"If it was a secret o' mine, *Montbarn*," replied the latter, "ye could ask twice; for I has aye said aboot your back, that, for o' the nonsense muggles that ye whies take into your head, ye are the man who had daimst o' o' our country gentles. But I'm no to be open-hearted w' you, and tell you that this is a friend's secret, and that they wold draw me w' wild horses, or set me on fire, as they did the children of *Amos*, sooner than I wold speak a word aboot the matter, excepting this, that there was one ill intended, but noble gude, and that the purpose was to serve them that are worth twenty hundred o' me. But there's one here, I trow, that makes it a sin to know where this hid's aye is, if we didna pit head tiff's o' it!"

Oldbuck walked once or twice up and down the room in profound thought, endeavouring to find some plausible reason for transactions of a nature so mysterious—but his ingenuity was totally at fault. He then placed himself before the fireplace.

"This story of yours, *Edie*, is an absolute enigma, and

would require a second Odysseus to solve it—since Odysseus was, I will tell you some other time if you wanted me—however, whether it be owing to the wisdom or to the magnanimity with which you compliment me, I am strongly disposed to believe that you have spoken the truth, the truth that you have not made any of those distortions of the superior powers, which I observe you and your countrymen always make use of when you mean to deceive folks." (Here Edie could not suppress a smile.) "If, therefore, you will answer me one question, I will undertake to procure your freedom."

"If you'll let me leave the question," said Edie, with the manner of a sunny Scotchman, "I'll tell you whether I'll answer it or no."

"It is simple," said the Antiquary, "Did Dunsinverred know anything about the whereabouts of the sheet of lead?"

"He, the old-hand here?" answered Edie, with much frankness of manner—"there wad ha' been, with squintin' o' his head, Dunsinverred had it was there—it wad ha' been better in the black dog's house."

"I thought as much," said Oldbuck. "Well, Edie, if I procure your freedom, you must keep your day, and appear to clear me of the lead-bond, for there are not times for prudent men to meet folk-fairies, unless you can point out another *Johnnie can phooze quadrillions—another David, Ma, I?*"

"Ah!" said the beggar, shaking his head, "I doubt the kirk's doors that hold these golden eggs—for I wince of her grace, though that's the gait it stands in the steeple-height—but I'll keep my day, Mr. Antiquary; ye're no loss a penny by me—And woth I wad fain be out again, now the weather's fine—and then I ha' the best chance o' beating the first acre o' my friends."

"Well, Edie, as the morning and thumping length has somewhat cooled, I presume *Stella Editha* has declined her military prepension, and has retired from the labours of Mars to those of *Thetis*—I will have some conversation with her—but I cannot and will not believe any of those wretched tales you were telling me."

"God send your honour may be right!" said the roadster, as Oldbuck left the room.

The Antiquary found the magistrate, exhausted with the fatigue of the drill, reclining in his gaily chair, humming the

ing, "How nicely we live that soldier here!" and between each bar comforting himself with a spoonful of mock-turtle soup. He ordered a similar refreshment for Oldbeck, who declined it, observing, that, not being a military man, he did not feel inclined to break his habit of keeping regular hours for meals—"Soldiers like you, Babin, must eat at their food as they find means and time. But I am sorry to hear the news of young Telford's loss."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the bellis, "he was a credit to the town—much distinguished on the day of June."

"Yes," said Oldbeck, "I am shocked to hear you talk of him in the positive tense."

"Truth, I fear there may be too much reason for it, Monsieur;—and yet let us hope the best. The accident is said to have happened in the Battery road of Sedan, about twenty miles to the northwest, near L'Esclapart. Day—I have sent to inquire about it—and your nephew ran out himself as if he had been dying to get the Gazette of a victory."

Here Hector entered, exclaiming as he came in, "I believe it's all a damned lie—I can't find the least authority for it, but general rumors."

"And pray, Mr. Hector," said his uncle, "if it had been true, whose fault would it have been that Lovel was on board?"

"Not mine, I am sure," answered Hector; "it would have been only my misfortune."

"Indeed!" said his uncle, "I should not have thought of that."

"Why, sir, with all your inclination to find me in the wrong," replied the young soldier, "I suppose you will own my intention was not to blunder in this case. I did my best to let Lovel, and if I had been successful, his dear my uncle would have been his, and his uncle would have been mine."

"And whom or what do you intend to hit now, that you are bugging with you that leather magazine there, marked General?"

"I must be prepared for Lord Glenham's move on the twelfth, sir," said McIntyre.

"Ah, Hector! thy great sham, as the French call it, would take place to-morrow—

Thus ends *Proctor* years ago after
 These scenes ———

Could you meet but with a married piece, instead of an unwedlike back-bird?"

"The devil take the soul, say, or piece, if you choose to call it so! It's rather hard one can never hear the end of a little piece of folly like that."

"Well, well," said Oldback, "I am glad you have the grace to be ashamed of it—as I detect the whole race of Blunderbills, I wish them all as well matched. Nay, never start off at a jost, man—I have done with the piece—though, I dare say, the Boodle could tell us the value of woot-skins just now."

"They are up," said the magistrates, "they are well up—the Bidding has been uncommonly lately."

"We can hear witness to that," said the tormenting Antiquary, who was delighted with the back this incident had given him over the young specimens: One word more, Mayor, and

We'll hang a seal-skin on thy nearest hole.

Also, my boy! Come, never mind it; I must go to business.—Boodle, a word with you: you must take heed—moderate had, you understand—the old Oldback's appearance."

"You don't consider what you ask," said the Boodle; "the office is assault and robbery."

"Hush! not a word about it," said the Antiquary. "I gave you a hint before—I will possess you more fully hereafter—I promise you, there is a secret."

"But, Mr. Oldback, if the state is concerned, I, who do the whole drudgery business here, really have a title to be consulted, and until I am"—

"Hush! hush!" said the Antiquary, winking and putting his finger to his nose,—“you shall have the full confid, the entire management, whenever matters are ripe. But this is an obstinate old fellow, who will not hear of two people being as yet let into his mystery, and he has not fully acquainted me with the clue to Donatista's device."

"Ah! as we must try that follow the alien out, I suppose?"

"To my truth, I wish you would."

"Say no more," said the magistrates, "it shall forthwith be done—he shall be removed to some suspect—I think that's one of your own phrases, Monkturn?"

"It is decided, Boodle—you improve."

"Why, public business has of late pressed upon me so much, that I have been obliged to take my foreman into partnership. I have had two several conferences with the Under Secretary of State—one on the proposed tax on Egyptian cotton, and the other on putting down political societies. So you might as well communicate to me as much as you know of this old fellow's discovery of a plot against the state."

"I will, instantly, when I am master of it," replied Oldback—"I hate the trouble of managing such matters myself. Remember, however, I did not say decidedly a plot against the state—I only say I hope to discover, by this man's means, a bad plot."

"If it be a plot at all, there must be treason in it, or sedition at least," said the Duke—"Will you bail him for four hundred marks?"

"Four hundred marks for an old Black-Gown? Think on the act 1794 regulating bail-bonds!—Strike off a cipher from the sum—I am content to bail him for forty marks."

"Well, Mr. Oldback, everybody in Fairport is always willing to oblige you—and besides, I know that you are a prudent man, and one that would be as unwilling to lose forty, as four hundred marks. So I will accept your bail, *non proinde*—what say you to that now please again? I had it from a learned counsel. I will vouch it, my lord, he said, *non proinde*."

"And I will vouch for Edin Ochidara, *non proinde*, in like manner," said Oldback. "So let your clerk draw out the bail-bond, and I will sign it."

When this ceremony had been performed, the Antiquary congratulated to Edin the joyful tidings that he was once more at liberty, and directed him to make the best of his way to Monkham House, to which he himself returned with his nephews, after having perfected their good work.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

*Fall of the sword and scabbard collection.**An Yacht Race on*

"I want to Heaven, Hester," said the Antiquary, next morning after breakfast, "you would spare our nerves, and not be keeping us going that suspicious of yours."

"Well, sir, I'm sure I'm sorry to disturb you," said his nephew, still handling his flogging-plate;—"but it's a capital gun—it's a Joe Martin, that cost fifty guineas."

"A fool and his money are soon parted, nephew—there is a Joe Miller for you Joe Martin," sneered the Antiquary; "I am glad you have so many guineas to throw away."

"Every one has their thing, uncle,—you are fond of books."

"Ay, Hester," said the uncle, "and if my collection were yours, you would make it fly to the galleys, the horse-market, the dog-breaker,—*Comptes rendus* while alive—*scattered books*."

"I could not use your books, my dear uncle," said the young soldier, "that's true, and you will do well to provide for their long or better lands. But don't let the furies of my head fall on my heart—I would not part with a *Comte* that belonged to an old friend, to get a set of horses like Lord Glenchar's."

"I don't think you would, but—I don't think you would," said his misreading relative. "I love to tease you a little sometimes; it keeps up the spirit of discipline and habit of subordination—You will pass your time happily here having me to command you, instead of Captain, or Colonel, or 'Knights in Arms,' as Milton has it; and instead of the French," he continued, relapsing into his usual humour, "you have the *Gen. bundle* poets—for, as Virgil says,

Remota ex arce domus in throno phœni,

which might be rendered,

*Here phœni sterner on the beach,
Within our Highland Master's reach.*

Nay, if you grow angry, I have done. Besides, I see old *Séba* in the court-yard, with whom I have business. Good-bye,

Hester—"Do you remember how she splashed into the sea like her master Proteus, at a point *deût après sa dévotion*?"

M'Intyre,—winking, however, till the dust was shut,—then gave way to the natural impudence of his tongue.

"My uncle is the best man in the world, and in his way the kindest; but rather than hear any more about that cursed phase, as he is pleased to call it, I would exchange for the West Indies, and never see his face again."

Miss M'Intyre, gratefully attached to her uncle, and passionately fond of her brother, was, on such occasions, the usual carry of reconciliation. She hastened to meet her uncle on his return, before he entered the parlour.

"Well, now, Miss Wounded, what is the meaning of that imploring countenance?—has Jane done any more mischief?"

"No, uncle; but Jane's master is in such fear of your joking him about the seal—I assure you, he feels it much more than you would wish;—it's very silly of him, to be sure, but then you can turn everybody so sharply into ridicule!"—

"Well, my dear," answered Oldback, piqued by the compliment, "I will ride in my saddle, and, if possible, speak no more of the phase—I will not even speak of sending a letter, but my weep, and give a nod to you when I meet the woodcock—I am not unenterprising upon, but, Heaven knows, the most cold, quiet, and easy of human beings, when eaten, were, and nowhere, made just as best pleased than."

With this little panegyric on his own docility, Mr. Oldback entered the parlour, and proposed to his nephew a walk to the Maudrag. "I have some questions to ask of a witness at Muckleback's cottage," he observed, "and I would willingly have a sensible witness with me;—as, for fault of a better, Hester, I must be contented with you."

"There is old Elio, or, or Canon—could not they do better than me?" answered M'Intyre, feeling somewhat alarmed at the prospect of a long *été-d'été* with his uncle.

"Upon my word, young man, you turn me over to pretty comparisons, and I am quite sensible of your politeness," replied Mr. Oldback. "No, no, I intend the old Blue-Green shall go with me—not as a competent witness, for he is at present, as our friend Baldo Littlejohn says (blowings on his hearing); tongue suspect, and you are suspicious master, as our last has it."

"I wish I were a major, sir," said Hector, catching only the last, and, to a soldier's ear, the most impressive word in the sentence,—"*but*, without money or interest, there is little chance of getting the step."

"Well, well, most doughty son of France," said the Anthropomorph, "be ruled by your friends, and there's no saying what may happen—Come away with me, and you shall see what may be needed to you should you ever sit upon a court-martial, *et c.*"

"I have been on many a regimental court-martial, sir," answered Captain M'Intyre. "But here's a new case for you."

"Much obliged, much obliged."

"I brought it from our dress-maker," added M'Intyre, "who came into our regiment from the Island army when it came down the Red Sea. It was cut on the back of the lather, I assure you."

"Upon my word, 'tis a fine ruse, and well explains that whole the ph—*but*! what was I going to say?"

The party, consisting of the Anthropomorph, his nephew, and the old beggar, now took the made towards Black-crag—the former is the very highest seat of commanding information, and the others, under a sense of deeper obligation, and some hope for future favour, decently attentive to secure it. The made and nephew walked together, the made went about a step and a half behind, just near enough for his patron to speak to him by a slight inclination of his neck, and without the trouble of turning round. (Patrick, in his Essay on Good-travelling, dedicated to the magnificence of Edinburgh, recommends, upon his own experience, as later in a family of distinction, this attitude to all his acquaintances, intimates, dependants, and hostalibodies of every description.) Thus escorted, the Anthropomorph moved along full of his learning, like a happy man of war, and every now and then yawning to starboard and larboard to discharge a broadside upon his followers.

"And so it is your opinion," said he to the mentioned, "that this windfall—this even now, as Phœbus has it, will not greatly avail Sir Arthur in his necessities?"

"Unless he could find ten times as much," said the beggar, "and that I am not doubtful of;—I heard Fuggle Crook, and the tithes that of a sheriff-officer, or messenger, speaking about it—and things are ill off when the like of them can speak so freely about any gentleman's affairs. I doubt Sir Arthur

will be 'in debt' to's for debt, unless there's will help and certain."

"You speak like a fool," said the Antiquary—"Naphew, it is a remarkable thing, that in this happy country no man can be legally imprisoned for debt."

"Indeed, sir?" said M'Intyre; "I never knew that before—that part of our law would suit some of our men well."

"And if they were confined for debt," said Ochiltree, "what isn't that tempts our money-grubbers to hide in the recesses of Paisport prison?—they'd say they were put there by their creditors—Oh! they mean like it better than I do, if they're there o' their will."

"A very natural observation, Edie, and many of your betters would make the same; but it is founded entirely upon ignorance of the British system. Hector, be so good as to attend, unless you are looking out for another—*ahem!*" (Hector compelled himself to give attention at this hint.) "And you, Edie, it may be useful to you even to know more. The nature and origin of warrant for capture as a thing legal allows a Scotch student.—You must know then, once more, that nobody can be arrested in Scotland for debt."

"I haven't much concern w' that, Mackburne," said the old man, "for nobody wd trust a baillie to a gaolhouse."

"I prythee, peace, man!—As a commissioner, therefore, of payment, that being a thing to which no debtor is naturally inclined, as I have too much reason to warrant from the experience I have had with my own,—we had first the letters of four forms, a sort of gentle invitation, by which our sovereign lord the king, interesting himself as a monarch should, in the regulation of his subjects' private affairs, at first by mild exhortation, and afterwards by letters of more strict requirement and more hard compulsion.—What do you see extraordinary about that lord, Hector?—It's but a sentence!"

"It's a petition, sir," said Edie.

"Well, what an if it were—what does that signify at present?—But I see you're impatient; so I will waive the letters of four forms, and come to the modern process of diligence.—You suppose, now, a man's committed to prison because he cannot pay his debt? Quite otherwise; the truth is, the king is as good as to intimate at the request of the creditor, and to send the debtor, his royal command to do him justice within a certain time—

fifteen days, or six, as the case may be. Well, the man admits and disavows; what follows? Why, that he be lawfully and rightly declared a rebel to our gracious sovereign, whose command he has disobeyed, and that by three blows of a haw, at the market-place of Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland. And he is then legally executed, not on account of any civil debt, but because of his ungrateful contempt of the royal mandate. What say you to that, Hector?—there's something you never knew before."

"No, uncle; but, I own, if I wanted money to pay my debts, I would rather thank the king to send me some, than to declare me a rebel for not doing what I could not do."

"Your education has not led you to consider these things," replied his uncle; "you are incapable of estimating the elegance of the legal fiction, and the manner in which it reconciles that drama, which, for the protection of commerce, it has been found necessary to attend towards refractory debtors, with the most scrupulous attention to the liberty of the subject."

"I don't know, sir," answered the unenlightened Hector; "but if a man must pay his debt or go to jail, it signifies but little whether he goes as a debtor or a rebel, I should think. But you say the command of the king's gives a licence of so many days—Now, good, were I in the scrape, I would lend a march and leave the king and the creditor to settle it among themselves before they came to extremities."

"So would I," said Edie; "I wad gie them lighead to a cartilage."

"True," replied Mackburn; "but those whom the law suspects of being unwilling to settle her formal writ, she proceeds with by means of a shorter and more unceremonious call, as dealing with persons on whose justice and honour would be utterly thrown away."

"Ay," said Colclough, "that will be what they of the high-waterside—I has some deed in them. There's Border-waterside too in the south country, wae's rich among things;—I was

* The decision of Scotland on the origin of imprisonment for civil debt in Scotland, may appear somewhat whimsical, but was referred to, and admitted to be correct, by the House of the Supreme Scottish Court, on 5th December 1816, in the case of *Thorn v. Black*. In fact, the Scottish law is in this particular more jealous of the personal liberty of the subject than any other code in Europe.

been upon me at Saint James's Park, and brought in the odd look at Koko the last day and night; and a queer possum place it was, I'm scarce ye.—But whether with me, or her couch on her back! It's poor Maggie herself, I'm thinking."

It was so. The poor woman's sense of her loss, if not diminished, was become at least mitigated by the horrible necessity of attending to the means of supporting her family; and her relation to Oldback was made in an odd mixture between the usual language of solicitation with which she plied her customers, and the tone of lamentation for her recent calamity.

"Here's a w' ye the day, Moolbarrow! I havena had the grace yet to come down to thank your honour for the credit ye did give Hester, w' laying his head in a rich grave, pale fellow!"—Then she winked and wiped her eyes with the corner of her blue apron—"But the fishing comes on so that it, though the goldenst hama had the heart to gang to see himself—Armed I would fain tell him I wad do him gude to put hand to work—but I'm maist faw'd to speak to him—and it's an easy thing to hear one o' us speak that gits o' a man—However, I hae some dainty ocher haddies, and they will be but three shillings the dozen, for I hae nae jib to derive a bargain o' mine, and mair just tell what my Christian body will giv, w' her work and me trying."

"What shall we do, Hester?" said Oldback, passing: "I got into durance with my wretchedness for making a bad bargain with her before. These machine schools, Hester, are unkindy to our family."

"Fush, an, what would ye do?—give poor Maggie what she asks, or allow me to send a dish of fish up to Moolbarrow."

And he held out the money to her; but Maggie drew back her head. "Na, na, Captain, ye've over-payed and over-fish o' your silver—ye should never tak a fish-wife's last holla, and trow I think maybe a fyke w' the odd hamskeeper at Moolbarrow, or Miss Goud, woud do me some gude.—And I want to see what that ballade quene Jenny Rilveron's doing—holla and the wren wad—She'll be wring herself about Hester, the silly twinge, as if he wad ever hae lookt over his shoulder at the like o' her!—Fush, Moolbarrow, they've hown ocher haddies, and they'll bid me carry this halibut at the house if ye want supper-heads the day."

And so on she passed with her burden,—grud, gratitude for

the sympathy of her better, and the habitual love of trouble and of pain, closing each other through her thoughts.

"And now that we are before the door of their hut," said Odoardo, "I will bid you, Monksburn, what longer'd ye please yourself wif me a' this length? I tell ye simply I have some pleasure in gazing in there. I deems bide to think how the young lass sits on a' sides o' me, and left me an unclean and stony w' hardly a green leaf on't."

"This old woman," said Odoardo, "sent you on a message to the Earl of Glenelg, did she not?"

"Ay!" said the surprised merchant; "how has ye that one sent?"

"Lord Glenelg told me himself," answered the Antiquary; "so there is no delusion—no breach of trust on your part, and as he wishes me to take her evidence down on some important family matters, I chose to bring you with me, because in her situation, hovering between deluge and consciousness, it is possible that your voice and appearance may awaken traces of recollection which I should otherwise have no means of reaching. The human mind—what are you about, Hector?"

"I was only whistling for the dog, sir," replied the Captain; "the always serves the wale—I know I should be troublesome to you."

"Not at all, not at all," said Odoardo, resuming the subject of his disquisitions—"the human mind is to be treated like a chain of twisted silk, whose you must continually move one fibre and before you can make any progress in disentangling it."

"I have nothing about that," said the philosopher; "but as my said acquaintance is herself, or anything like herself, she may come to wind us a piece. It's dangerous work to me and her when she murmurs about her ears, and gets to her English, and speaks as if she were a good back, let a-bow an odd fibber's wife. But, indeed, she had a grand education, and was sensible then out when she married an even bit bonnie herself. Not sadder than me by half a score years—but I need not enough they made as much's work about her making a half-wit marriage wif Simon Monkiburn, the Countess's father, as if she had been one o' the grumpy. But she got wile ferrier again, and then she lost it again, as I have heard her say, when he was a private chap; and then they got sensible siller, and left the Countess's head, and added hers. Bad things never drives wif

them. Nevertheless, she's a well-educated woman, and as she was to her English, so I have heard her do at an odd time, she may come to dole to us."

CHAPTER FORTYTH.

With olive from such old age, browned and dried,
As the clear popple leaves you circled gather—
Like the velvet beauty at the best harp
That wind or wave could give, but now her hand
Is writhing on the wood, her voice her tears
As wails with the sky, from which it drifts not.
Such were coming about her low and low,
Till, lulled by the strain, she fell remote
Under an arbutus.

ONE DAY.

As the Artillery lifted the hatch of the box, he was surprised to hear the dull, tremulous voice of Elapha clanking back as it rolled in a wild and doleful cadence.

"The harrow from the merry moonlight,
The wheel from the wind,
But the spider from the dewy web,
For they come of a gentle kind."

A dilapidated collector of those legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his foot refused to enter the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took pencil and memorandum-book. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children—"Oh ay, hush, hush! I whistle! and I'll begin a louder one than that—"

"How loud, your tongue, both with and with,
And how, great and low,
And I will sing of Christmas a host
That taught us the red shroud."

"The woman's voice is Dumb, . . .
And how the low and low,
And how loud and low, my woman's voice
For the old host of the red shroud."

I think mind the cold voice well—my memory's failed, and there's more thought's come over me—God keep us from temptation!"

Here her voice sank in indifferent musing.

"It's a historical belief," said Gibber, eagerly, "a genuine and undisturbed fragment of antiquity! Every word shows its simplicity—how could not images be so satisfying?"

"Ay, but it's a sad thing," said Cordelia, "to see human nature lag for centuries as to be drifting off and mags on the back of a bee like horn."

"Think! think!" said the Antiquary—"she has gotten the thread of the story again,"—and so he spoke, she sang—

"They walked a hundred white-white roads,
They too walked a hundred roads,
With a shadow of steel on each breast's back,
And a good knight upon his back." —

"Chorus!" exclaimed the Antiquary,—"equivocal, perhaps, to choose,—the words worth a dollar,"—and down it went in his red book.

"They harkened to a tale, a tale,
A tale, but heavy tale,
When swordsmen breathing down
the lane
We couldst harkened one

"Their voices they were ringing
with,
Their glances were glancing
down,
Their glances ring the side to
side,
Would dosten ye to hear

"The great Red in his charge
stood
That highest Red to me
Knew him a knight that's stout
and good
May prove a jousting

"What wouldst thou do, my
squire to get,
That side beside my eyes,
Was ye Glendower's Red the
day,
And I were Roland Chaper?"

"To him, the side that side and down,
To fight men wonderful good,
What wouldst ye to see, Roland Chaper,
Was ye Glendower's Red?"

To many here, indeed, that this Roland Chaper, so as poor and wild as I sit in the chimney-nook, was my father, and as wild men he was that day in the fight, but specially after the Red had fallen, for he showed himself for the reward he gave, to fight before Mar came up wth Eleanor, and Abertan, and Angus.

Her eyes rose and became more animated as she related the walking round of her ancestor—

" 'Twas I Clanshew's Earl (ye telt,
And ye were Richard Douglas,
The year should be in my horse's side,
And the battle upon his mane

" 'If they has twenty thousand blades,
And we teltin has three too,
Yet they has lost their battle plain,
And we are still the same.

" 'My horse shal ride through rain and sun,
As through the mortal ken,
Then ye'll be the gentle Western blade
Gone could for Highland ken!'"

"Do you hear that, nephew?" said Clifford;—"you observe your Gaelic ancestors were not held in high repute formerly by the Lowland warriors."

"I hear," said Hector, "a silly old woman sang a silly old song. I am surprised, sir, that you, who will not listen to Owen's songs of Selma, can be pleased with such trash. I vow, I have not seen or heard a worse halfpenny ballad; I don't believe you could match it in any pellar's jack in the country. I should be ashamed to think that the house of the Highlands could be affected by such doggerel."—And, tossing up his hand, he smothered the air indignantly.

Apparently the old woman heard the sound of their voices; for, ceasing her song, she called out, "Come in, sir, come in—good-will never be lost at the four-stone."

They entered, and found to their surprise Elspeth alone, sitting "gladly on the hearth" like the personification of Old Age in the Hunter's song of the Owl; "wrinkled, tattered, rife, dim-eyed, shag-haired, torpid."

"They're a' out," she said, as they entered; "but as ye will sit a' black, somebody will be in. If ye has business wi' my gude-daughter, or my son, they'll be in belyve,—I never speak on business myself. Belyve, gie them seats—the bairns are a' gone out, I trow,"—shaking around her,—"I was awaiting to keep them quiet a wee while stee; but they has crept out some gude. Sit down, sir, they'll be in belyve," and she dismissed her guests from her head to tirl upon the floor, and soon seemed exclusively occupied in regulating the motion, as

* See Mrs. Grant on the Highland Superstitions, vol. II. p. 185, for the first translation from the Gaelic.

conscious of the presence of the stranger as she appeared indifferent to their rank or business there.

"I wish," said Oldbuck, "she would resume that costume, or legendary fragment. I always suspected there was a strain of cavalry before the mass battle of the Harlaw!"

"If your honour please," said Edie, "had ye not better proceed to the business that brought us a' hae? I'm engage to get ye the sang any time."

"I believe you are right, Edie—*De maan*—I submit. But how shall we manage? She sits there, the very image of desolation. Speak to her, Edie—say if you can make her recollect having sent you to Ghazalun House."

Edie rose accordingly, and, crossing the floor, placed himself in the same position which he had occupied during his former conversation with her. "I'm fain to see ye looking as well, summer; the mair, that the black ox has tramped on ye wae! I was wae'st your mother."

"Ay," said Elphinstone, but rather from a general idea of misfortune, than any exact recollection of what had happened,—"there has been distress among us of late—I wonder how younger folk like it—I hate it ill. I canna hear the wind whistle, and the sea roar, but I think I see the colds whirling round up, and some o' them struggling in the waves!—Oh, sir, sic weary dreams as folk has between sleeping and waking, before they win to the long sleep and the wind! I could almost think while my aw, or the Stewin, my co, was dead, and that I had seen the burial. I canna see that a queer dream for a daft auld sallow! What for should any o' them dee before us?—it's out o' the course o' nature, ye ken."

"I think you'll make very little of this stupid old woman," said Hector,—who still worried, perhaps, some feelings of the dislike excited by the disparaging mention of her amusements to her lay—"I think you'll make but little of her, sir; and it's wasting our time to sit here and listen to her drivel."

"Hector," said the Antiquary, indignantly, "if you do not respect his infirmities, respect at least her old age and grey hairs: this is the last stage of existence, so duly treated by the Latin poet—

Quid

Indivictum domus major domus, que non

* Note E. Battle of Harlaw.

*Kindred affection, not when agonies could,
 Give such particular account made, nor like
 Quen joined, quen parted.*

"That's Latin!" said Eliza, smiling herself as if she attended to the lesson, which the Antiquary recited with great pomp of diction—"that's Latin!" and she cast a wild glance toward her—"Has there a poet find me out at last?"

"You see, nephew, her comprehension is almost equal to your own of that fine passage."

"I hope you think, sir, that I know it to be Latin as well as she did!"

"Why, as to that—-that stay, she is about to speak."

"I will have no poet—none," said the lady, with impatient volubility; "as I have lived I will die—none shall say that I hurried my mistress, though it were to save my soul!"

"That looks a full conviction," said the merchant;—"I wish she had such a clear heart, as it were laid for her own sake;" and he again smiled her.

"Well, goodness, I did your errand to the Yod!"

"To what Earl? I know not Earl;—I know a Countess now—I wish to Heaven I had never laid her! So by that acquaintance, neighbours, their own,"—and she counted her withheld fingers as she spoke—"first Fido, then Helice, then Revenge, then False Witness; and Murder told at the doings, if he comes too. And whence these pleasant guests, thank ye, to take up their quarters in a woman's heart? I know there was much of company."

"But, mamma," continued the lawyer, "it wants the Countess of Glendower I meant, but her son, like that was Lord Gresham!"

"I found it now," she said, "I saw him to that purpose, and we had a heavy speech together. Ah, are! the steady young lord is turned as wild and mad as I am: He thinks that sorrow and heartbreak, and mourning of true love, will do w^t young blood. But unless he either has lookt to that himself!—we were but to do her bidding, ye know. I am sure there's nobody can blame me—the woman my son, and she was my mistress. To her love the rhyme says—I have must forgotten her to sing, or else the tune's left my wild head—"

*"He turn'd like night and stood upon,
 (Said, there as at my mother),*

*Light here I may get many a one,
But winds will be as often*

Then he was hot of the half-breed, ye ken, and he's was the right Glenelg after a'. Na, na, I mean never more doing and suffering for the *Centine Jockies*—never will I more for that."

Then drawing her hat from the shelf, with the dogged air of one who is resolved to make nothing, she resumed her interrupted complaining.

"I has heard," said the merchant, telling his son from what Oldback had told him of the family history—"I has heard, summer, that some ill tongue said has come between the Earl, that's Lord Glenelg, and his young brude."

"Il tongue?" she said in hasty alarm; "and what had she to fear frae an ill tongue?—she was gude and has enough—at least o' body and son. But had she kept her we tongue off other folk, she might has been living like a lady for a' that's come and gane yet."

"But I has heard say, gudewife," continued Oldback, "there was a chatter in the country, that her husband and her were over aith when they married."

"Who daunt speak o' that?" said the old woman hoarsely; "who daunt say they were married?—who kent a' that?—Not the *Centine*—not I. If they wedded in secret, they were covered in secret—They drank of the fountain of their ain secret."

"Na, wadnae better?" exclaimed Oldback, who could keep silence no longer, "they drank the poison that you and your wicked mistress prepared for them."

"Eh, he!" she replied, "I awa thought it would come to this. It's but sitting about when they examine us—there's nae justice in our days; and if there is, let them send us!—It's all o' the vassal's mouth that betrays the lord's cot."

"Speak to her, Edie," said the Antiquary; "she knows your vices, and answers to it most readily."

"We shall make nothing more out o' her," said Oldback. "When she has shook herself down that way, and bashed her sense, she wadnae speak a word, they say, for weeks together. And besides, to my thinking, her face is awa changed since we met it. However, I'm by her side now to satisfy your honour.—So ye come keep in mind, summer, that your wad mistress, the *Centine Jockies*, has been removed?"

"Removed," she continued; for that name never failed to produce its usual effect upon her, "then we mean it follow, — a' mean ride when she is in the saddle. Tell them to let Lady Geraldine know we're on before them. Bring my hood and scarf — go wait on her as the carriage wi' my lady, and my hair in this fashion!"

She raised her shivering arms, and seemed heated like a woman who puts on her cloak to go abroad, then dropped them slowly and stiffly; and the same idea of a journey still floating apparently through her head, she proceeded, in a hurried and interrupted manner,—"Call Miss Sciville—What do you mean by Lady Geraldine? I said Evelyn Sciville, not Lady Geraldine—there's no Lady Geraldine, tell her that, and bid her change her wet gowns, and not look any pale. Room! what should she do wi' a horse!—madness has come, I fear.—Tupper—Tupper—my lady calls me!—Bring a candle;—the grand staircase is as dark as a Fife midnight—We are coming, my lady!"—With these words she sank back on the settle, and from thence sliding to the floor.

Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her to her arms, before he said, "It's a' over—she has passed away even with that last word."

"Impossible," said Gilbreth, hastily advancing, as did his nephew. But nothing was more certain. She had expired with the last hurried word that left her lips, and all that remained before them were the mortal relics of the creature who had so long struggled with an internal sense of wretched guilt, joined to all the distresses of age and poverty.

"God grant that she be gone to a better place!" said Edie, as he looked on the lifeless body; "but ah! there was something lying hard and heavy at her heart. I have seen many a one die, both in the fold o' battle, and a fair-rose death at home; but I wad rather see them a' over again, as on a fearful sitting as hers!"

"We must call in the neighbours," said Gilbreth, when he had somewhat recovered his senses and astonishment, "and give warning of this additional calamity. I wish she could have been brought to a confession. And, though of far less consequence, I could have wished to transcribe that wretched fragment. But Heaven's will must be done!"

FOURTH. Edie's death.

They left the bed accordingly, and gave the shroud to the ladies, whose services instantly amounted to composing the limbs and arranging the body of her who might be considered as the mother of their nation. Oldbuck promised his assistance for the funeral.

"Your honour," said Abena Brack, who was next in age to the deceased, "will send down something to us for keeping up our hearts at the lyherwale, for a' Bannock's gin, pair mae, was drucken out at the head o' Elsie, and we'll no get mair to sit day-tipped while the corpse. Elsie's was soon down to her young days, so I can mind right well, but there was aye a word o' her no being fast clanney. Aye mair she speak'd o' the dead—mair by token, o' aye's manner and neighbour—but there was queer things said about a lady and a laird, or she left the Omgatheration. And we, as gude folk, it will be a pair lyherwale, unless your honour sends us something to keep us mairing."

"You shall have some whisky," answered Oldbuck, "the rather that you have preserved the proper word for that ancient custom of watching the dead.—You observe, Hester, this is genuine Tootum, from the Glotha Laidman, a corpse. It is quite universally called *Laidman*, though Brack invents that modern corruption and derivation."

"I believe," said Hester to herself, "my uncle would give away Macklams to any man who would come to ask it as genuine Tootum! Not a drop of whisky would the old customs have got, had their president asked it for the use of the *Laidman*."

While Oldbuck was giving some further directions, and providing assistance, a carriage of Sir Arthur's came riding very hard along the moor, and stopped his horse when he saw the Antiquary. "There had something," he said, "very particular happened at the Castle"—(he could not, or would not, explain what)—"and Miss Fawcett had sent him off express to Macklams, to beg that Mr. Oldbuck would come to them without a moment's delay."

"I am afraid," said the Antiquary, "he were also in drawing to a close. What can I do?"

"Do, sir?" exclaimed Hester, with his characteristic impetuosity,—"*get on the horse, and take his head homeward*—you will be at Knockwinnock Castle in ten minutes."

"He is quite a free gun," said the servant, discounting to adjust the grills and stirrups,— "he only pulls a little if he feels a dead weight on him."

"I should soon be a dead weight off him, my friend," said the Antiquary.—"What the devil, nephew, are you weary of me? or do you suppose me weary of my life, that I should get on the back of such a *Requiescat* as that? No, no, my friend, if I am to be at Knokkestrawick to-day, it must be by walking quietly forward on my own feet, which I will do with as little delay as possible. Captain M'Intyre may ride that animal himself, if he please."

"I have little hope I could be of any use, uncle, but I cannot think of their distress without wishing to show sympathy at least—so I will ride as before, and sympathize to them that you are coming.—I'll trouble you for your spurs, my friend."

"You will excuse steel there, sir," said the man, taking them off at the next time, and buckling them upon Captain M'Intyre's heels, "he's very frank to the road."

Oldback stood astonished at this last act of tenacity. "Are you mad, Hector?" he cried, "or have you forgotten what is said by Quintus Curtius, with whom, as a soldier, you must needs be familiar,—*Nobilitas equis unde gaudet equis equis*; *equus ut saluti gaudet equis equis*, which plainly shows that spurs are useless in every case, and, I may add, dangerous in most."

But Hector, who cared little for the opinion of either Quintus Curtius or of the Antiquary, upon such a topic, only answered with a haughty "Never fear—*scelus* fear, sir."

With that he gave his steed leave the head,
And, leaning forward, struck his steel heels
Against the pattering sides of the poor jade,
Up to the rivet-heads, and starting on,
He seemed to racing to devour the way,
Shaping no longer question.

"There they go, well matched," said Oldback, looking after them as they started—"a mad horse and a wild boy, the two most windy creatures in Christendom! and all to get half an hour sooner to a place where nobody wants him; for I doubt Sir Arthur's grills are beyond the care of our light horseman. It must be the villany of Donatistred, for whom Sir Arthur has done so much; for I cannot help observing, that, with some nature, Tuckers's maxim holds its good: *Requiescat in pace* into

and then valiantly smothered poor; all swollen withers, prostrate above and below,—from which a wise man might take a caution, not to oblige any man beyond the degree in which he may expect to be repaid, lest he should make his debtor a bankrupt in gratitude.”

Remarking to himself such scraps of cynical philosophy, our Antiquary poured the words towards Knockbreinock; but it is necessary we should satisfy him, for the purpose of explaining the reason of his being so anxiously summoned thither.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

He, while the Queen, of whom the fable told,
Ignorant, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
With heart entertained, impatient to deliver,
Sits on her nest, and the great egg lay,
Whose golden vapours changed her spectral dream,
—For rings she beheld, and her dying dream
The LOVER OF THE SEA-MAN.

Fast as time that Sir Arthur Wansley had become possessor of the treasure found in Minacott's grave, he had been in a state of mind more resembling ecstasy than sober sense. Indeed, at one time his daughter had become seriously apprehensive for his intellect; for, as he had no doubt that he had the secret of possessing himself of wealth to an unbounded extent, his language and carriage were those of a man who had acquired the philosopher's stone. He talked of buying magnificent estates, that would have led him from one side of the island to the other, as if he were determined to break up neighbour over the sea. He corresponded with an architect of eminence, upon a plan of renovating the castle of his birthplace on a style of extended magnificence that might have rivaled that of Wansley, and buying out the grounds on a suitable scale. Troops of forested menials were already, in theory, marshalled at his call, and—for what may not unbounded wealth authorize the possessor to aspire to!—the coronet of a marquis, perhaps of a duke, was glimmering before his imagination. His daughter—in what manner might she not look forward? Even an alliance with the blood-royal was not beyond the sphere of his hopes.

His son was already a general—and he himself whatever addition could dream of in his wildest visions.

In this mood, if any one endeavored to bring Sir Arthur down to the regions of common life, his replies were in the vein of Ancient Pistol—

*A hen for the world, and worldings less!
I speak of Africa and golden joys!*

The reader may conceive the amazement of Miss Worsley, when, instead of undergoing an investigation concerning the address of Lancel, as she had expected from the long conference of her father with Mr. Offshore, upon the morning of the third day when the treasure was discovered, the conversation of Sir Arthur announced an imagination haunted with the hopes of possessing the most unbounded wealth. But she was seriously alarmed when Donatowinski was sent for to the Castle, and was closeted with her father—his misshap concluded with—his part taken, and his loss compensated. All the suspicions which she had long entertained respecting this man became strengthened, by observing his pains to keep up the golden dreams of her father, and to secure for himself, under various pretenses, as much as possible out of the windfall which had so strangely fallen to Sir Arthur's share.

Other evil symptoms began to appear, following close on each other. Letters arrived every post, which Sir Arthur, as soon as he had looked at the directions, flung into the fire without taking the trouble to open them. Miss Worsley could not help suspecting that these epistles, the contents of which seemed to be known to her father by a sort of intuition, came from proving enemies. In the meanwhile, the temporary aid which he had received from the treasure dwindled fast away. By far the greater part had been swallowed up by the necessity of paying the bill of six hundred pounds, which had threatened Sir Arthur with instant distress. Of the rest, some part was given to the adept, some wasted upon extravagances which seemed to the poor knight fully sanctioned by his full-blown hopes,—and some went to stop for a time the mouths of such detractors as, being weary of fair promises, had become of opinion with Harpagon, that it was necessary to touch something substantial. At length circumstances announced, but too plainly, that it was all expended within two or three days after

his discovery ; and there appeared no prospect of a supply. Sir Arthur, naturally impatient, now tried Dantestrued once with bunch of those precious through which he had hoped to convert all his lead into gold. But that worthy gentleman's turn was now served ; and as he had grace enough to wish to avoid witnessing the fall of the house which he had undermined, he was at the trouble of bestowing a few learned terms of art upon Sir Arthur, that at least he might not be tormented before his time. He took leave of him, with assurance that he would return to Knockelstock the next morning, with such information as would not fail to relieve Sir Arthur from all his distresses.

"For, even I have counted in such matters, I am never," said Mr. Herman Dantestrued, "approached as near to success, what you call *de good mystery*,—*de Panchreute*—*de Polychreute*—I do know as much of it as Prince de Tamaris, or Basille—and either I will bring you in two and two days *de Ma III* of *Ma Mischiguel*, or you shall call me out leave myself, and never look me in *de face* again as near as all."

The adept departed with this assurance, in the firm resolution of making good the latter part of his proposition, and never again appearing before his injured patron. Sir Arthur remained in a doubtful and anxious state of mind. The positive assurance of the philosopher, with the hard words *Panchreute*, *Basille*, and so forth, produced some effect on his mind. But he had been too often deluded by such jargon, to be completely relieved of his doubts, and he retired for the evening into his library, in the fearful state of one who, hanging over a precipice, and without the means of retreat, preserves the stance on which he once gradually plying from the rest of the day, and about to give way with him.

The vision of hope decayed, and there increased in proportion that fearful agony of anticipation with which a man, educated in a sense of consequence, and possessed of talents,—the supporter of an ancient name, and the father of two promising children,—foresees the hour approaching which should deprive him of all the splendour which time had made familiarly necessary to him, and send him forth into the world to struggle with poverty, with infamy, and with scorn. Under these dire forebodings, his temper, exhausted by the delusions of decayed hope, became peevish and doubtful, and his words and actions sometimes expressed a reckless desperation, which alarmed Miss Warbur-

extremely. We have seen, on a former occasion, that Sir Arthur was a man of passions lively and quick, in proportion to the weakness of his character in other respects; he was accused to contradiction, and if he had been *richer*, in general, good-humoured and cheerful, it was probably because the course of his life had afforded as such frequent provocation as to render his irritability habitual.

On the third morning after Donatowitch's departure, the servant, as usual, laid on the breakfast table the newspaper and letters of the day. Miss Wardeur took up the former to avoid the continued allusion of her father, who had wrought himself into a violent passion, because the toast was over-looked.

"I perceive how it is," was his concluding speech on this interesting subject,—"my servants, who have had their share of my fortune, begin to think there is little to be made of me in future. But while I am the apostrophe's master I will be so, and permit no neglect—no, nor endure a hair-breadth diminution of the respect I am entitled to exact from them."

"I am ready to leave your house's service this instant," said the domestic upon whom the fiend had been charged, "as soon as you order payment of my wages."

Sir Arthur, as if stung by a serpent, thrust his hand into his pocket, and hastily drew out the money which it contained, but which was short of the man's claim. "What money have you got, Miss Wardeur?" he said, in a tone of affected calmness, but which concealed violent agitation.

Miss Wardeur gave him her purse; he attempted to count the bank notes which it contained, but could not reckon them. After twice miscounting the sum, he threw the whole to his daughter, and saying, in a stern voice, "Pay the rascal, and let him leave the house instantly!" he strode out of the room.

The mistress and servant stood alike astonished at the agitation and vehemence of his manner.

"I am sure, ma'am, if I had thought I was particularly wrong, I would not have made any answer when Sir Arthur challenged me; I have been long in his service, and he has been a kind master, and you a kind mistress, and I would like if ye should think I was stout for a hasty word. I am sure it was very wrong of me to speak about wages to his honour, when maybe he has something to say to me. I had one thought of leaving the family in this way."

"Go down stairs, Robert," said his mistress—"something has happened to fret my father—go down stairs, and let Frank answer the bell."

When the man left the room, Sir Arthur re-entered, as if he had been watching his departure. "What's the meaning of this?" he said hastily, as he observed the notes lying still on the table—"Is he not gone? Am I mother to be stayed as a waiter or a father?"

"He is gone to give up his charge to the housekeeper, sir,—I thought there was not such instant haste."

"There is haste, Miss Worsley," answered her father, embracing her;—"What I do herewith in the house of my son-in-law, must be done speedily, or never."

He then sat down, and took up with a trembling hand the book of tea proposed for him, protesting the swallowing of it, as if to delay the necessity of opening the post-letters which lay on the table, and which he eyed from time to time, as if they had been a host of soldiers ready to start into life and spring upon him.

"You will be happy to hear," said Miss Worsley, willing to withdraw her father's mind from the gloomy reflections in which he appeared to be plunged, "you will be happy to hear, sir, that Lieutenant Tuffin's gun-brig has got safe into Lough Roads—I observe there had been apprehensions for his safety—I am glad we did not hear them till they were contradicted."

"And what is Tuffin and his gun-brig to me?"

"Sir?" said Miss Worsley in astonishment; for Sir Arthur, in his ordinary state of mind, took a filigree sort of interest in all the gossip of the day and country.

"I say," he repeated in a higher and still more impatient key, "what do I care who is saved or lost? It's nothing to me, I suppose?"

"I did not know you were busy, Sir Arthur, and thought, as Mr Tuffin is a brave man, and from our own country, you would be happy to hear"—

"Oh, I am happy—as happy as possible—and, to make you happy too, you shall have some of my good news in return." And he caught up a letter. "It does not signify which I open first—they are all to the same tune."

He broke the seal hastily, ran the letter over, and then threw

it to his daughter. "Ay—I could not have lighted more happily!—this places the expression."

Miss Wardour, in silent terror, took up the letter. "Read it—read it aloud!" said her father; "it cannot be read too often, it will serve to break you in for other good news of the same kind."

She began to read with a faltering voice, "Dear Sir,"

"He does me too, you see, this impudent drudge of a writer's office, who, a twelve-month since, was not fit company for my second table—I suppose I shall be 'dear Knight' with him by and by."

"Dear Sir," resumed Miss Wardour, but, interrupting herself, "I see the contents are unpleasant, sir—it will only vex you my reading them aloud."

"If you will allow me to know my own pleasure, Miss Wardour, I entreat you to go on—I promise, if it were innocently, I should not ask you to take the trouble."

"Having been of late taken into captivity," continued Miss Wardour, reading the letter, "by Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn, son of your late correspondent and son of business, George Greenhorn, Esq., writer to the agent, whose business I conducted as postmaster-house clerk for many years, which business will in future be carried on under the firm of Greenhorn and Grinderson (which I memorandum for the sake of accuracy in addressing your future letters), and having had of late forewarn of yours, directed to my abominable partner, Gilbert Greenhorn, in consequence of his absence at the Lombardian mace, have the honour to reply to your said forewarn."

"You see, my friend is methodical, and commences by explaining the circumstances which have procured me so modest and elegant a correspondent. Go on—I can bear it."

And he laughed that bitter laugh which is perhaps the most fearful expression of mental misery. Trembling to proceed, and yet afraid to desist, Miss Wardour continued to read—"I am for myself and partner, sorry we cannot oblige you by looking out for the cases you mention, or applying for a reputation in the case of Goldblinck's bond, which would be more immediately, as we have been employed to act as the said Goldblinck's procurators and attorneys, in which capacity we have taken out a charge of holding against you, as you must be aware by the schedule left by the messenger, for the sum of four thousand

seven hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings and sixpence one-fourth of a penny sterling, which, with interest and expenses owing, we presume will be settled during the currency of the charge, to prevent further trouble. Some time, I am under the necessity to clear up our own account, amounting to seven hundred and sixty-one pounds ten shillings and sixpence, which due, and settlement would be agreeable; but as we hold your rights, title-deeds, and documents in hypothec, shall have no objection to give reasonable time—say till the next money term. I am, for myself and partner, concerned to add, that Messrs. Goldschmidt's instructions to us are to proceed positively and otherwise, of which I have the pleasure to advise you, to prevent future mistake, reserving to ourselves otherwise to opt as we choose. I am, for self and partner, done at, your obliged humble servant, Gabriel Grinderson, for Greenhorn and Grinderson."

"Ungrateful villain!" said Miss Worslow.

"Why, no—it's in the usual rule, I suppose; the blow could not have been perfect if doubt by another hand—it's all just as it should be," answered the poor Barrow, his affected composure easily belied by his quivering lip and rolling eye—"But here's a paragraph I did not notice—come, thank the spirits."

"I have to add (not for self but partner) that Mr. Greenhorn will accommodate you by taking your service of photo, or the lay house, if sound as wind and truth, at a fair appreciation, in part payment of your account."

"G—d confound him!" said Sir Arthur, looking all around of himself at the condemning proposal: "his grandfather stole my father's house, and this descendant of a scoundrelly blacksmith proposes to entitle me out of mine! But I will write him a proper answer."

And he sat down and began to write with great vehemence, then stopped and read aloud—"Mr. Gabriel Grinderson,—in answer to two letters of a late date, I received a letter from a person calling himself Grinderson, and designing himself as your partner. When I address any one, I do not usually expect to be answered by deputy—I think I have been useful to your father, and finally and civil to yourself, and therefore am now surprised—And yet," said he, stopping short, "why should I be surprised at that or anything else? or why should I take up my time in writing to such a scoundrel?—I don't he always

kept in prison, I suppose; and to break that puppy's bones when I get out, shall be my first employment."

"In prison, sir?" said Miss Warburton, sharply.

"Ay, in prison to be sure. Do you make any question about that? Why, Mr. who's his name's fine letter for self and partner seems to be thrust away as poor, or else you have got four thousand or many hundred pounds, with the due proportion of shillings, pence, and half-pence, to pay that absurd demand, as he calls it."

"I, sir! O if I had the money!—But where's my brother!—why does he not come, and so long in Scotland! He might do something to assist us."

"Who, Reginald!—I suppose he's gone with Mr. Officer Greenhorn, or some such respectable person, to the Lancaster man—I have expected him this week past; but I cannot wonder that my children should neglect me as well as every other person. But I should beg your pardon, my love, who never either neglected or offended me in your life."

And kissing her cheek as she threw her arms round his neck, he experienced that consolation which a parent feels, even in the most distressed state, as the assurance that he possesses the affections of a child.

Miss Warburton took the advantage of this revulsion of feeling, to endeavour to smother her father's mind to compose. She reminded him that he had many friends.

"I had many once," said Sir Arthur, "but of some I have exhausted their kindness with my frantic projects; others are unable to assist me—others are unwilling. It is all over with me. I only hope Reginald will take example by my folly."

"Should I not send to Monkhouse, sir?" said his daughter.

"To what purpose? He cannot lend me such a sum, and would not if he could, for he knows I am otherwise drowned in debt; and he would only give me scraps of assistance and quiet ends of Latin."

"But he is clever and sensible, and was bred to business, said, I am sure, always loved this family."

"Yes, I believe he did. It is a fine man we are come to, when the affections of an Officer is of consequence to a Warburton! But when matters come to extremity, as I suppose they presently will—not may be as well to send for him. And now go take your walk, my dear—my mind is more composed than when I

had this named *Chalcopsea* to make. You know the worst, and may deny or heavily suspect it. Do take your walk—I would willingly be alone for a little while."

When Miss Warburton left the apartment, her first occupation was to avail herself of the half permission granted by her father, by despatching to Monkwearth the messenger, who, as we have already seen, met the Antiquary and his nephew on the morrow.

Leitha rocking, and indeed scarce knowing, where she was wandering, chance directed her into the walk beneath the Betsy Bank, as it was called. A brook, which in former days had supplied the neighbourhood with water, here descended through a narrow dell, up which Miss Warburton's taste had directed a natural path, which was rendered neat and easy of ascent, without the aid of being formally made and preserved. It suited well the character of the little place, which was overhung with thickets and underwood, chiefly of hawthorn and hazel, intermingled with the usual varieties of the thorn and holly. In this walk had passed that scene of explanation between Miss Warburton and Lovel which was overheard by old Elio Colchester. With a heart softened by the distress which approached her family, Miss Warburton now recalled every word and argument which Lovel had urged in support of his suit, and could not help confining to herself, it was no small subject of pride to have inspired a young man of his talents with a passion so strong and disinterested. That he should have left the pursuit of a profession in which he was said to be rapidly rising, to bury himself in a disagreeable place like *Frampston*, and lived over an unrequited passion, might be ridiculed by others as romantic, but was naturally forgiven as an excess of affection by the parents who was the object of his attachment. Had he possessed an independence, however moderate, or maintained a clear and undisputed claim to the rank in society he was well qualified to adorn, she might now have had it in her power to offer her father, during his confinement, an asylum in an establishment of her own. Those thoughts, so favourable to the absent lover, crowded in, one after the other, with such a minute recapitulation of his words, looks, and actions, so plainly indicated that his former apathy had been dictated rather by duty than inclination. Leitha was walking alternately upon this subject, and upon that of her father's confinement, when, as the path wound

round a little hillside covered with brush-wood, the old King-Grove suddenly met her.

With an air as if he had something important and mysterious to communicate, he closed his house, and assumed the serious step and voice of one who would not willingly be overruled. "I have been waiting awhile to meet wth your ladyship—for ye know I daresay come to the house for Dousterswivel."

"I heard indeed," said Miss Worslem, dropping on down into the house—"I heard that you had done a very foolish, if not a very bad thing, Edie—and I was sorry to hear it."

"Now, my honey lady—foolish! As the world's folk—and how should such Edie children be any wiser?—And for the evil—let them who deal wth Dousterswivel tell whether he got a grain wiser than his doerers."

"That may be true, Edie, and yet," said Miss Worslem, "you may have been very wrong."

"Well, well, we're no doers that doerers—it's about you. wth I'm gone to speak. Dye ye know what's hanging over the house of Knoddermark?"

"Great distress, I fear, Edie," answered Miss Worslem; "but I am surprised it is already so public."

"Public!—Everybody, the messenger, will be there the day wth of his trouble. I hear it from one of life's commentators, as they call them, that's warned to meet him, and they'll be about their work to-day, where they sleep, there needs not haste—they sleep close enough."

"Are you sure this bad hour, Edie, is as very near!—come, I know, it will."

"It's clear as I tell you, lady. But since he cast down—there's a hartse over your head here, as well as in that fearful night across the Hallyburghness and the Hallow-head. Dye think he, who refused the waters, came postest you against the wrath of men, though they be armed wth human authority?"

"It is indeed all we have to trust to."

"To trust him—ye mean him? when the night's darkest, the dawn's present. If I had a grain more, or could ride him when I had him, I reckon there wth he help yet. I trusted to his gaiter a cast wth the Royal Charlotte, but she's caught powder, it's like, at Kelling. There was a young gentleman on the box, and he believed to drive; and Tom Stag, that old

has such sense, he believed to let him, and the soft coquette couldn't talk the sense at the corner of the lip; and all he took the carbation, and left wheeled her as I had wheeled a team hitched—it was a luck I had got on the top of her. Now I came down sterner hope and despair, to see if ye wad send me on."

"And, Edie—where would ye go?" said the young lady.

"To Tharaburgh, my laddy" (which was the first stage from Fairport, but a good deal nearer to Keshmirenoch), "and that without delay—do'st' ye see your ain business."

"Our business, Edie? Alas! I give you all credit for your good meaning; but"—

"There's nae bus about it, my laddy, for gang I mean," said the persevering Blue-Gown.

"But what is it that you would do at Tharaburgh?—or how can your gang there benefit my father's affairs?"

"Indeed, my sweet laddy," said the galswain, "ye must just trust that bit secret to sell Edie's grey gown, and ask me questions about it. Certainly if I wad hae wared my life for you, yon night, I can hae me reason to play an ill phlegm eye in the day o' your distress."

"Well, Edie, follow me then," said Miss Warburton, "and I will try to get you sent to Tharaburgh."

"Nik hark! then, my bonny laddy—nik hark! for the loss o' goodness!"—and he continued to exhort her to expedition until they reached the Castle.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

Let them go on who will—I like to rest—
For, say he was a slave to rack and pain,
And all the writhings he is now divorced from
By the hard doom of these countrymen:
Yet it is sad to think he should have been,
When Vandy sold him for thirty red
O'er the deep waters of republican capital.

ONE PART.

When Miss Warburton arrived in the court of the Castle, she was surprised by the first glance that the walk of the officers of the law had already taken place. There was confusion, and

gleam and screen, and curiously among the domestics, while the remainder of the law went from place to place, making an inventory of the goods and chattels falling under their warrant of distress, or pointing, as it is called in the law of Scotland, Captain McIntyre flew to her, as, struck dumb with the melancholy revelation of her father's exile, she passed upon the threshold of the gateway.

"Dear Miss Warburton," he said, "do not make yourself uneasy, my uncle is coming immediately, and I am sure he will find some way to clear the house of those rascals."

"Alas! Captain McIntyre, I fear it will be too late."

"No," answered Edie, emphatically—"could I but get to Thornborough. In the name of Heaven, Captain, contrive some way to get me on, and you'll do this poor mother fairly the best day's doing that has been done there since Redhead's days—for as sure as I'm an old man come true, Knockcrook house and land will be lost and won this day."

"Why, what good can you do, old man?" said Hector.

But Robert, the domestic with whom Sir Arthur had been so much displeased in the morning, as if he had been watching for an opportunity to display his zeal, stepped hastily forward and said to his mistress, "If you please, ma'am, this old man, Obedience, is very steady and solid-hearted about every thing, as the domestic of ours and home, and so like, and I am sure he does want to be at Thornborough this day for nothing, else he looks on't this morn', and, if your ladyship please, I'll drive him there at the fastest-cut in an hour's time. I wad like to be of some use—I could hae my very tongue cut when I think on this morning."

"I am obliged to you, Robert," said Miss Warburton, "and if you really think it has the best chance of being useful"—

"In the name of God," said the old man, "yaise the cart, Edie, and if I am so o' some use, less or more, I'll gie ye leave to fling me over Edinburgh as ye come back again. But, O man, haste ye, for time's precious this day."

Robert looked at his mistress as she retired into the house, and seeing he was not prohibited, flew to the stable-yard, which was adjacent to the court, in order to yoke the carriage, for, though an old beggar was the personage least likely to render efficient assistance in a case of pecuniary distress, yet there was among the common people of Edie's circle, a general idea of his

prudence and sagacity, which authorised Robert's conclusion that he would not so readily have urged the necessity of this expedition had he not been convinced of its utility. But so soon as the serpent took hold of a horse to harness him for the campaign, an officer touched him on the shoulder—"My friend, you must let that beast alone—he's down to the saddle!"

"What!" said Robert, "am I not to take my master's horse to go my young lady's errand?"

"You must reserve nothing here," said the man of office, "or you will be liable for all consequences."

"What the devil, sir," said Hector, who having followed to examine Odette's case closely on the nature of his legs and cyanothene, already began to bridle like one of the barons of his own native mountains, and sought but a decent pretext for stating his displeasure, "have you the impudence to prevent the young lady's errand from staying her errand?"

There was something in the air and tone of the young soldier, which seemed to argue that his interference was not likely to be confined to mere expostulation; and which, if it possessed finally the advantages of a promise of battery and delinquency, would certainly commence with the unpleasant circumstances necessary for founding such a complaint. The legal officer, contrasted with him of the military, grasped with one doubtful hand the greasy halberd which was to enforce his authority, and with the other produced his short official hat, tipped with silver, and having a movable ring upon it—"Captain M'Intosh,—Sir, I have no quarrel with you,—but if you interrupt me in my duty, I will break the wand of peace, and declare myself delivered."

"And who the devil were," said Hector, totally ignorant of the words of judicial action, "whether you declare yourself divorced or married? And as to breaking your wand, or breaking the peace, or whatever you call it, all I know is, that I will break your bones if you prevent the lady from leaving the house to obey her mistress's orders."

"I take all who stand here to witness," said the messenger, "that I showed him my license, and explained my character. He that will to Caper mean to Caper,"—and he slid his ring-matted ring from one end of the lance to the other, being the

appropriate symbol of his having been finally interrupted in the discharge of his duty.

Robert Hector, better accustomed to the artillery of the field than to that of the law, saw this mystical ceremony with great indifference, and with like indifference beheld the messenger sit down to write out an exemption of delinquency. But at this moment, to prevent the well-aiming hot-headed Highlander from making the risk of a severe penalty, the Antiquary smiled, putting and blowing, with his handsomelike countenance under his hat, and his wig upon the end of his stick.

"What the deuce is the matter here?" he exclaimed, hastily adjusting his head-gear, "I have been following you to den of hailing your wife's loggishness knuckled against our rule or other, and here I find you parted with your *thoroughness*, and quarrelling with *forewitness*. A messenger, Hector, is a worse foe than a plow, whether it be the plow before, or the plow behind of your late conflict."

"D—n the plow, sir," said Hector, "whether it be the one or the other—I say d—n them both particularly! I think you would not have me stand quietly by and see a scoundrel like this, because he calls himself a king's messenger, throwed—I hope the king has many better for his personal service!—hurl a young lady of family and fortune like Miss Waverley!"

"Rightly signed, Hector," said the Antiquary; "but the king, like other people, has now and then shabby errands, and, in your case, must have shabby fellows to do them. But even supposing you unacquainted with the statutes of William, the Lion, in which *exile* parts were given, the crime of delinquency is termed *disputat* *David* *Reynolds*, *reynolds*, to wit, of the king himself, in whose name all legal offence issues,—could you not have inferred, from the information I took so much pains to give you to-day, that those who interrupt officers who come to execute letters of caprice, are *treason* perhaps *criminal* rebellion? saying that he who aids a rebel, is himself, *quodammodo*, an accessory to rebellion.—But I'll bring you out of this scrape."

He then spoke to the messenger, who, upon his arrival, had had none of thoughts of making a good by-job out of the delinquency, and accepted Mr. Gifford's assurance that the horse and hired-car should be safely returned in the course of ten or three hours.

"Very well, sir," said the Antiquary, "since you are disposed to be so strict, you shall have another job at your own best way—a little out of state politics—a crime punishable per Legem Julem, Mr. Spongden—(flour this letter)"

And after a whisper of five minutes, he gave him a slip of paper, on receiving which, the messenger mounted his horse, and, with one of his associates, rode away pretty sharply. The Editor who seemed anxious to delay his opinions purposely, proceeded in the rest of his duty very slowly, and with the caution and precision of one who feels himself overruled by a skilful and more respectable.

In the meantime, Oldbuck, taking his nephew by the arm, led him into the house, and they were ushered into the presence of Sir Arthur Warburton, who, in a dinner between wounded pride, agonised apprehension, and vain attempts to disguise both under a show of indifference, exhibited a spectacle of painful interest.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Oldbuck—always happy to see my friends in his warlike or fool," said the poor Baronet, struggling not for compassion, but for pity—in affection which was strongly contrasted by the nervous and protracted grasp of his hand, and the agitation of his whole demeanour—"I am happy to see you. You are joking, I see—I hope in that confusion your horses are taken good care of—I always like to have my friend's horses looked after—Equal! they will have all my own care, for you see they are like to have no more of my own—he! he! he! oh, Mr. Oldbuck!"

This attempt at a jest was attended by a hysterical giggle, which poor Sir Arthur intended should sound as an indifferent laugh.

"You know I never ride, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary.

"I beg your pardon; but now I saw your nephew arrive on horseback a short time since. We must look after officers' horses, and his was as handsome a grey charger as I have seen."

Sir Arthur was about to ring the bell, when Mr. Oldbuck said, "My nephew came on your own grey horse, Sir Arthur."

"Mine!" said the poor Baronet; "mine was it! then the sun had been in my eye. Well, I'm not worthy having a horse any longer, now I don't know my own when I see him."

"Good Heaven!" thought Oldbuck, "here is the man altered.

show the formal stability of his usual manner!—he grows wistful under adversity—*but* persists with *figure*.”—He then proceeded aloud—“Sir Arthur, we must necessarily speak a little on business.”

“To be sure,” said Sir Arthur; “but it was so good that I should not leave the house I have ridden these five years—ha! ha! ha!”

“Sir Arthur,” said the Antiquary, “don’t let us waste time which is precious; we shall have, I hope, many better reasons for leaving—deeper in fact is the malice of Horace. I now thus suspect this has been brought on by the villany of Donatocervel.”

“Don’t mention his name, sir!” said Sir Arthur; and his manner entirely changed from a flattered affection of gaiety to all the agonies of fury; his eyes sparkled, his muscles trembled, his hands were clenched—“Don’t mention his name, sir,” he roared, “unless you would see me go mad in your presence! That I should have been such a miserable doer—such an infatuated idiot—such a heart endowed with three a heart’s stupidity, to be led and driven and spurned by such a man, and under such ridiculous pretences!—Mr. Oldbuck, I could tear myself when I think of it.”

“I only meant to say,” answered the Antiquary, “that this fellow is like to meet his reward, and I cannot but think we shall frighten something out of him that may be of service to you. He has certainly had some unwholesome correspondence on the other side of the water.”

“Has he?—has he?—has he indeed?—then d—n the household goods, horses, and so forth—I will go to grasp a happy man, Mr. Oldbuck. I hope in heaven there’s a reasonable chance of his being hanged!”

“Why, pretty fair,” said Oldbuck, willing to encourage this diversion, in hopes it might mitigate the feelings which seemed like to overcast the poor man’s understanding: “sometime men have stretched a rope, as the law has been easily altered—But this unhappy business of yours—can nothing be done? Let us see the charge.”

He took the papers; and, as he read them, his countenance grew hopelessly dark and disconsolate. Miss Wardour had by this time entered the apartment, and fixing her eyes on Mr. Oldbuck, as if she meant to read her fate in his looks, easily

perceived, from the change in his eye, and the dropping of his under-jaw, how little was to be hoped.

"We are then immediately raised, Mr. Oldback?" said the young lady.

"Irretrievably!—I hope not—but the instant demand is very large, and others will, doubtless, pour in."

"Ay, never doubt that, Monsieur," said Sir Arthur; "where the slaughter is, the eagles will be gathered together. I am like a sheep which I have seen fall down a precipice, or drop down from a narrow—if you had not seen a single man or hooded crow for a fortnight before, he will not be on the heather ten minutes before half-a-dozen will be picking out his eyes (and he drew his hand over his own), and tearing at his backstraps before the poor devil has time to die. But that I—d long-eared vultures that dogged me so long—you have got him fast, I hope?"

"Fast enough," said the Antiquary; "the gentleman wished to take the fringe of the morning, and both in the wind & eye will fly—the coach and four there. But he would have found time lined for him at Edinburgh. As it is, he never got so far, for the coach being overladen—as how could it go with such a Jewk!—he has had an infernal tumble, is carried into a cottage near Kilsling, and to prevent all possibility of escape, I have sent your friend Hunscombe to bring him back to Fairport in a coach and four, or to act as his sick-nurse at Kilsling, as he most liking. And now, Sir Arthur, permit me to have some conversation with you on the present unpleasant state of your affairs, that we may see what can be done for their mitigation;" and the Antiquary led the way into the library, followed by the unfortunate gentleman.

They had been shut up together for about two hours, when Miss Wardour interrupted them with her cloak on as if prepared for a journey. Her countenance was very pale, yet expressive of the composure which characterised her disposition.

"The messenger is returned, Mr. Oldback."

"Returned!—What the devil! he has not let the fellow go?"

"No—I understood he has carried him to confinement, and now he is returned to attend my father, and says he can wait no longer."

A loud wrangling was now heard on the staircase, in which the voice of Hector predominated. "You an officer, sir, and

these rascals as a party! a parcel of beggarly tailor fellows—tell yourselves off by nine, and we shall know your effective strength."

The growling voice of the man of law was then heard indistinctly uttering a reply, to which Hector retorted:—"Come, come, sir, this won't do;—march your party, as you call them, out of this house directly, or I'll send you and them to the right about presently."

"The devil take Hector," said the Antiquary, hastening to the scene of action; "his Highland blood is up again, and we shall have him fighting a duel with the devil! Come, Mr. Suspicious, you must give us a little time—I know you would not wish to leave Sir Arthur."

"By no means, sir," said the messenger, putting his hat off, which he had thrown on to testify defiance of Captain Hattley's threats; "but your nephew, sir, holds very unwell language, and I have borne too much of it already; and I am not justified in leaving my prisoner any longer after the instructions I received, unless I am to get payment of the same contained in my diligence." And he held out the copion, pointing with the sword truncheon, which he held in his right hand, to the formidable line of figures jotted upon the back thereof.

Hector, on the other hand, though silent from respect to his uncle, answered this posture by shaking his clenched fist at the messenger with a flow of Highland words.

"Foolish boy, be quiet," said Oldback, "and come with me into the room—the man is doing his reasonable duty, and you will only make matters worse by opposing him.—I fear, Sir Arthur, you must accompany this man to Falmouth; there is no help for it in the first instance—I will accompany you, to consult what further can be done.—My nephew will escort Miss Worsley to Manchester, which I hope she will make her residence until these unpleasant matters are settled."

"I go with my father, Mr. Oldback," said Miss Worsley firmly—"I have prepared his clothes and my own—I suppose we shall have the use of the carriage!"

"Anything is reason, madam," said the messenger, "I have ordered it out, and it's at the door—I will go on the box with the coachman—I have no desire to intrude—but two of the gentlemen must attend us homeward."

"I will stand too," said Hector, and he ran down to secure a horse for himself.

"We must go then," said the Antiquary.

"To jail," said the Baronet, sighing ironically. "And what of that?" he resumed, in a tone affectingly cheerful—"it is only a house we can't get out of, after all—Suppose a bit of the post, and Kanczelschick would be the same—*dy, dy, Kanczelschick*—well call it a bit of the post without the *di-dy post*."

But his eyes swelled with tears as he spoke, and his faltering accent marked how much this scorned gaiety cost him. The Antiquary wrung his hand, and, like the Indian Baronet, who draws the real terms of an important bargain by signs, while they are apparently talking of indifferent matters, the hand of Sir Arthur, by its convulsive return of the grasp, expressed his sense of gratitude to his friend, and the real state of his internal agony.—They stopped slowly down the magnificent staircase—every well-known object seeming to the unfortunate father and daughter to assume a more prominent and distinct appearance than usual, as if to press themselves on their notice for the last time.

At the first landing-place, Sir Arthur made an agitated pause; and as he observed the Antiquary look at him anxiously, he said with scorned dignity—"Yes, Mr. Oldbuck, the descendant of an ancient line—the representative of Richard Roeham and Gonsalvo de Gonsalvo, may be pardoned a sigh when he leaves the circle of his fathers thus poorly escorted. When I was sent to the Tower with my late father, in the year 1745, it was upon a charge branding our birth—upon an accusation of high treason, Mr. Oldbuck;—we were escorted from Highgate by a troop of Huguards, and committed upon a secretary of state's warrant; and now, here I am, in my old age, dragged from my household by a miserable creature like this" (pointing to the messenger), "and for a paltry concern of pounds, shillings, and pence."

"At least," said Oldbuck, "you have now the company of a devoted daughter, and a sincere friend, if you will permit me to say so, and that may be some consolation, even without the certainty that there can be no hanging, drawing, or quartering, on the present occasion. But I hear that cholera boy is dead.

an error. I hope to God he has got into an even level—it was an accident chance that brought him here at all."

In fact, a sudden chance, in which the loud voice and somewhat northern accent of Hector was again prominently distinguished, broke off this conversation. The scene we must refer to the next chapter.

CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.

*Peace, you say, the first sacrifice that strikes,
Like the first an-herd round the dark's sick—
Lost in the first war moment, and the rest
Feeling the white sail with her windy wing,
As if to court the air—Exposure waits,
And has her on the wheel—*

—GUY RICE.

THE shout of triumph in Hector's warlike tones was not easily distinguished from that of battle. But as he rushed up stairs with a packet in his hand, exclaiming, "Long life to an old soldier! here comes Elbe with a whole bagful of good news!" it became obvious that his present crisis of danger was of an agreeable nature. He delivered the letter to Clifford, shook Sir Arthur heartily by the hand, and wished Mr Worsley joy, with all the frankness of Highland congratulation. The messenger, who had a look of instinctive terror for Captain McIntyre, drew towards his premier, keeping an eye of caution on the soldier's motions.

"Don't suppose I shall trouble myself about you, you dirty fellow," said the soldier; "there's a pension for the fight I have given you; and here comes an old forty-two man, who is a drier snail for you than I am."

The messenger (one of those dogs who are not too storied to eat dirty puddings) caught in his hand the glass which Hector checked at his face; and shook wildly and carelessly the turn which matters were now to take. All voices ceased while were lost in inquiry, which no one was in a hurry to answer.

"What is the matter, Captain McIntyre?" said Sir Arthur.

"Ask old Edie," said Hector;—"I only know old men and well."

"What is all this, Edie?" said Miss Wether to the man-servant.

"Your ladyship means old Munkhouse, for he has gotten the reputatary correspondence."

"That were the long!" exclaimed the Antiquary at the first glance at the contents of his packet, and, surprised at once out of decorum, philosophy, and phlegm, he dismissed his coat-labret in the air, from which it descended not again, being caught in its fall by a branch of the chandelier. His next, looking joyously round, laid a grasp on his wig, which he perhaps would have cast after the house, had not Edie stopped his hand, exclaiming "Lorlards! he's gone gyre!—and Darn's no here to repair the damage."

Every person now smothered the Antiquary, desirous to know the cause of so sudden a transport; when, somewhat ashamed of his rage, he flurly turned tail, like a fox at the cry of a pack of hounds, and ascending the stairs by two steps at a time, gained the upper landing-place, where, turning round, he addressed the astonished audience as follows:—

"My good friends, *vous savez*—To give you information, I must first, according to logicians, be possessed of it myself; and, therefore, with your leave, I will open now the library to examine these papers—for Arthur and Miss Wether will have the goodness to step into the parlour—Mr. Swenson, send post-boy, or, in your own language, grant us a suspension of diligence for five minutes—Hector, draw off your sword, and order your long-gardes flourish themselves—and, finally, be all of good cheer till my return, which will be instant."

The contents of the packet were looked on with expected, that the Antiquary might be pardoned, first his apology, and next his excuse of delaying to communicate the intelligence they conveyed, until it was arranged and digested in his own mind.

Within the envelope was a letter addressed to Jonathan Oldbeck, Esq. of Munkhouse, of the following purport:—

"DEAR SIR,—To you, as my father's pored and valued friend, I venture to address myself, being detained here by military duty of a very pressing nature. You meet by this time in

unpleasant with the entangled state of my affairs; and I know it will give you great pleasure to learn, that I am so fortunately as unexpectedly placed in a situation to give effectual assistance for extricating them. I understand Sir Arthur is threatened with serious measures by persons who acted formerly as his agents; and, by advice of a creditable man of business here, I have procured the enclosed writing, which I understand will stop their proceedings until their claim shall be legally discussed, and brought down to its proper amount. I also enclose bills to the amount of one thousand pounds to pay my other pressing demands, and request of your friendship to apply them, according to your discretion. You will be surprised I give you this trouble, when it would seem more natural to address my father directly in his own affairs. But I have yet had no assurance that his eyes are opened to the character of a person against whom you have often, I know, warned him, and whose baneful influence has been the occasion of those distresses. And as I run the chance of referring Sir Arthur to the generosity of a matchless friend, it is my duty to take the most certain measures for the supplies being devoted to the purposes for which they were destined,—and I know your wisdom and kindness will see that it is done. My friend, as he claims an interest in your regard, will explain some views of his own in the enclosed letter. The state of the post-office at Edinburgh being rather notorious, I must send this letter to Tainmouth; but the old man Colclough, whom particular circumstances have recommended as trustworthy, has information when the packet is likely to reach that place, and will take care to forward it. I expect to have soon an opportunity to apologise in person for the trouble I now give, and have the honour to be your very faithful servant,

“*EDMUND GARDNER WARDROB.*”

“*Edinburgh, 6th August, 1779.—*”

The Antiquary hardly broke the seal of the enclosure, the contents of which gave him equal surprise and pleasure. When he had in some measure composed himself after such unexpected tidings, he inspected the other papers carefully, which all related to business—put the bills into his pocket-book, and wrote a short acknowledgment to be despatched by that day's post, for he was extremely methodical in money matters—and lastly,

brought with all the importance of dispatch, he descended to the parlour.

"Scoundrel," said he, as he entered, to the officer who stood respectfully in the door, "you must sweep yourself down out of Knodensmuck Castle, with all your followers, lagging and belated. See to that this paper, man!"

"A not on a hill o' suspension," said the messenger, with a disappointed look;—"I thought it would be a queer thing if ultimate diligence was to be done against sir a gentleman as Sir Arthur—Well, sir, I've got my ways with my party—And who's to pay my charges?"

"They who employed thee," replied Oldbeck, "as thou fell well dost know—but here comes another express: this is a day of news, I think."

This was Mr. Maffetier on his mare from Fairport, with a letter for Sir Arthur, another to the messenger, both of which, he said, he was directed to forward instantly. The messenger opened his, observing that Greenhorn and Grindemon were good enough men for his expenses, and here was a letter from them desiring him to stop the diligence. Accordingly, he immediately left the apartment, and staying no longer than to gather his paws together, he did this, in the phrase of Hooker, who regarded his departure as a jealous snuff upon the retreat of a repulsed beggar, evocate Pandora.

Sir Arthur's letter was from Mr. Greenhorn, and a civility in its way. We give it, with the worthy Baronet's comments.

"Sir—[Oh! I am done sir no longer; folks are only done to Messrs Greenhorn and Grindemon when they are in adversity]—Sir, I am much concerned to learn, on my return from the country, where I was called on particular business [a bit on the suspension, I suppose], that my partner had the impolicy, in my absence, to violate the concerns of Messrs Goldsmiths in preference to yours, and had written to you in an embarrassing manner. I beg to make my most humble apology, as well as Mr. Goldsmiths's—[come, I am to see write for himself and partner too]—and trust it is impossible you can think me forgetful of, or ungrateful for, the constant patronage which my family [his family] owes him for a penny [I have uniformly experienced from that of Knodensmuck. I am sorry to find, from an interview I had this day with Mr. Wadour, that he

is much irritated, and, I must own, with apparent reason. But in order to remedy as much as he can his mistake of which he complains (greatly mistakes, indeed! to slap his patron into jail), I have sent this express to discharge all proceedings against your person or property, and at the same time to transmit my respectful apology. I have only to add, that Mr. Greenhorn is of opinion, that if restored to your confidence, he could point out circumstances connected with Messrs. Goldschmidt's present claim which would greatly reduce its amount [so, as, willing to play the rogue on either side], and that there is not the slightest hazard in settling the balance of your account with us; and that I am, for Mr. G. as well as myself, Dear Sir [O say, he has written himself into an approach to sanctity], your much obliged and most humble servant,

"OSBERT GREENHORN."

"Well said, Mr. Osbert Greenhorn," said Monkhouse. "I see now there is some use in having two attorneys in one firm. Their movements resemble those of the men and women in a Dutch holy-house. When it is fair weather with the client, out comes the gentleman, partner to firm like a spigot; when it is foul, forth bolts the operative brother to pull like a bull dog. Well, I thank God that my man of business still wears an experienced cooked hat, has a house in the Old Town, is as much afraid of a horse as I am myself, plays at golf on a Saturday, goes to the bank on a Sunday, and, in respect he has no partner, looks only his own folly to apologise for."

"There are some wretches very honest fellows," said Hector; "I should like to hear any one say that my uncle, Donald McIntyre, Scotchman's seventh son (the other six are in the army), is not as honest a fellow!"

"No doubt, no doubt, Hector, all the McIntyres are so; they have it by patent, man.—But I was going to say, that in a profession where unbounded trust is necessarily required, there is nothing surprising that fools should suspect it in their allusions, and withers them at in their hurry. But it is the more to the honour of those (and I will vouch for many) who waste no taggity with skill and attention, and walk honestly upright where there are so many pitfalls and stumbling-blocks for those of a different character. To such men their fellow allusions may safely extend the use of protecting their patrimonial rights,

and their country the more sacred charge of her love and privileges."

"They are beat off, however, that has least to do with them," said Calphurn, who had stretched her neck into the parlour door; for the general confusion of the family not having yet subsided, the domestics, like waves after the fall of a hurricane, had not yet exactly regained their due haunts, but were roaming wildly through the house.

"Alas, old Tinspenny, art thou there?" said the Antiquary. "For Arthur, let me bring in the messenger of good luck, though he is but a lame one. You talked of the news that awaited out the slaughter from afar; but here's a blue paper (presentation of the oldest and toughest, I guess) who smothered the good news out or even, miles off, flew stinkier in the head-cart, and returned with the alive launch."

"Ye owe it all to poor Robert that drives me;—poor fellow," said the beggar, "he looks half as disagreeable as my lady and the Arthur."

Robert's repeated and hostile face was seen over the post-chaise's shoulder.

"In disgrace with me?" said the Arthur—"how so?"—for the irritation into which he had worked himself on occasion of the feast had been long forgotten. "O, I recollect—Robert, I was angry, and you were wrong;—go about your work, and never answer a master that speaks to you in a passion."

"Nor say you else," said the Antiquary, "for a soft answer turneth away wrath."

"And tell your mother, who is so ill with the rheumatism, to come down to the breakfast-table to-morrow," said Miss Worsley, "and we will see what can be of service to her."

"God bless your ladyship," said poor Robert, "and his honour the Arthur, and the young lord, and the house of Knockvaneach as of its branches, far and near;—We been a while and gude house to the pair the many hundred years."

"There!"—said the Antiquary to the Arthur—"we won't dispute—but there you see the gratitude of the poor people naturally turns to the civil virtues of your family. You don't hear them talk of Highland, or Hibernian-Harmon. For me, I must say, Oh, anywhere you anger me in words—no let us sit and drink in peace, and be joyful, the Knight."

A table was quickly covered in the parlour, where the party

and joyously down to some refreshment. At the request of Oldbuck, Edith Cockburn was permitted to sit by the sideboard in a great leather chair, which was placed at some measure behind a screen.

"I occupy to this the more readily," said Sir Arthur, "because I remember in my father's days that chair was occupied by Abbis Gowerley, who, for aught I know, was the last privileged fool, or jester, maintained by any family of distinction in Scotland."

"Awed, Sir Arthur," replied the beggar, who never hesitated an instant between his friend and his jest, "may a wise man sit in a fool's seat, and may a fool sit in a wise man's, especially in families of distinction."

Miss Worslow, fearing the effect of this speech (considered worthy of Abbis Gowerley, or any other privileged jester) upon the nerves of her father, hastened to inquire whether she and her maid should not be distributed to the servants and people whom the town had assembled round the Castle.

"Surely, my love," said her father; "when was it ever otherwise in our families when a sleep had been raised?"

"Ay, a sleep laid by Saunders Sweepstone the bailiff, and raised by Edith Cockburn the gaberlunzie, *per nobis fratres*," said Oldbuck, "and well pitted against each other in respectability. But never mind, Sir Arthur—there are such sleeps and such rebuffs as our time of day admits of—and our escape is not less worth commemorating in a glass of this excellent wine—Upon my credit, it is Burgundy, I think."

"Were there anything better in the cellar," said Miss Worslow, "it would be all too little to repay you after your friendly asperities."

"Say you so?" said the Antiquary: "why, then, a cup of thanks to you, my fair niece, and soon may you be benighted as ladies love best to be, and age terms of expiation in the chapel of Saint Winton!"

Miss Worslow blushed—Hector advanced, and then gave yells.

Sir Arthur corrected, "My daughter is much obliged to you, Macpherson; but unless you'll exempt her yourself, I really do not know where a poor knight's daughter is to seek for an allowance in these necessary times."

"Ma, mean ye, Sir Arthur? No, not I! I will claim the

privilege of the duello, and, as being unable to encounter my dear enemy myself, I will appear by my champion—but of this matter hereafter. What do you find in the paper there, Hector, that you hold your hand down over them, as if your nose were bleeding?”

“Nothing particular, sir; but only that, as my arm is now almost quite well, I think I shall relieve you of my company in a day or two, and go to Edinburgh. I see Major Neville is arrived there. I should like to see him.”

“Major whom?” said his uncle.

“Major Neville, sir,” answered the young soldier.

“And who the devil is Major Neville?” demanded the Anti-
quary.

“O, Mr. Oldbuck,” said Sir Arthur, “you must remember his name frequently in the newspapers—a very distinguished young officer indeed. But I am happy to say that Mr. M’Intyre need not have Blackheath to see him, for my son writes that the Major is to come with him to Knockwinnich, and I need not say how happy I shall be to make the young gentlemen acquainted,—unless, indeed, they are known to each other already.”

“No, not personally,” answered Hector, “but I have had occasion to hear a good deal of him, and we have several mutual friends—your son being one of them. But I must go to Edinburgh; for I see my uncle is beginning to grow tired of me, and I am afraid!”

“That you will grow tired of him?” interrupted Oldbuck,—“I fear that’s just praying for. But you have forgotten that the autumn twelfth of August approaches, and that you are engaged to meet one of Lord Glenelg’s gamekeepers, God knows where, to prosecute the powerful balladist, *crumple*.”

“True, true, uncle—I had forgot that,” exclaimed the volatile Hector; “but you said something just now that put everything out of my head.”

“As it fits your honour,” said old Effe, shaking his white head from behind the screen, where he had been placidly reading himself with ale and red meat,—“as it fits your honour, I can tell ye something that will keep the Captain wif as quiet as well as the potting—How ye an the French are coming?”

“The French, you Blackhead?” answered Oldbuck,—“Bah!”

"I have not had time," said Sir Arthur Weylton, "to look over my Parliamentary correspondence for the week—indeed, I generally make a rule to read it only on Wednesdays, except in pressing cases,—for I do everything by method; but from the gloves I took of my letters, I observed some share was retained."

"Alarm!" said Edie, "truly there's alarm, for the protest's got'd the beacon light on the Blackhead be sorted up (that sail has been sorted half a year since) in an uncommon hurry, and the council has agreed now how a man then said Caxon himself to watch the lights. Some say it was not a compliment to Lieutenant Tuffin,—for it's next to certain that he'll marry Jenny Caxon,—some say it's to please your honour and Murdstone that wear wigs,—and some say there's some wild story about a private that one of the buffies got and never paid for.—Oggywig, there he is, sitting cockit up like a shark upon the top of the quay, to stir when foul weather comes."

"On what heaven, a pretty wonder," said Murdstone; "and what's my wig to do all the while?"

"I asked Caxon that very question," answered Goldtree, "and he said he could look in the morning and give a touch afore he paid to his bed, for there's another man to watch in the day-time, and Caxon says he'll fix your honour's wig as well sleeping as waking."

This scene gave a different turn to the conversation, which ran upon national duties, and the duty of fighting for the land we live in, until it was time to part. The Antiquary and his nephew returned their walk homeward, after parting from Knodwanch with the warmest expressions of mutual regard, and an agreement to meet again as soon as possible.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR.

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her :
 Still I look pale because the maiden blames me !
 Or sigh because she smiles, and smiles on others !
 Not I, by Heaven !—I told my passion true first,
 To let it, join the poison upon her cup,
 Strike at such and that her cupless death denote.

Othello.

"Barrow," said his uncle to Captain McIntyre, in the course of their walk homeward, "I am sometimes inclined to suspect that, in one respect, you are a fool."

"If you only think me so in one respect, sir, I am sure you do me more grace than I suspected or deserve."

"I mean in one particular *per excellence*," answered the antiquary. "I have sometimes thought that you have cast your eyes upon Miss Warden."

"Well, sir," said McIntyre, with much composure,

"Well, sir," echoed his uncle—"Doesn't she the fellow I ho answers me as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world, that he, a captain in the army, and nothing at all besides, should marry the daughter of a baronet?"

"I presume to think, sir," said the young Highlander, "there would be no degradation in Miss Warden's part in point of family."

"O, Barrow, should we should come on that topic!—No, no, equal both,—both on the tableland of grandeur, and qualified to look down on every inferior in Scotland."

"And in point of fortune we are pretty even, more neither of us have got any," continued Barrow. "There may be an error, but I cannot plead guilty to presumption."

"But here lies the error, then, if you call it so," replied his uncle. "she won't have you, Hector."

"Indeed, sir?"

"It is very sure, Hector; and to make it double sure, I must inform you that she likes another man. She remembered some words I once said to her, and I have since been able to guess at the interpretation she put on them. At the time I was unable to account for her hesitation and

blinking; but, my poor Hector, I now understand them as a death-signal to your hopes and passions. So I advise you to beat your retreat and draw off your forces as well as you can, for the fort is too well garrisoned for you to storm it."

"I have no occasion to beat my retreat, uncle," said Hector, holding himself very upright, and marching with a sort of dogged and offended solemnity; "no man needs to retreat that has never advanced. There are women in Scotland besides Miss Warburton, of no good family!"—

"And better taste," said his uncle, "doubtless there are, Hector; and though I cannot say but that she is one of the most accomplished as well as amiable girls I have seen, yet I doubt much of her merit would be met away on you. A stony figure, now, with two cross feathers above her nozzles—cross-grain, one blue; who would wear a riding habit of the republican complexion, drive a gig one day, and the next scotch the regiment as the grey trotting pony which dragged that vehicle, her seat in vogue,—these are the qualities that would seduce you, especially if she had a taste for natural history, and loved a specimen of a pheasant."

"It's a little hard, sir," said Hector, "I must have that sword and thrown into my face on all occasions—but I cry little about it—and I shall not break my heart for Miss Warburton. She is free to choose for herself, and I wish her all happiness."

"Magnanimously resolved, then, my boy of Troy! Why, Hector, I was afraid of a scene. Your sister told me you were desperately in love with Miss Warburton."

"Sir," answered the young man, "you would not have me desperately in love with a woman that does not care about me!"

"Well, nephew," said the Antiquary, more seriously, "there is doubtless much sense in what you say; yet I would have given a good deal, more twenty or twenty-five years since, to have been able to thank as you do."

"Anybody, I suppose, may think as they please on such subjects," said Hector.

"Not according to the old school," said Oldback; "but, as I said before, the practice of the modern school in this case the most protested, though, I think, scarcely the most interesting. But tell me, your ideas are on this prevailing subject of an invasion. The cry is still, *They come*."

Hector, following his mortification, which he was peculiarly sensitive to, derived from his uncle's assumed observation, readily entered into a conversation which was to him, the Antiquary's thoughts from Miss Warden and the seal. When they reached Monkham, the conversation led to the ladies the route which had taken place at the castle, with the minute-information of how long Jasper had waited before the woman-kind had ventured to set it in the Antiquary's shew, created those delicate topics of discussion.

The next morning the Antiquary arose early, and, as Clara had not yet made his appearance, he began mentally to feel the absence of the petty news and small talk of which the antiquary was a faithful reporter, and which habit had made so necessary to the Antiquary as his occasional pinch of snuff, although he held, or affected to hold, both to be of the same intrinsic value. The feeling of vacuity peculiar to such a deprivation, was alleviated by the appearance of old Osbourn, sanctioning beside the clipped jaw and baldy baldies, with the air of a person quite at home. Indeed, as familiar had he been of late, that even Jane did not bark at him, but contented herself with watching him with a close and vigilant eye. Our Antiquary stopped not in his night-gown, and instantly returned and returned his greeting.

"They are coming now, in good earnest, Monkham. I just can find Fitzpott to bring ye the news, and then I'll stop away back again. The Search has just come into the bay, and they say she's been chased by a French fleet."

"The Search?" said Osbourn, reflecting a moment. "Oho!"

"Ay, ay, Captain Taffel's gun-boat, the Search."

"What! my relative to Search, No. II?" said Osbourn, catching at the sight which the name of the vessel seemed to throw on the mysterious chest of treasure.

The merchant, like a man detected in a frolic, put his hand to his face, yet could not help laughing heartily—

"The debt is you, Monkham, for putting odds and even more. Who thought ye was has had that odd last September! Oh, I am clean catch'd now."

"I see it all," said Osbourn, "as plain as the legend on a shield of high preservation—the lion in which the battle was fought belonged to the gun-boat, and the treasure to my

phonic?" (Ella nodded assent),—"and was buried there that Sir Arthur might receive relief in his difficulties?"

"By me," said Ella, "and ten o' the best men—but they didn't have no coffins, and thought it wose to wrapp'nng covers o' the Captain's. I watched day and night till I saw it in the right hand, and then, when that German devil was glowering at the lid o' the box (they liked motion well that faked where the yove lay), I took some Scottish dows put it into my head to play him yoe other cousing. Now, ye see, if I had had mair or less o' Jaffe Lettington, I believed till now some oot o' o' the story; and woud Mr. Lovel has been to have it brought to light—was I thought I woud stand to anything rather than that?"

"I must say he has chosen his confidant well," said Oldbeck, "though somewhat strongly."

"I'll say this for myself, Mackinnan," answered the merchant, "that I was the fittest man in the hull country to trust w' ails, for I neither want it, nor wish for it, nor could use it if I had it. But the holl hadnae muckle choice in the matter, for he thought he was leaving the country for ever (I trust he's mistaken in that thought); and the night was set in when we learned, by a strange chance, Sir Arthur's sair distress, and Lovel was obliged to be on hand as the day dawned. But five nights afterwards the bag stood into the bay, and I met the boat by appointment, and we buried the treasure where ye find it."

"This was a very romantic, foolish exploit," said Oldbeck; "why not trust me, or any other friend?"

"The blood o' your sister's son," replied Ella, "was on his hands, and him maybe dead outright—what tane had he to take counsel?—or how could he ask it o' you, by anybody?"

"You are right. But what if Deontoverred had come before you?"

"There was little fear o' his coming there without Sir Arthur—he had gotten a mile gliff the night afore, and never intended to look near the place again, unless he had been brought there sting and flag. He hev'd used the first yove was o' his ain bidding, and how could he expect a second? He just hawered on about it to make the most o' Sir Arthur."

"Then how," said Oldbeck, "should Sir Arthur have come there unless the German had brought him?"

"Umph!" answered Edie dryly. "I had a story about Mischicot wad has brought him forty miles, or you either. Besides, it was to be thought he would be for visiting the place he had the first after he—she had'n't no the secret o' that job. In short, the offer being in this shape, Mr Arthur is under difficulties, and Level determined he should never lose the head that helped him,—for that was what he insisted upon,—we couldn't think o' a better way to thing the gear as his gale, though we shamed it and wasted it six or so long. And if by any your mischance Doonbrock had got his claws on't, I was instantly to have informed you or the Sheriff o' the half story."

"Well, notwithstanding all these war precautions, I think your contrivance succeeded better than such a clumsy one devised, Edie. But how the deuce came Level by such a name of silver ingots?"

"That's just what I came tell ye—But they were got on board w' his things at Fairport, it's like, and we stowed them into one o' the unsuspicious-looking o' the brig, both for concealment and convenience of carrying."

"Lord!" said Gilbank, his recollection returning to the earlier part of his acquaintance with Level, "and this young fellow, who was getting headwinds on so strange a basket, I must be recommending a subscription to him, and paying his bill at the Ferry! I never will pay any person's bill again, that's certain.—And you kept up a constant correspondence with Level, I suppose?"

"I just got an bit scraps o' a pen from him, to say there wad, as yesterday told, be a packet at Tumburgh; w' letters o' great consequence to the Knickerbocker folk; for they planned the opening of our letters at Fairport.—And that was true, I hear Mrs. Mischicot is to lose her office for looking after other folk's business and neglecting her ain."

"And what do you expect now, Edie, for being the driver, and messenger, and guard, and confidential person in all these matters?"

"Did I have to I expect—excepting that o' the gawds will come to the galschmann's burial; and maybe ye'll carry the head yourself, as ye did poor Stevie Mischicot's.—What trouble war't to me! I was gangling about at night.—Oh, but I was wylie when I got out of prison, though, for I thought, what if that werry letter should come when I was closed up here like an

agrees, and a' should gang wrong for want o' it and whies I thought I mairt mak a clean breast and tell you a' about it, but then I couldna wad do that without contravening Mr. Lovell's positive orders; and I reckon be had to see somebody at Edinburgh afore he could do what he wanted to do for his father and his family."

"Well, and to your public news, Edie—do they are still coming are they?"

"Truth they say so, sir; and there's come down strict orders for the forces and volunteers to be alert, and there's a clever young officer to come here forthwith, to look at our means o' defence—I saw the Duke's lass clearing his belt and white breeks—I ga'e her a hand, for ye mairt think she waurd overclever at it, and see I got a' the news for my paper."

"And what think you, as an old soldier?"

"Truth I know—as they come so many as they speak o', they'll be able against us. But there's many yaudy chills among these volunteers; and I mairt say waurd about them that's no wad and no very able, because I am something that ga'e myself—But we'll do our best."

"What! so your martial spirit is rising again, Edie?"

Even in our sleep give their martial fire!

I would not have thought you, Edie, had so much to fight for?"

"He no waurd to fight for, sir!—was there the country to fight for, and the burnalds that I gang claudering beside, and the hearths o' the gadenets that ga'e me my bit bread, and the lass o' waurd that come tolding to play w' me when I came about a hundred toward—Dad!" he continued, grasping his pipe-staff with great emphasis, "as I had as gude pith as I has gude-will, and a gude cause, I should ga'e some o' them a day's kemping."

"Bravo, bravo, Edie! The country's in little ultimate danger, when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the lord for his head."

Their further conversation reverted to the particulars of the night passed by the merchant and Lovell in the mine of St. Ruth; by the details of which the Antiquary was highly amused.

"I would have given a guinea," he said, "to have seen the accidentally German under the aspect of these terrors, which it is part of his own quackery to mix up into others; and twaddling

alternately for the story of his prison, and the experience of some hobgoblin."

"Truth," said the beggar, "there was time for him to be served; for ye wad hae thought the very spirit of Hol-la-Har-nass had taken possession o' the body o' Sir Arthur. But what will come o' the land lumper?"

"I have had a letter this morning, from which I understand he has acquitted you of the charge he brought against you, and offers to make such discoveries as will render the settlement of Sir Arthur's affairs a more easy task than we apprehended—He writes the Sheriff, and adds, that he has given some private information of importance to Government, in consideration of which, I understand he will be sent back to play the knave in his own country."

"And o' the honey engines, and wheels, and the coveys, and slingsha, down at Glenmetherburn powder, what's to come o' them?" said Edie.

"I hope the men, before they are disposed, will make a bonfire of their gin-traps, as an easy destiny their artillery wheels forced to raise a siege. And as for the bolts, Edie, I abandon them as net-traps, for the benefit of the next wise man who may choose to drop the substance to catch at a shadow."

"Heck, sir! gude on a'! to burn the engines! that's a great waste—Had ye no better try to get back part o' your hundred pounds wi' the sale o' the materials?" he continued, with a tone of affected confidence.

"Not a farthing," said the Antiquary, positively, taking a turn from him, and making a step or two away. Then returning, half-canting at his own pertinacity, he said, "Get thee into the house, Edie, and remember my counsel, never speak to me about a mine, nor to my nephew Hector about a place, that is a snail, as ye call it."

"I mean be going my ways back to Fairport," said the wanderer; "I want to see what they're saying there about the invasion—but I'll mind what your honour says, as to speak to you about a snail, or to the Captain about the hundred pounds that you gived to Deuster"—

"Confound thee!—I desired thee not to mention that to me."

"Dree me!" said Edie, with affected surprise; "and, I thought there was nothing but what your honour could hae station in the way o' agreeable conversation, unless it was about

the Protestant yowler, as the folks that the postman would say for an odd note."

"Fallow! fallow!" said the Antiquary, turning from him hastily, and retreating into the house.

The manhood looked after him a moment, and with a chuckling laugh, such as that with which a sinner or jester applauds a successful exploit of mischief, he resumed once more the road to Folport. His habits had given him a sort of restlessness, much increased by the pleasure he took in gathering news; and in a short time he had regained the town which he left in the morning, for no reason that he knew himself, unless just to "have a bit crack w' Blackbarn."

CHAPTER FORTY-FIFTH.

Red glared the beam on Frowell,
On children there were three;
The light here no more and full
Was heard continually.

JAMES KIRK.

THE watch who kept his watch on the hill, and looked towards Burnam, probably counted himself dreaming when he first beheld the fated grove put itself into motion for its march to Deansham. Even so old Canon, as perched on his hat, he qualified his thoughts upon the approaching marriage of his daughter, and the dignity of being father-in-law to Lieutenant Tuffell, with an occasional peep towards the signal-post with which he ever corresponded, was not a little surprised by observing a light in that direction. He rubbed his eye, looked again, adjusting his observation by a cross-staff which had been placed so as to bear upon the point. And behold, the light increased, like a comet to the eye of the astronomer, "with foot of change perplexing notions."

"The Lord preserve us!" said Canon, "what's to be done now! But there will be wiser heads than mine to look to that, and I've s'en fire the beams."

And he lighted the beams accordingly, which threw up to the sky a long wavering train of light, startling the accident from their nests, and reflected far beneath by the reflecting

billows of the sea. The brother warriors of Oneco being equally diligent, caught, and repeated his signal. The lights glared on headlands and capes and inland hills, and the whole distant was stirred by the signal of invasion.*

On antiquary, his head wrapped warm in two double night-caps, was quietly enjoying his repose, when it was suddenly broken by the entrance of his sister, his niece, and two maid-servants.

"What the devil is the matter?" said he, starting up in his bed—"wakened in my room at this hour of night!—are ye all well?"

"The house, uncle!" said Miss M'Tuighe.

"The French coming to murder us!" answered Miss Gravelle.

"The house! the house!—the French! the French!—murder! murder! and wear them murder!"—cried the two headmistresses, like the choros of an opera.

"The French?" said Oldback, starting up;—"get out of the room, wakened that you are, till I get my things on—And hark ye, bring me my sword."

"Which o' them, Headback?" cried his wifes, offering a Roman fibulæ of brass with the one hand, and with the other an Arabian Focuss without a handle.

"The largest, the largest," cried Jenny Engharven, dragging in a two-handed sword of the twelfth century.

"Wemakind," said Oldback in great agitation, "be composed, and do not give way to vain terror—Are you sure they are come?"

"Sure, sure!" exclaimed Jenny—"over were!—a' the sea-fashions, and the land fashions, and the volunteers and ye-mansy, are on fi, and driving to Fairport as hard as horse and man, our gang—and add Blackback's gang w' the lads—muckle gude he'll do!—Hoch, die!—he'll be mowed the morn wha wad hae served king and country wad!"

"Give me," said Oldback, "the sword which my father wore in the year forty-five—it hath no belt or baldric—but we'll make shift."

So saying he thrust the weapon through the cover of his breeches pocket. At this moment Elsie entered, who had been to a neighbouring height to ascertain whether the alarm was actual.

* Note F. Alarm of Invasion.

"Where are your arms, nephew?" exclaimed Oldback—"where is your double-barrelled gun, that was never out of your hand when there was no occasion for such trifling?"

"Pooh! pooh! oh," said Hector, "who ever took a feeling-pain on action? I have got my uniform on, yet not—I hope I shall be of more use if they will give me a command than I could be with two double-barrels. And you, sir, must get to Fairport, to give directions for quartering and maintaining the men and horses, and preventing confusion."

"You are right, Hector,—I believe I shall do as much with my head as my hand too. But here comes Sir Arthur Warburton, who, besides ourselves, is not fit to accomplish much either one way or the other."

Sir Arthur was probably of a different opinion; for, dressed in his military uniform, he was also on the road to Fairport, and called in his way to take Mr. Oldback with him, having had his original opinion of his nephew much confirmed by his remarks. And in spite of all the entreaties of the womenfolk that the Antiquary would stay to garrison Monkhouse, Mr. Oldback, with his nephew, instantly accepted Sir Arthur's offer.

Those who have witnessed such a scene can alone conceive the state of things in Fairport. The windows were glowing with a hundred lights, which, appearing and disappearing rapidly, indicated the confusion within doors. The women of lower rank assembled and dispersed in the marketplace. The yeomanry, pouring from their different gleans, galloped through the streets, some individually, some in parties of five or six, as they had met on the road. The drums and fife of the volunteers beating to arms, were blended with the voices of the alarm, the sound of the bugles, and the tolling of the bells from the steeples. The ships in the harbour were lit up, and boats from the armed vessels added to the lights, by leading men and guns destined to assist in the defence of the place. This part of the preparations was superintended by Taffel with much activity. Two or three light vessels had already slipped their cables and stood out to sea, in order to discover the supposed enemy.

Such was the scene of general confusion, when Sir Arthur Warburton, Oldback, and Hector, made their way with difficulty into the principal square, where the town-house is situated. It was lighted up, and the magistracy, with many of the neighbouring gentlemen, were assembled. And here, as upon other

occasions of the like kind in Scotland, it was remarkable how the good sense and firmness of the people supplied almost all the deficiencies of inexperience.

The magistrates were joined by the quarter-masters of the different corps for ballots for men and horses. "Let us," said Boris Littlejohn, "take the horses into our warehouses, and the men into our parlours—share our supper with the men, and our frugal with the other. We have made ourselves wealthy under a free and paternal government, and now is the time to show we know its value."

A loud and cheerful acquiescence was given by all present, and the substance of the wealthy, with the persons of those of all ranks, were unanimously devoted to the defence of the country.

Captain McIntyre acted on this occasion as military adviser and aide-de-camp to the principal magistrates, and displayed a degree of presence of mind, and knowledge of his profession, totally unexpected by his equals, who, recollecting his usual coarctation and impetuosity, gazed at him with astonishment from time to time, as he remarked the calm and steady manner in which he explained the various measures of preparation that his experience suggested, and gave directions for executing them. He found the different corps in good order, considering the irregular materials of which they were composed, in great force of numbers and high confidence and spirits. And so much did military experience at that moment outweigh all other claims to consequence, that even old Edie, instead of being left, like Dragoon at Elgin, to tell his tale when all around was preparing for defence, had the duty assigned him of superintending the serving out of the ammunition, which he executed with much discretion.

Two things were still entirely expected,—the presence of the Glenelg volunteers, who, in consideration of the importance of that family, had been formed into a separate corps, and the arrival of the officers before mentioned, to whom the measures of defence on that coast had been committed by the commander-in-chief, and whose commission would enable him to take upon himself the full disposal of the military force.

At length the eagles of the Glenelg yeomanry were heard, and the Earl himself, to the surprise of all who knew his habits and state of health, appeared at their head in uniform.

They formed a very handsome and well-mounted squadron, formed entirely out of the Earl's Lowland tenants, and were followed by a regiment of five hundred men, completely equipped in the Highland dress, whom he had brought down from the upland glens, with their pipes playing in the van. The close and servicable appearance of this band of Scotch dependants called forth the admiration of Captain McIntyre; but his uncle was still more struck by the manner in which, upon this crisis, the ancient military spirit of his house seemed to animate and invigorate the decayed frame of the Earl, their leader. He cheered, and cheered for himself and his followers, the post was likely to be that of danger, displayed great clarity in making the necessary dispositions, and showed equal confidence in discussing their propriety. Morning broke in upon the military council of Fairport, while all concerned were still eagerly engaged in taking precautions for their defence.

At length a cry among the people answered, "There's the brave Major Neville come at last, with another cohort;" and their post-choise and four drove into the square, amidst the cheers of the volunteers and inhabitants. The magistrates, with their assistants of the Hibernian, hastened to the door of their town-house to receive him; but what was the surprise of all present, but most especially that of the Antiquary, when they became aware, that the handsome uniform and military cap disclosed the person and features of the pacific Lord! A warm embrace, and a hearty shake of the hand, were necessary to assure him that his eyes were doing him justice. Sir Arthur was no less surprised to recognise his son, Captain Winkler, in Lovell's, or rather Major Neville's company. The first words of the young officers were a positive assurance to all present, that the courage and ardour which they had displayed were entirely thrown away, unless in so far as they afforded an acceptable proof of their spirit and promptitude.

"The watchman at Halfet-head," said Major Neville, "as we discovered by an investigation which we made in our route hither, was most naturally misled by a bonfire which some idle people had made on the hill above Glenwithedonia, just in the line of the beacon with which he corresponded."

Oldstock gave a sidelong look to Sir Arthur, who returned it with one equally sharpish, and a shrug of the shoulders.

"It must have been the machinery which we confessed to

the flames in our veins," said the Antiquary, plucking up heart, though not a little shocked at having been the cause of so much disturbance—"The devil take Dunsinward with all my heart!—I think he has hepatized us a league of blindness and mischief, as if he had lighted some train of fireworks at his departure. I wonder what mischief will go off next among our class. But you are the prudent Canon.—Hold up your head, you are—your letters must bear the blame for you—And here, take this what-if-you-will it"—(giving him his sword).—"I wonder what I would have said yesterday to any man that would have told me I was to stick such an appendage to my tail."

Here he found his arm gently pressed by Lord Glenallen, who dragged him into a separate apartment. "For God's sake, who is that young gentleman who is so strikingly like"—

"Like the unfortunate Evelyn," interrupted Oldmash. "I felt my heart warm to him from the first, and your lordship has suggested the very name."

"But who—who is he?" continued Lord Glenallen, holding the Antiquary with a contrivance grasp.

"Formerly I would have called him Lord, but now he turns out to be Major Neville."

"When my brother brought up as his natural son—whom he made his heir—Glorious Heaven! the child of my Evelyn!"

"Hold, my lord—hold!" said Oldmash, "do not give too hasty way to such a presumption;—what probability is there?"

"Probability! none! There is certainly! absolute certainty! The agent I mentioned to you wrote me the whole story—I received it yesterday, not sooner. Bring him, for God's sake, first a father's eye may bless him before he departs."

"I will; but for your own sake and his, give him a few moments for preparation."

And, determined to make still further investigation before giving his entire attention to so strange a tale, he sought out Major Neville, and found him expediting the necessary measures for disposing the force which had been specified.

"Pray, Major Neville, leave this business for a moment to Captain Warden and to Hector, with whom, I hope, you are thoroughly reconciled" (Neville laughed, and shook hands with Hector across the table), "and grant me a moment's audience."

"You have a claim on me, Mr. Oldbuck, were my business more urgent," said Neville, "for having passed myself upon you under a false name, and rewarding your hospitality by leaving you nothing."

"You served him as he deserved," said Oldbuck—"though, by the way, he showed as much good sense as spirit to-day—Ned! if he would rub up his learning, and read Camoens and Polytian, and the *Strapontine Poltro*, I think he would rise in the army—and I will certainly lend him a lift."

"He is heartily deserving of it," said Neville; "and I am glad you advise me, which you may do the more freely, when you know that I am as unfortunate as to have no better right to the name of Neville, by which I have been generally distinguished, than to that of Lovel, under which you know me."

"Indeed! then, I trust, we shall find out one for you to which you shall have a firm and legal title."

"Sir!—I trust you do not think the misdeeds of my birth a fit subject?"

"By no means, young man," answered the Antiquary, interrupting him;—"I believe I know more of your birth than you do yourself—and, to convince you of it, you were educated and known as a natural son of Geraldine Neville of Northleugh, in Yorkshire, and I presume, as he desired her!"

"Pardon me—no such views were held out to me. I was liberally educated, and pushed forward in the army by money and interest; but I believe my supposed father long entertained some ideas of marriage, though he never carried them into effect."

"You say your supposed father!—What made you to suppose Mr. Geraldine Neville was not your real father?"

"I know, Mr. Oldbuck, that you would not ask these questions on a point of such delicacy for the gratification of idle curiosity. I will therefore tell you briefly, that last year, while we occupied a small town in French Flanders, I found in a corner, near which I was quartered, a woman who spoke remarkably good English—she was a Spaniard—her name Teresa D'Almeida. In the process of our acquaintance, she discovered who I was, and made herself known to me as the person who had charge of my infancy. She dropped more than one hint of rank to which I was entitled, and of injuries done to me, promising a more full disclosure in case of the death of a lady in Scotland,

during whose lifetime she was determined to keep the secret she also intended that Mr. Geraldine Neville was not my father. We were attacked by the enemy, and driven from the town, which was pillaged with savage ferocity by the rebels. The religious orders were the particular objects of their hate and cruelty. The convent was burned, and several nuns perished—among others Teresa; and with her all chance of knowing the story of my birth:—tragic by all accounts it must have been."

"*More unfortunate misfortune, or, as I may have said, accident,*" said Oldbuck, "*dearest person—even Episcopus admitted that. And what did you do upon this?*"

"I communicated with Mr. Neville by letter, and to no purpose. I then obtained leave of absence, and threw myself at his feet, conjuring him to complete the disclosure which Teresa had begun. He refused, and, on my importunity, indignantly upbraided me with the fervour he had already conferred. I thought he abused the power of a benefactor, as he was compelled to admit he had no title to that of a father; and we parted in mutual displeasure. I resumed the name of Neville, and assumed that under which you know me. It was at this time, when reaching with a friend in the north of England who devoted my days, that I became acquainted with Miss Warburton, and was sensible enough to follow her to Scotland. My mind wandered on various plans of life, when I resolved to apply once more to Mr. Neville for an explanation of the mystery of my birth. It was long ere I received an answer, you were present when it was put into my hands. He informed me of his bad state of health, and requested me, for my own sake, to inquire no further into the nature of his connection with me, but to rest satisfied with his declaring it to be such and so intimate, that he dared not contribute to his loss. When I was preparing to leave Fairport to join him, a second answer brought me word that he was no more. This possession of great wealth was unable to suppress the remorseful feelings with which I now regarded my conduct to my benefactor, and some hint to his sister appearing to intimate there was on my birth a deeper stain than that of ordinary illegitimacy, I remembered certain prophecies of *My Father*."

"And you brooded over those melancholy ideas until you were ill, instead of coming to me for advice, and telling me the whole story?" said Oldbuck.

"Exactly; then came my quarrel with Captain McIntyre, and my compelled departure from Fairport and its vicinity."

"From here and from, pretty—Miss Warburton and the Colonel?"

"Most true."

"And since that time you have been occupied, I suppose, with plans for Sir Arthur's relief?"

"Yes, sir, with the assistance of Captain Warburton at Edinburgh."

"And Edie Ochiltree here—you see I know the whole story. But how came you by the treasure?"

"It was a quantity of plate which had belonged to my wife, and was left in the custody of a person at Fairport. Some time before his death he had sent orders that it should be melted down. He perhaps did not wish me to see the Glenelg cross upon it."

"Well, Major Neville—as let me say, Lord, being the name in which I rather delight—you must, I believe, exchange both of your titles for the style and title of the Honourable William Geraldine, commonly called Lord Geraldine."

The antiquary then went through the strange and astonishing circumstances concerning his mother's death.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that your uncle visited the report to be believed, that the child of this unhappy marriage was no more—perhaps he might himself have an eye to the inheritance of his brother—he was then a gay wild young man.—But of all misdeeds against your person, however much the evil consequences of Elspeth might lead her to suspect him from the agitation in which he appeared, Thomas story and your own fully excused him. And now, my dear sir, let me have the pleasure of introducing a son to a father."

We will not attempt to describe such a meeting. The people on all sides were found to be anxious, for Mr. Neville had left a distinct account of the whole transaction with his confidential steward in a sealed packet, which was not to be opened until the death of the old Countess; his motive for preserving secrecy as long appearing to have been an apprehension of the effect which the discovery, fraught with so much disgrace, must necessarily produce upon her haughty and violent temper.

In the evening of that day, the proximity and voluntariness of Glenelg drew prosperously to their young master. In a month

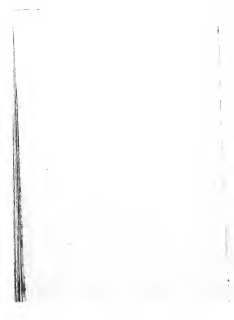
whereas Lord Geraldine was married to Miss Warden, the Antiquary making the lady a present of the wedding ring—a money circle of services closing, leaving the water of Addressed Oldenbuck, East would pass.

Old Edie, the most important man that ever wore a blue gown, bow's away early from one friend's house to another, and boasts that he never travels unless on a rainy day. Lately, indeed, he has given some symptoms of becoming stationary, being frequently found in the corner of a snug cottage between Monkhouse and Knodwensack, to which Canon retreated upon his daughter's marriage, in order to be in the neighbourhood of the three parodied wigs, which he continues to keep in repair, though only for amusement. Edie has been heard to say, "This is a gay belin place, and it's a comfort to have an a corner to sit in in a bad day." It is thought, as he grows stiffer in the joints, he will finally settle there.

The beauty of such wealthy patrons as Lord and Lady Geraldine served especially upon Miss Endoway and upon the Macklebacks. By the former it was well employed, by the latter wasted. They continue, however, to receive it, but under the administration of Edie Collette; and they do not accept it without granting at the demand through which it is conveyed.

Hector is doing rapidly in the army, and has been more than once mentioned in the Gazette, and runs proportionally high in his uncle's favour, and what warmly pleases the young soldier less, he has also shot two weeks, and then put an end to the Antiquary's perpetual harping upon the story of the glass. People talk of a marriage between Miss McInyre and Captain Warden; but this wants confirmation.

The Antiquary is a frequent visitor at Knodwensack and Geraldine House, ostensibly for the sake of completing two maps, one on the wall-chart of the Great East, and the other on the left-hand quadrant of Holles-Harmon. He regularly inquires whether Lord Geraldine has commenced the Chaldound, and shakes his head at the answers he receives. He attended, however, he has completed his notes, which, we believe, will be at the service of any one who chooses to make them public without risk or expense to THE ANTIQUARY.



NOTES TO THE ANTIQUARY.

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NOTE A, p. 2.—*Continued.*

[It seems to strengthen the probability of this novel that Southwell both in analysing his chapters with instances of his own literature. On one occasion he happened to ask John Halliwell, who was sitting by him, to lend for a particular passage to Beaumont and Fletcher. John did so for him, but did not succeed in discovering the lines. "Bring it, Johnnie," cried South, "I believe I can make a better sense than you will find out." He did so accordingly; and from that time, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate allusion, he had recourse to the inimitable volume of "old play" or "old ballad," in which we now have of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen!—*J. W. Lambton.*

See also the Introduction to "Chronicle of the Church," vol. 1st.

NOTE B, p. 21.—*Henry Cooper's Introduction.*

[This well-known work, the "Pilgrimage of the Pilgrims, or a Journey that was made of the Churches of Scotland, and those in the North of England," was published at London in 1731, 4to. The author states, that in preparing the work he "made a pretty laborious progress through almost every part of Scotland for three years successively." Southwell was a native of Aberdeenshire, and had previously spent some years in travelling abroad, probably on a study. He became Secretary to the London Society of Antiquaries in 1736. This office he resigned in 1743, and soon after went out to Scotland again with Christian Claver, where he obtained a considerable ground of land. In his death, about the year 1755, he is said to have left "a valuable estate to his family"—*the Literary Dictionary of Drayton, by John Nichols, vol. v., p. 325, etc.*]

NOTE C, p. 44.—*Footnote.*

It may be worth while to mention that the incident of the supposed Footnote actually happened to an antiquary of great learning and distinction, Sir John Clerk of Pentrich, one of the Barons of the Scottish Court of Session, and a parliamentary member for some part of the Union between England and Scotland. As many of his writings show, Sir John was greatly attached to the study of Scottish antiquities. He had

a small property in Scandinavia, near the Russian station on the rail called *Skandinavien*. Here he resided the distinguished English antiquarian Roger Gale, and at once conducted him to see that remarkable spot, where the bones of the world have left such famous marks of their mortal labours.

An aged shepherd whom they had used as a guide, or who had accompanied them from curiosity, dressed with much care to the discomforts of heat and colds, gave advice, assistance, and directions, such as Mr. John Clark delivered on occasion, and his learned notes, interest with the definition to the dignity of a monument as his own ground! But when the discourse proceeded to point out a small hillock near the centre of the assemblage of the *Proterozoia*, Gargyle's presence could hold no longer, and, like John Clarkson, he dropped all movement, and limits in sight, nearly the same words—"Proterozoia here, Proterozoia there, I make the hillock myself with a *Singhleropada*." The effect of the under this criticism on the two learned men may be left to the reader's imagination.

The late novelist and comedian John Clark of Edin, the celebrated author of *Novel Fiction*, used to tell this story with glee, and being a younger son of the John's was perhaps present on the occasion.

NOTE D, p. 51.—MR. RATHERFORD'S DECEASE.

The legend of Mrs. Cyril Rathburn was partly taken from an extraordinary story which happened about seventy years since, in the north of Scotland, so peculiar in its circumstances that it is still being mentioned in this place. Mr. Rathburn of Scotland, a possessor of landed property in the north of this, was considered for a very considerable time, the accumulated means of land (or what he was said to be entitled to a noble family, the thirteen day imposture of the father. Mr. Rathburn was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a chain of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the king, and therefore that the present possession was genuine. But, after an indecisive search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his doubts. The point was now more at hand when he conceived the fear of his lands to be worthless, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compensation. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the dissipation of his mind flitting upon his mind, had a dream in the following shape.—The father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In answer was an old despair of such apparitions. Mr. Rathburn thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade, "I did receive right to those lands, the payment of which you are now prevented. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer for lawyers, who is now

refined, true professional business, and reader at Norwich, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on the occasion for a particular purpose, but who never on any other occasion transmitted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the client, "that Mr. ——— may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date, but you may tell it to his recollection, by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to draw out the balance at a loss."

Mr. Rutherford concluded in the morning with all the words of the vision impressed on his mind, and thought it worth while to take across the country to Exeter, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man, without saying anything of the matter, he inquired whether he remembered having concluded such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at that time be circumstances to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an inaccurate search for the papers, and recovered them,—so that Mr. Rutherford started to Edinburgh the documents necessary to give the case which he was on the verge of losing.

The reader has often heard this story told, by persons who had the best means to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot therefore refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the mind which are considered by the fastidious establishment of actual events with out sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, we will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. Rutherford a certain number of hundred pounds. The writer's theory is, that the dream was only the re-acceptation of better notice which Mr. Rutherford had really received from his father while he lived, but which at first he merely received as a general impression that the claim was valid. It is not uncommon for persons to receive, during sleep, the threat of things which they have lost during their waking hours.

It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. Rutherford; whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the claims of the night.

NOTE II, p. 154.—*Wren-worm.*

A sort of wren generally used by hunters of the north than in settling with their customers. Each family had its own wrenbird, and for each just as delivered a wren was made do the work. Accounts in Scotland, says by the same kind of birds, may have mentioned the Antiquary's pointing. In Fries's time the English hunters had the same sort of wrenbird.

Have you not seen a hunter's maid,
Between two equal papers wrap'd?
The father wrenbird he had said,
It placed exactly in the middle.

NOTE F, p. 255.—WINDYBROOK.

A great deal of stuff to the same purpose with that given in the mouth of the German subject, may be found in Wynne's *History of Windybrook, Third Edition*, 1846, London, 1846. The Appendix is entitled, "An Historical Discourse of the History and Antiquities of Devon and Exeter, in two Books; the first by the anonymous author (Richard North), the second now added in the Third Edition as an abridgement to the former, and extending to the completion of the whole work." This second book, though stated as anonymous in the first, is, in fact, entirely of Wynne's, with all, for the work of Richard North is a compilation of the records and antiquarian chron concerning writers so generally entertained at the time, and the pretended conclusion is a curious treatise on the various means of acquiring useful science.

[Wynne's *History of Windybrook* was first published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1584.]

NOTE G, p. 255.—CHURCHMAN.

In the fishing villages on the Firth of Forth and Tay, as well as elsewhere in Scotland, the punishment is customary, as described in the text. In the course of the late war, and during the storm of invasion, a fleet of tincoopers entered the Firth of Forth under the cover of some ships of war, which would reply to no signals. A general alarm was given, on consequences of which, all the sailors, who were employed as tincoopers, got on board the gun-boats which they were to man as soon as occasion should require, and tried to oppose the supposed enemy. The tincoopers proved to be Russians, with whom we were then at peace. The worthy gentlemen of Mid-Lothian, pleased with the real display of the tincoopers at a critical moment, passed a vote for presenting the community of sailors with a silver goblet-hunt, to be used on occasions of festivity. But the tincoopers, on learning what was intended, put in their claim to have some separate share in the intended honorary reward. The men, they said, were their husbands, it was they who would have been victims if their husbands had been killed, and it was by their perseverance, and by themselves that they could hold on board the gun-boats for the public service. They therefore claimed to share the reward in some manner which should distinguish the brave patriotism which they had shown on the occasion. The gentlemen of the society willingly admitted the claim; and without diminishing the value of their contribution to the war, they made the founder a present of a silver side branch, to fix on the place of the spoon of the silver-socket for the time.

It may be further remarked, that these Scotch are passionate among themselves, and observe different rules according to the circumstances they find in. One gentleman whose wife lived in circumstances a pauper shared in "a jolly silly thing, who had no wisdom, and would never," she prophesied, "she above the condition of husband."

NOTE II, p. 208.—*Battle of Marston*

The great battle of Marston, here and formerly referred to, might be said to determine whether the Danes or the Saxons were to be predominant in Scotland. Duncan, Lord of the Isles, who had at that period the power of an independent sovereignty, laid claim to the Kingdom of Scots during the Minority of Robert, Duke of Albany. To enforce his supposed right, he ranged the north with a large army of Englishmen and Scotsmen. He was encountered at Marston, in the Gortock, by Alexander, Earl of Mar, at the head of the northern nobility and gentry of Angus and Western districts. The battle was bloody and indecisive, but the leader was obliged to retire in consequence of the loss he sustained, and afterwards was compelled to seek asylum in the Papist, and renounce his pretensions to King, so that all the advantages of the field were gained by the Saxons. The battle of Marston was fought 16th July 1141.

NOTE I, p. 311.—*Robert's Death*

The concluding circumstances of Robert's death is taken from an interesting and to some happy extent at the bottom of John, Duke of Burgundy. All who were acquainted with that accomplished gentleman great wonder that he was not more remarkable for seeing and possessing a mind, serious and splendid. Henry, then for his acquaintance with the Henry (successor) it contained. In arranging his books, binding and replacing the volumes which he wanted, and stopping to all the necessary intervention which a man of letters takes with his library, it was the Duke's custom to employ, not a secretary or librarian, but a literary servant, called *Archie*, whose habit had made or perhaps acquired with the library, that he knew every book, as a shepherd does the individuals of his flock, by what is called head work, and could bring his master whatever volume he wanted, and attend all the mechanical and the Duke required in his literary recreation. To secure the attendance of *Archie*, there was a bell hung in his room, which was used as an alarm except to call him individually to the Duke's study.

The Duke died in Saint James's Palace, London, in the year 1554; his body was to be conveyed to Scotland, to be in state at his mansion of Perth, and to be removed from thence to the family burial-place at Brechin.

At this time, *Archie*, who had been long afflicted by a liver-complaint, was in the very last stage of that disease. Yet he prepared himself to accompany the body of the master whom he had so long and so faithfully waited upon. The medical persons around him, he could not survive the journey. It required nothing, he said, whether he died in England or Scotland; he was resolved to assist by restoring the last homage to the great master from whom he had been inseparable for so many years, even if he should expire in the attempt. The poor knave was permitted to attend the Duke's body to Scotland; but when they reached Perth he was totally

afraid of, and obliged to keep his feet, in a sort of shape which increased every day. On the morning of the day fixed for crossing the great body of the Irish in the place of travel, the points left by which he was wont to remove his stomach to his study was very watery. This might easily happen in the confusion of such a move, although the people of the neighbourhood prefer believing that the bell mould of it was sound. They, however, it did, and, indeed, moved by the well-known custom, rose up to the bed, and, indeed, in better words: "Yes, my lord, sleep—yes—I will wait on your throne securely," and with these words on his lips he is said to have fallen back and expired.

Part I, p. 111.—ALLAN OF INVERMUR

The story of the late storm of Falmouth, and the consequences, are telling from a real incident. Those who witnessed the scene of death, and of Scotland, in particular, from the point that occurred the first which was named by 1844 in the halls of Tynemouth, must remember those things which we are hardly apt to note the thing generation comprehend almost every individual was related either in a solitary or in a group, for the purpose of contributing to make the long-remembered details of human, which were almost from every quarter. Details were created along the coast, and all through the country, to give the signal for every one to appear in the past where his peculiar duty called him, and most of every description of to give him the interest in his own life in the darkest system. During this exciting period, and on the evening of the 2d of January 1844, the person who kept watch on the surrounding station of Nova Scotia, being directed by some individual in the country of North-westward, which he took for the corresponding significance in that society with which his name was in connection, lighted up his own house. The signal was immediately repeated through all the valleys on the English border. If the house of St. John's Hall had been dark, the alarm would have run westward, and round all Scotland. But, the watch at this important point judiciously considered, that if there had been an alarm or threatened danger on our western coast, the alarm would have come along the coast and not from the interior of the country.

Through the further creation the alarm spread with rapidity, and on no occasion when that country was the scene of preparation and readiness was, was the numerous houses more readily obeyed. In the meantime, the magnitude, and deliberation, the resources and efforts put under arms with a degree of rapidity and steadiness which, considering the distance involved, kept from such alarm, but maintaining in it very surprising—they passed by the alarm party on the coast, in a state as well armed, and as completely equipped, with baggage, provisions, etc., as was attended by the last in their judgment to render them fit for instant and efficient service.

There were some particulars in the general alarm which are curious and interesting. The line of Latham's, the most remarkable point in the westward of the alarm reached, was so much afraid of being late in the field, that they put in preparation all the horses they could find, and when they had

Even such a forced march out of their own country, they found their improved shanks bore to find their way back through the hills, and their old feet took care to their own shanks. Another remarkable circumstance was, the general cry of the inhabitants of the rugged towns for arms, that they might go along with their companions. The Ballantynes themselves made a considerable march, for although some of the individuals lived in towns and thirty miles' distance from the place where they metred, they were nevertheless collected out in order to do them a part, that they were at Delaheth, which was their rendezvous, about one o'clock on the day named by the flag signal, with guns and horses in good order, though the roads were in a bad state, and many of the troops must have ridden forty or fifty miles without changing horses. Two members of the corps claimed to be absent from their homes, and in Edinburgh on private business. The lately married wife of one of these gentlemen, and the widowed mother of the other, sent the news, withers, and changes of the two troops, that they might join their companions at Delaheth. The widow was very much struck by the manner made to her by the lieutenant-colonel, whom he paid her some compliments on the readiness which she showed in supplying her son with the means of meeting danger, when she might have left him a left career for punishing others. "No," she replied, with the spirit of a British widow, "you can know better than you that my son is the only man by which, since his father's death, our family is supported. And I would rather see him dead on that battle, than hear that he had been a cowardly knight behind the competition in the defense of his flag and country." The author mentions what was immediately under his own eye, and within his own knowledge, but the report was confirmed, whatever the story wanted, both in Scotland and England.

The account of the ready patriotism displayed by the country in this season, warmed the hearts of Scotchmen in every corner of the world. It excited the son of the well known Dr. Hutton, whose enthusiastic love of Scotland, and of his own district of Strathclyde, formed a distinguished part of his character. The account which was read to him when on a visit last, stated very truly that the different corps, on various of their marches, increased themselves by their own playing the same position to their own habits, many of which have been particularly remarkable instances. It was particularly mentioned, that the Edinburgh men, when metred, entered Bala playing the Army march.

O the heartlands of us,
And the dew lands of us,
My name is to the fair hills,
And the dew lands of us.

The patient was so delighted with this display of united Scotch spirit, that he sprung up in his bed, and began to sing the old song with such volubility of notes and tone, that his attendants, ignorant of the cause of his emotion, concluded that the hour had been passed of his hours, and it was only the cry of another Northern, the Johnnie Reel, and the explanation which he was well qualified to give, that prevented them from sending for means of medical relief.

The circumstances of this false alarm and its consequences may be now held of too little importance even for a note upon a work of fiction; but, at the period when it happened, it was looked by the country, as a prophetic omen, that the national cause, to which men most ardently have been trained, had the spirit to look on the face the danger which they had taken arms to repel; and every eye was concentrated, that on who bore with God might insure the victory, the cause would meet with the most determined opposition from the children of the soil.

Leg, knee

Leaky, cracked, ruse

Leaky, leak

Leaky, shuddered

Leaky (double) adjacent last vowels

Leak, the sea

Leaky, the gutter, washed

Leak, to exhale

Leaky, a leak

Leaky, permeable

Leaky, leak

Leaky, a leak

Leaky, leak

Leaky, leaky other side, leak to, the

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Twelve, dissolved

Two, in two

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at Elgin, and reviews her correspondence. 360; signature with this book, page 435, the subsequent contribution with Miss Miller 371; spends the night at Washington, 391; 3, 34; throws out his temperance, 394; joins and at last of his journey to study the Famine, 417; meets her son, 418.

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